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THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1930

WITH AN IRISH AND COLONIAL SUPPLEMENT

EDITED BY

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
NEW YORK 1930

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TO

MARY ARDEN

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BY WAY OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I make grateful acknowledgment to the following authors, editors, and publishers for permission to reprint the stories included in this volume: Mary Arden, G. M. Attenborough, the Editor of *Vanity Fair,* H. E. Bates, Messrs Eric Partridge, Ltd., Richard Carol, Padraic Colum, the Editor of *The Dial,* Lily Anne Coppard, Kathleen Coyle, R. C. Lamburn, Messrs Hutchinson & Company (Publishers), Ltd., Rhys Davies, Norah Hoult, Sarah Gertrude Millin, the Editor of *The Forum,* Naomi Mitchison, Allan N. Monkhouse, Florida Pier, V. S. Pritchett, Messrs Benn Brothers Limited, Lorna Rea, Herbert Read, Messrs Faber & Faber, Ltd., Henry Handel Richardson, the Editor of *Harper's Magazine,* Edward Sackville-West, J. C. Squire, L. A. G. Strong, Sylvia Townsend Warner, the Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* Malachi Whitaker, Messrs Jonathan Cape, Ltd., and Messrs Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Incorporated.

I wish to make special acknowledgment for invaluable assistance in the preparation of this book for the press to Lily Anne Coppard.

If I have overlooked any name in these acknowledgments, it has been through inadvertence, and I trust that the omission will be overlooked.

I shall be grateful for suggestions from the readers of this volume, and shall particularly welcome the receipt of stories of merit which appear during the ensuing twelvemonth in periodicals which do not come under my regular notice. Such communications may be addressed to me at *Villa Pauliska, Muralto-Locarno, Switzerland.*

E. J. O.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

For the benefit of readers unacquainted with the earlier volumes of this series, I repeat here a brief summary of the principles which have governed my choice of stories. I have set myself the task of disengaging the essential qualities in our contemporary fiction which, when chronicled conscientiously by our literary artists, may fairly be called a criticism of life. I am not at all interested in formulæ, and organised criticism at its best would be nothing more than dead criticism, as all dogmatic interpretation of life is always dead. What has interested me, to the exclusion of other things, is the fresh, living current which flows through the best British, Irish, and Colonial work, and the psychological and imaginative reality which writers have conferred upon it.

No substance is of importance in fiction, unless it is organic substance, that is to say, substance in which the pulse of life is beating. Inorganic fiction has been our curse in the past, and bids fair to remain so, unless we exercise much greater artistic discrimination than we display at present.

The present record covers the period from June, 1929, to April, 1930, inclusive. During this period I have sought to select from the stories published in British, Irish, American, and Colonial periodicals those stories by British, Irish, and Colonial authors which have rendered life imaginatively in organic substance and artistic form. Substance is something achieved by the artist in every creation, rather than something already present, and accordingly a fact or a group of facts in a story only attains substantial embodiment when the artist's power of compelling imaginative persuasion transforms it into a living truth. The first test of a short story, therefore, in any qualitative analysis is the measure

of how vitally compelling the writer makes his selected facts or incidents. This test may be conveniently called the test of substance.

But a second test is necessary if the story is to take rank above other stories. The true artist will seek to shape this living substance into the most beautiful and satisfying form, by skilful selection and arrangement of his materials, and by the most direct and appealing presentation of it in portrayal and characterization.

I have recorded here the names of a group of stories which possess, I believe, the distinction of uniting living substance and artistic form in a closely-woven pattern with such sincerity that they are worthy of being reprinted. If all of these stories were republished they would not occupy more space than a few novels of average length. My selection of them does not imply that they are great stories. A year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one. It is simply to be taken as meaning that I have found the equivalent of a few volumes worthy of re-publication among all the stories published during the period under consideration. In compiling this book I have permitted no personal preference or prejudice consciously to influence my judgment.

EDWARD J. O'BRIEN.

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THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1930

LOVE TO THE ANGELS[1]

By MARY ARDEN

From *The New Adelphi*

In that moment of sincerity all that was warm and comforting had fallen away, leaving only the simple, easy to believe—but, at the same time, utterly incredible truth. No, even now she couldn't. . . . Even now. . . . Yet, at the time, it had spoken, not only through what Dr. Stevens had said, but the great white room itself, the feeling of the slippery couch underneath her, and the big man's movements as he gently laid down his stethoscope and bent forward. . . . "So I'm going to give you my candid opinion, Mrs. Lindsey." A funny gesture of his; tapping the palm of the left hand with the fingers of the right. She would never forget it; or the glint of his ring that had shone like a little star as it caught the sun—or how marvellously even was the parting down the middle of his thick fair hair. . . . "Candid opinion. . . ." And then, like a hand crushing the flower of hope: "If I were you. . . ."

Oh God! who seest even the sparrow fall! Softly, as though it were a sparrow's wing, she stroked the silk tassel of her jumper, while her eyes, bright and dark, peered about, vaguely and yet as though saying: "I'm looking for something. What is it? I don't know. Oh, I don't know."

. . . . . .

"You're very quiet over there, Lindsey."

"Am I? I was thinking." And suddenly with a faint shock of amazement, she realized the chaos her bedroom was in. She sat up a little on the bed.

[1] Copyright, 1930, by Mary Arden.

"Baker, dear, does *all* this rubbish belong to me?"

"What?" A flushed, very good-natured face peered up from behind the lid of the brown trunk.

She changed her remark.

"It's so sweet of you to be packing for me. I do hope you're not bored simply to extinction."

The face bobbed down again.

"No, no," came a murmur from the bowels of the trunk. "Not in the least. Glad to. Don't mench."

But, of course, Mrs. Baker loathed packing. Oh, it was one of the worst abominations of her life. No one but a brute could have refused to pack for fragile little Lindsey, otherwise. . . .

"George," she had said, gently smoothing the soft white down on his ear, "when we're married you *won't* expect me to pack for you, will you, dearest?"

"Pack? Lord, no," rumbled his comfortable voice, and he gave her soft waist an extra squeeze. "Why, it's the devil's own job, packing is."

She looked at him sideways. "If *I* did it for you, you'd think the devil *had* had a hand."

Ha! Ha! How they had both laughed. And really it did seem to her quite a witty thing to have said. The little lines beside her eyes crinkled and met each other.

"By the way, dear," she asked after a moment, "what am I to leave out for you to travel in?"

"Oh. Oh, yes," said the low, almost always faintly excited voice. "My *brown* brogues. There they are, over there, and then, of course, the overcoat—my tweed one, not the other, and I think the fawn felt hat."

"Right you are." The plump little woman struggled to her feet and peered into the now almost empty wardrobe. "Well, there's the coat. I'll leave it hanging up."

"Baker!"

"Yes."

"It's ridiculous, but I can't believe I'll be at home this time to-morrow."

"No," said Baker seriously, "I can't either. All the same," she went on, fastening a wisp of hair back with her slide, "it'll be much nicer at home for you, dear—with your husband to look after you. I know Dr. Wilkins thinks so. He told me. He said we were all so . . . robust here, compared to you."

Lindsey muttered something under her breath.

"Not that *I* shan't be sorry enough to leave," said Baker, "when my time comes." And hand on hip, she stood still to look out of the big French windows over the balcony to the garden where the afternoon sun was drowning everything in golden light—rich careless beauty of Michaelmas daisies, waxy dahlias, lawns and paths.

From somewhere just out of sight came the *pluck! plock!* of croquet balls and a man's very affected voice called: "I s-ay, Robson, you can't try the hoop yet. The stick first, please. . . ."

"Yes," said Baker, "even in spite of George, you know, I shall *hate* leaving."

"You don't—mean—to tell *me,*" a gaunt face appeared round the window frame, "you *mean* that."

"Yes." Both the others smiled.

"Well!" With a lunge the rest of Miss Westram came into view. Really she was a sight. Her shabby clothes seemed to hang from her as if from a scarecrow, her stockings were twisted loosely about her stick legs.

She looked at Mrs. Lindsey with smouldering eyes.

"I envy you," she said solemnly, and solemnly she folded her arms.

"Worst place I ever was in. Plagued by the nurses," she said, working up. "Plagued by the food, plagued by indigestion . . ." her face screwed into anguish, *"and* by the remedies. 'I don't want any of y' MUCK!' I said to Sister Thomas. She won't speak to me now, and much I care."

"Oh, come, come, Miss Westram," began Baker cheerfully, as hastily she wrapped a pot of cold cream in newspaper. "Surely it's not—"

But at that moment the clang, clang of the tea-bell sounded.

"Oh, what a nuisance!" cried Baker. "Now I shan't be able to finish till after supper. We're rehearsing 'The Bath-room Window' at five and I *must* be there. The burglar doesn't know his part a bit."

"That's all right," said Lindsey, smiling, and she began to slide off the bed.

"No, dear, now you ought not to come down. Dr. Wilkins would never let you. Have tea up here, do. I'll tell Janet."

"I'm coming." The small pointed face closed up.

She refused to be stopped. Doors opened and banged to, laughter echoed in the corridors, footsteps sounded. Oh, she must go down into the vortex just once more. Just once. And why not? What did it matter?

"I don't see why she shouldn't," said Miss Westram, coldly, "if she wants to." And she caught a quick grateful glance from the bright eyes.

. . . . . .

So they went slowly down and into the hall.

Little groups stood about; for the most part, men in one group, women in another. They looked at notice boards, they chattered, laughed, and were so gay. Yes, nearly everyone was very gay indeed.

But Baker was looking at a little round man who stood by himself near the front door. Hands in pockets he kept rising on his toes and dropping to his heels again. "Por-ter!" he called.

"Yessir."

"Any good at pack-ing trunks, Matthews?"

"Yessir. Fairly sir."

"Then pack mine for Fri-day week, will you?"

"Ooh! That's Mr. Poulter, you know." She hissed her words out in a violent whisper. "I never heard of anyone so lazy in all my life. I never did. Just fancy asking——"

"Ha, ha! Quite right. Quite right, Mrs. Baker." Just

then a hearty male voice sounded, loud as a gong at her elbow. "No more did I."

"Oh, are you there, Mr. Johnson?" she said, turning round. She couldn't hide her delicious agitation and pleasure.

"And I hope you know your part, you bad man!" she cried, shaking a forefinger at the huge blonde giant in buff-colour plus-fours, and quite forgetting her companions.

"Well, then, I'll get your cup for you, Mrs. Lindsey."

"No, no—thank you very much, Miss Westram—I'd like to get it myself."

So they went on, together yet separate, to the big clattery, racketty dining-room; and a little wizened sister, sitting behind an urn, served them indifferently with cups of tea that looked like puddle water.

Lindsey wanted to find a place to herself where she could watch and not be bothered. But when, balancing her cup and saucer very carefully, she went through to "The Ladies Drawing-Room," not only the hubbub of talk and laughter came to meet her overwhelmingly. She was greeted at once like a long-lost friend. "Why, Mrs. Lindsey! I haven't seen you for days. And how *are* you, dear?"

And without waiting for an answer at all, her acquaintance —very smart, she was, in black and white, with big pearl earrings and dyed hair—went on: "Now *do* come over with us, dear. We've got a nice little corner. . . ." She piloted her across. "I've just been telling Mrs. Stuart she's the *image* of Fay Compton. Now isn't she?"

"Yes," said Lindsey, feeling unhappy, but trying hard to be nice. "Yes, I think she *is* very like."

"Well, as I say——"

"Oh, do you really think so, Miss Peters?" said Mrs. Stuart, coquettishly, and wanting to be like the actress, she simpered more than usual and looked ridiculous.

A pause. Miss Peters was drinking, her little finger daintily poised.

Then Mrs. Stuart remarked: "What a *charming* dress you have on, Miss Peters."

"Oh, do you like it?" She was a little gruff. "Saw another I liked better three doors down."

"Oh, *dear!*" Mrs. Stuart lowered her voice. "But such a splendid model for a maternity gown."

"What?" Miss Peters started a little.

"Oh, you *mustn't* mind me. You know I may have to. . . ." She put her head closer. Her eyes twinkled and even grew a little moist. "Dr. Stevens *quite* agrees with me that if all goes well——" She nodded mysteriously.

"Oh, he does, does he?" said Miss Peters, gruff again.

"Only think, though." Mrs. Stuart turned to Lindsey. "I shall be thirty-three next birthday. . . . Isn't it an age?" she asked her with dancing eyes. "How we women ever get through these things! . . ."

But already such a tiredness was creeping over Lindsey that she longed for nothing so much as soft pillows, and with the tiredness came a queer bleak sensation her mind wouldn't grasp. . . . Was it disgust. No—what was it?

"I say, I've got to go along now. Exam by Dr. Stevens. Take my cup with yours, will you? Thanks. Good-bye."

It was rather awful—having to make the slow journey back again; hall and stairs and echoing corridor. And it was a bit rotten to find an untidy room and tumbled counterpane. Oh, well. . . . She began to undress.

Voices, pictures, and again voices filled her mind. "That's just overdoing it," she told herself as she skinned off her vest. And, shivering a little, she put on her pyjamas, buttoned the coat with small chilly fingers and climbed into bed.

The sound of the voices. It just wouldn't die down. And it was hateful to her. Why, it was exactly as though—Yes, it was exactly as though they all rang false—lied in their sound. "What?" she thought, shocked at herself. "I can't mean that dear old Baker; that Peters and the rest. . . ." And in a flash, suddenly came the picture of the big white room, the cold light, the tall fair-haired man bending forward. "Oh, no, no," cried her mind recoiling, horribly fearful. "Anything, anything but that," and quick, to fill the

space, she remembered: "Nurse! Nurse! I say I dreamt. . . ." She heard herself giggle. "I dreamt you'd hidden all my clothes. Oh, I was in agony. I hunted all over the place. I thought . . ." Oh misery! She flounced over in bed. That falsity! It was there in her own voice. Her own voice lied like the others. They are all tainted—not fit to . . .

And as the dusk rose up from the garden, filling the rooms, filling the great building, and touching the ugly walls and furniture as though with love, her unhappiness grew worse, if anything—more definite and profound.

After a time the bell for rest time clanged out, and was followed by footsteps, voices, shutting of doors, and then quietness.

Now one only heard someone walking, far down below, and presently, the voice of Dr. Wilkins as he came his round.

"Well, my dear, and how has life been to-day?" He was at the end of Lindsey's balcony.

"Well, Mrs. Prescott, well. . . ." He drew gradually nearer, visiting in turn each of the eight people whose rooms were on the way to Lindsey's.

"Well, my dear. . . ." The small, slightly stooping figure hesitated by her window. The old hands fingered the stethoscope.

She helped him out.

"Just fancy it being my last night, Dr. Wilkins. I'll be at home to-morrow."

"Well, well. Yes . . ." he coughed a little. "You must let me come and see you sometimes, Mrs. Lindsey. Sidbury's only a matter of ten miles from here."

"Oh, would you really, Dr. Wilkins? That *is* sweet of you—I'd love it."

"Yes, I certainly will. Well. . . ." He changed his voice. But before he could say "Good-night" she interrupted him.

"I—I've been thinking——"

"Yes?" He looked at her. He was not unused to being detained in this way.

"I've been wondering—*do* you think we——" she was breathing nervously, "we go on after we're dead?"

"I'm sure of it, my dear." He was very positive.

"But, Dr. Wilkins, if we're all so bad. False. Terribly different, I mean, to what—we're meant to be. Oh, I put it so badly. But wouldn't it be better, Dr. Wilkins," she ended, her voice quivering, "if we all of us got drowned in the stream instead of—going across?"

"I know, my dear, I know," he said quietly, and he looked out at the fading sky. "I've thought of it too. . . . Much better it seems sometimes." He paused a moment. "And yet, I believe," he went on, "I do believe that He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee. I—have felt their presence. And that at a time when I had no faith of any kind, Mrs. Lindsey." He cleared his throat. "Surely they will meet us—there, face to face. Why shouldn't it be that *they* will help us to be—members of the kingdom?" He hesitated. His voice changed. "Well, well, it's just a notion of mine: that's all. Good-night, my dear, good-night."

"Good-night, Dr. Wilkins, and thank you so much for telling me. Shall I see you to-morrow?"

"Yes. I'll be along in the morning. Good-night. Good-night."

And he was gone.

. . . . . .

But at a quarter to eleven next morning he still hadn't been.

Lindsey's friends had been obliged to go off on their morning walk, no nurse was about, so, for these last few moments, she sat alone, waiting to be fetched.

She sat on her bed, all ready in her hat and coat, clutching her shiny scarlet handbag. And though she tingled with anticipation, it seemed to her she cared for nothing but the beauty of the morning.

Still, blue, with just a hint of frost in the air, it was so exquisite, she sighed with delight. And when she had gone out on to the balcony, and leaning against the railing, watched

the tops of the trees where every leaf and tiny twig was still —such a feeling of lightness came over her. . . . Oh, it needed only a touch, only a touch, and she would float out over the woods and fields, free for ever from—everything.

"Darling!" His hands took hold of her shoulders and turned her round.

"Oh, Nigel, dear, you did startle me!"

"Did I?" His broad ruddy face fell, he looked a little injured. "Didn't you hear me coming?"

"No, I didn't. But it doesn't matter a bit." She leant against his waistcoat.

Instantly he cheered up; he held her at arms length. "Why, you're looking *well*," he said, and his eyes laughed —yes, actually laughed—into hers. "But they don't really know anything about it here," he said as though afraid of being overheard. "You wait till you've seen this new chap I've found. He's—he's *it*. Studied nothing else for years, and when I told him about you, he hadn't only every hope . . ."

But her own special feeling of joy and lightness—lightness, was so great that she scarcely even heard what he said; and it was almost as though she floated instead of walked beside him as they went downstairs.

He tucked her into the big car with woolly rugs. He had cushions for her head and cushions for her feet. They were just ready to start when away, at the far end of the hall, she saw Dr. Wilkins.

Hurried and preoccupied he came out of one door and was going towards another.

"Dr. Wil-kins!" she called as loudly as she could, "Dr. Wil-*kins!*"

He turned with a start. He began to run towards her.

"Good God, child! don't shout, don't shout. You must *never* shout like that!"

And, instantly, at the sound of his voice, her joy died, the light was out. She was more wretched than she had been the evening before—but angry now—almost weeping with rage.

Oh God! what did it matter if she shouted. Oh, to break down this wall of—of . . . And as he stood in the drive, panting, unable to speak, a freckle of shadow playing over his face and his thin chest, she longed to say something bitterly cutting and final.

Yet all that came as she put out her hand, pressed his and, for some reason, smiled, was:

"I shall give your love to the angels."

A moment later the car slid forward under the trees.

STAYS [1]

A STORY NOT QUITE TRUE

By G. M. ATTENBOROUGH

From *The Cornhill Magazine* and *Vanity Fair*

Very modern people who regard the death of the Salon as an old, far-off event which happened in the eighteenth century and in France are forgetting that in the nineties Lady Elphino received, in her corner house in Hyde Park Square, for ten successive seasons, whatever brilliance in art and literature and personality London had then to offer. And the brilliance of the nineties has already become a tantalising legend. On Friday evenings her capacious drawing-room, with its five long windows, was transformed into the dining-room, since Lady Elphino's salon was a *salon à dîner,* and she sat at the head of the long table whose chaste decorations were never for a moment allowed to distract attention from the human orchids—in the nineties flowers were flowers and men were men—with a large silver bell at her elbow which she rang to announce her subject, the speaker she had chosen to play his impromptu pyrotechnics upon it, and to call any delinquent to order when he or she fell below the expected heights of rhetoric. That very seldom happened, for there was something in Lady Elphino herself that stimulated to at least epigrammatic altitudes, and when a man is brilliant to start with, and is further inoculated with brilliance by a sparkling and lovely woman, the effect can hardly fail to be dazzling almost to the need of protective blue spectacles.

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"Are you going to Lady Elphino's S.A.D. to-night?" was the question asked on Friday mornings of May and June throughout the nineties, in all the coteries of artistic and intellectual aspiration.

"No, she hasn't asked me," was more often than not the sad reply. The omission was in itself an accusation.

It was, then, the surprise of his unruffled existence when Lucian Mallady, turning over in bed for his letters and morning tea, found among the little bundle of his correspondence an invitation to Lady Elphino's *salon à dîner* of June 10th, an invitation in the nature, he very well knew, of a command. Lucian had never done anything, except display a charming taste in the suite of his bachelor rooms—more surprising still, he had never said anything. He had just moved about, pleasantly enough, at his Clubs, with the reputation of an amiable, handsome fellow who, when you had said he was a bachelor and by no means poor, had had his good points enumerated.

What ever had possessed Lady Elphino to ask him? He wouldn't go for a thousand guineas, yet, as he considered the matter while his man was preparing his clothes, he felt a sensation of immense gratification that he should have come even for a moment under the great lady's notice. He meditated the terms of his refusal, and found them overwhelmingly difficult. He simply couldn't refuse by letter. He would go and tell Lady Elphino frankly that she had done him a thousand honours but that for once she had miscalculated her man. His presence at her table would be as incongruous as a French ballet on the celestial floor. Of course, even if he went, she would never ask him to speak. If that happened, he would simply collapse with as much grace as he could muster, for though Lucian felt that with great preparation and much private practice he might make a speech with some little credit, the feature of Lady Elphino's *salon à dîner* was that a subject was flung like a ball out of the blue at your head and you were expected instantly to catch it and make it bounce.

The mere invitation made things very pleasant.

"Oh, by the way, I've been invited to Lady Elphino's S.A.D. for June 10th."

"Are you going?"

"Good Heavens no—but I've been asked."

Lucian could not help noticing that it made a difference.

When he called he was concerned to find that Lady Elphino was out driving.

"Then may I come in and leave a note?" Under those circumstances, a note which was obviously written hurriedly would be at once less difficult and less criticised. The butler took him up to the drawing-room, where Lucian felt he could almost scent epigrams and aphorisms, and found him paper and pen at the bureau. The bell pealed again and the butler excused himself, but on his way out he stopped and pointed.

"That is the spot, sir, where His Royal Highness sat last Friday."

"Is it indeed?" Lucian replied, surveying the patch of carpet as though it were an exquisite canvas let into the floor. "How very interesting!"

He sat down and began to write.

"DEAR LADY ELPHINO,

You have done me a thousand honours by your invitation. Were I to accept it I should do you a thousand discredits. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*

Yours very regretfully,
LUCIAN MALLADY."

Would that do? He hesitated and looked up. What a beautiful French chair was facing him, a poem in its faded damask and dusky gold. He got up and examined it with his connoisseur's eye, turned it over, rubbed his fingers lovingly along its back edges and then—and then . . .

Lucian returned to the bureau and tore up his note into fifty tiny fragments. The butler was back again, asking if there were sufficient ink. Lucian wrote rapidly.

"Dear Lady Elphino,

You have done me a thousand honours. I will do my best not to repay you with a thousand discredits.

With the deepest sensibility of your kindness,

Yours very gratefully,

Lucian Mallady."

While awaiting the date, Lucian ordered new dress clothes, and for a week his Clubs saw very little of him. They rather wondered, since he was still in town, what he could be doing.

Merely in the matter of numbers, this dinner of June 10th was going to be conspicuously unique. Everybody who was anybody seemed to be assembled downstairs, and as usual the conversation buzzed round the speculation as to whom Lady Elphino would pitch upon, and what would be her themes. At last they went up to dinner—going up seemed in itself a symbol—and found their places at the long table. Lucian was next to the young author of whom all Paris was talking, M. Edmond Rostand, but that caused him little concern. His French, if faulty, was fluent. The talk was general, thrown into the centre of the table and drawn out again. People who had only the gift of talking *en aparté* were, in Lady Elphino's opinion, not talkers at all.

Lady Elphino had the art of the dinner at her finger-ends, but a dinner and a *dîner à salon* had no sort of relationship. Three delicious courses followed one another, and then, when everything possible had been done to the mind by the menu, Lady Elphino seized the supreme moment of stimulation to ring her silver bell and call upon her first speaker. On this lovely summer evening of June 10th both loquacity and laughter were at their height when the bell pealed. Instantly the buzz was quelled and Lady Elphino rose from her seat with an immense rustle of her *vieux rose* draperies.

"I will ask Mr. Oscar Wilde to speak to us. The subject I have chosen for Mr. Wilde is—very naturally—lilies."

Very languidly Mr. Oscar Wilde rose and unpulled his tie. "Dear Lady," he drawled, "let me have some lilies." Within

five minutes there were six superb lilies standing before him in an ebony jar. Mr. Wilde threw five of them under the table and retained one. . . . He was being good of course, but not very good—tremendous for anywhere else than Lady Elphino's *salon à dîner,* but for that the *esprit* was not sufficiently *distingué, les idées* not sufficiently *nouvelles.* Lady Elphino had a little feeling of apprehension that he was about to sail in the polluted waters of the obvious. "If he quotes 'the lilies and languors of virtue for the raptures and roses of vice' I shall ring my bell," she said to herself. Within five minutes he arrived at the quotation. Lady Elphino rang her bell vigorously and Mr. Wilde, with the lily in his hand, sank with infinite grace into his seat. He laid his flower down for a moment while he re-tied his bow. He was not in the least disconcerted or resentful. If a *salonnière* did not assert her Olympian standards she might just as well be a dancing hostess, or a *succès de femme,* or something equally contemptible.

The buzz rose again as a *noisette* was served, its complexities scheduled with a silver skewer. In ten minutes the bell rang once more, and Mr. George du Maurier was selected.

"The subject I have chosen for Mr. du Maurier," said Lady Elphino, "is again, very naturally, feet."

Mr. du Maurier rose. "Dear Lady, let me have a foot," he pleaded.

"Mais oui, certainement," cried Lady Elphino. In the nineties, a lady's foot was not reached very easily, but the speed and *insouciance* with which Lady Elphino picked up her petticoats, and unrolled a stocking and displayed a foot equal in every point to Trilby's own, were superb.

"Linford," she cried to a butler, "put a chair upon the table, a revolving chair."

So Lady Elphino sat above her guests, slowly revolving herself with her outstretched foot, while Mr. du Maurier promised that he would do his best to lead them into subtleties that were beyond their intelligence, the only subtleties subtle enough for a *salon à dîner.*

Mr. du Maurier, too, was not being quite at his best, and a little frown presently showed itself just above Lady Elphino's beautifully modelled nose. That to-morrow's talk of the town should present Lady Elphino's latest Friday as perhaps not quite so brilliant as usual was an intolerable thought. To Lady Elphino, comparative success was starvation.

But Mr. du Maurier recovered himself. He had thought of a quotation—Lady Elphino adored quotations—"I quote others to express myself," she vowed perpetually—and he arrived at it through a labyrinth of the most delicate wit, spaced with audacious snatches from the studios. His eyes left Lady Elphino's foot and surveyed the fine amplitude of her bust, the even finer diminutiveness of her waist, and he sat down with the happy consciousness that he had been skilful enough to conclude with his own, and not Lady Elphino's, conclusion:—

> "The many-twinkling feet, so small and sylph-like,
> Suggesting the more perfect symmetry
> Of the fair forms which terminate so well."

"Bravo!" cried Lady Elphino as she replaced her stocking and once more spread her ample draperies on each side of her chair at the head of the table, "Bravo! we have listened *avec séduction.*" But as she sipped her ice her smiles died. Should she really carry through her programme—invite a finale of complete fiasco? Had she not better call upon M. Rostand? No, it had occurred to her and she would do it. There was defiance even in her ringing of the bell.

"For the third speech of the evening I am going to call upon Mr. Lucian Mallady—who makes his first appearance at my Salon. He is very welcome. The subject I have chosen for Mr. Mallady is—Stays."

A murmur ran all along the serried ranks of the diners. Oh, but Lady Elphino was cruel! Mr. Mallady was untried, *ingénu,* living blamelessly, so far as the world knew, *en garçon.*

A speech on any subject would be an ordeal—but on stays! Undoubtedly Lady Elphino was cruel. Whistler told her so, and she shrugged her alabaster shoulders. "A lady is cruel who presents a gentleman—young, inexperienced—with an opportunity?"

Lucian had risen. The table was perceptibly nervous, but there was not the shade of a shadow of nervousness in Lucian's voice as he called for a glass of water. He drank it very deliberately. He was obviously undisturbed, beautifully serene. Then he looked at Lady Elphino.

"Since you command me to speak on stays, permit me a view of them." For a second Lady Elphino hesitated. No, London was London, and Paris was Paris. In London she could display her foot, but she must cross the Channel to unlace, publicly, her stays. She rang for her maid.

"Mélusine, bring me my last pair of stays." Miss Kate Vaughan—known at Lady Elphino's by the names conferred upon her jointly by Ruskin and Burne-Jones as Miss Miriam Ariadne Salome Vaughan—was almost under the table with laughter. In a moment the stays were standing like a triple screen before Lucian. He lifted them very carefully—as though he were lifting a triple tortoiseshell mirror, and examining the joints.

"Ah yes! So I should have imagined. These stays are by Guizot—Guizot is the Giorgione of stays." He erected them once more on the table. "Stays are woman's perquisite but man's province." He feigned scorn. "Why don't you women create something? Even stays were beyond you. Let me give you the earliest definition of stays—'a thick band furnished with wooden bones, used by certain men who wish to squeeze their figures into elegant proportions.' You see—the old story of priority—God, man, woman. In the beginning was God, in the beginning was Man. In the beginning men wore stays, in the beginning men squeezed. Man the deviser, woman the stealer of his devices. On her own initiative woman could not even squeeze her figure—that obvious device was beyond her."

Lady Elphino was all smiles—the delicious compliment of disparagement.

"History," Lucian continued, "repeats itself, but most monotonously about women. Who first wore ear-rings and carried a muff? Women's modern coquetries are man's ancient discardings. Without the help of men you ladies would not even be able to creak so deliciously in your stays, and yet you pretend it is your own affair. 'One of the saddest sights,' said Addison, 'is to see stays bursting with sedition.' It is far sadder to see them bursting with ingratitude. Never, Lady Elphino, lace your stays without homage to Man. Somewhere in the haunts of mode, erect a statue to your stay-maker, and thereby call to mind the prowess of man and your own creative bankruptcy." Delicately Lucian again sipped water. "A distracted My Lady once implored the help of *The Tatler* because her Welsh maid had run off with three pairs of her new stays, bolstered below the left hip. Whose idea was the bolstering? Her Ladyship's? Oh dear no. The great Mr. Cosins. Again, once, when a Queen of France appeared at Versailles, it was seen that the fastening of her waist was not straight down her stays but gently swerved. 'How ever did your Majesty come to think of it?' 'It was the King who thought—not I.' Mid-Victorian England surrounded even stays with morality:—

> **"Strait-laced, but all too full in bud,**
> **For puritanic stays."**

sang Tennyson, correct, as ever, in his epithet. At last, in this kingdom of stays, we have the woman's idea. Her Majesty made them puritanic."

Miss Miriam Ariadne Salome Vaughan was once more laughing herself nearly under the table. "Happily the devastations of stays have far out-weighed their decorums, the Cavalier has done more with them than Cromwell. Let me, in conclusion, quote you the lines of a harrowing tale and I will venture to ask you who wrote them:—

'But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing fair,
She owes to me her every charm of wear.
An awkward Thing when first she came to Town,
Her shape unfashioned and her face unknown:
She was my friend, I taught her first to spread
Upon her sallow cheeks enlivening red;
I introduc'd her to the Park and plays,
And by my interest *Cosins made her stays.*
Ungrateful wretch! with mimic airs grown pert
She dares to steal my favourite lover's heart.'"

Lucian declaimed the lines beautifully, with accent and gesture at once delicate and rich, and without lending even a suspicion of exaggeration to their artificial drama. And not a soul in the company knew their authorship!

He ended on a modern note.

"Gaul was divided, according to Cæsar, into three parts—England knows only two. That which says stays—Higher England, and that which says corset—England Lower."

He sat down, and when, this time, Lady Elphino rang her bell, it was to make her voice heard above a buzz of congratulations.

"Dear Mr. Mallady, allow me to present to you, with all my homage—my stays. Linford, ask Mélusine to box my stays, and to see that they are delivered to Mr. Mallady's chambers."

Linford was the perfect butler. He would have delivered Lady Elphino herself to Mr. Mallady's chambers without surprise.

What an amazing young man! He had taken the most difficult theme in the world as effortlessly as a swan the unexpected, shining waters of a lake. What had Mr. Mallady been doing all these years when the eye of the world was not upon him? Why, he had been sitting as a scholar in his Chambers delighting in the English classics, storing them, with infinite discrimination, in his memory. He had been apt and choice on stays. Lady Elphino felt that he would be apt and choice on anything.

He never spoke again. Only the stays stood, a brocade triptych, in a glass case on one of his bookshelves to remind the world of his single and supreme achievement. Lady Elphino commanded—besought—implored. Lucian became a little haughty.

"I have demonstrated that I *can* speak. It is enough. There are people who exploit their gift till the world wearies to hear them. I will cherish my art, burn a flame to it in a temple which I alone will enter. My definition of genius is—Once."

Lady Elphino acquiesced very sadly. "I believe, dear Lucian, you are right."

. . . . . .

The brilliant impromptu—for Lady Elphino's greater brilliance—passed into a proverb. It was not that Mr. Mallady had spoken at Lady Elphino's. It was that it was at Lady Elphino's that Mr. Mallady had spoken. There was all the difference in the world.

And now he was dead. Lady Elphino, whose reputation lay in a far-away past, had enough sensibility left to brush a tear when she saw his obituary recorded in *The Times*. He must have a wreath of immortelles.

She looked round her drawing-room. It was full of ghosts. She must move into a smaller house, where the cruelties of age would assail her less malignantly. She ran her eyes round the walls, revolving what she should keep, what Christie's should have. That lovely old French chair. She must retain that, even though the damask were all frayed, and even torn. It could perhaps be mended a little. She put on her large spectacles and ran her old fingers round the edges to see if there were any damask to spare. Her fingers, deep down, touched something stiff. She foraged, and at last brought up one of her own cards—and a smile transformed her face for a moment almost into youthfulness. It was the card on which she had arranged the *salon à dîner* of June

10th, 1895—her most famous dinner of all. On one side was the menu, and on the other her list of speakers and their subjects.

1. Mr. Oscar Wilde.	Lilies.
2. Mr. du Maurier.	Feet.
3. Mr. Lucian Mallady.	Stays.

No doubt she had stuffed the card down the chair when a sudden visitor had been announced thirty years ago. The secrecy which it was her pride she had maintained inviolate had not been easy.

Her wonderful dinners! The brilliance of the speeches, their wit, the aptness of their quotation. And all impromptu —every one of them.

THE COMIC ACTOR [1]

By H. E. BATES

From *The New Statesman*

Of all the farmers in our district William Twelvetree was the poorest and most unfortunate. He was a good fellow, very conscientious and very diligent, but he worked without method and bargained without astuteness, and, most serious of all, he lived in dreams.

His farm, itself as poor as might be, was set in a lonely spot two good miles from the village, seven from the town and fifteen from market. Owls roosted in his barn and a pair of impudent magpies would often build in his orchard. Providence had never bestirred itself either to help his pigs to farrow or to keep blights from his trees or to ripen his harvests profitably. With these troubles and a wife and four children to keep, life was not easy for him. Furthermore, his children were all girls, who, since they had come late in marriage, were still young enough to be problems of feeding and clothes. Certainly his wife did her best for them, but she was old-fashioned and simple, and the best she could do was to make them curiously frilled and gussetted little frocks cut out of her own, so that the children, like her, looked for ever like frowsy bundles of discarded petticoats.

But William and his family were devoted. They were like a little community, naive, honest, strangely refined and bound up in themselves. Only one thing was startling about them; and that thing was William's ambition. That ambition, however, providence had ignored also. The four chil-

[1] From "Seven Tales and Alexander" by H. E. Bates. By arrangement with Messrs. Eric Partridge, Ltd. Copyright, 1930, by H. E. Bates.

dren and the mother alone were aware of its existence. To the children it was magic and wonder. To Isabel, the wife, it was the impulse to occasional prayer. For William, who was a bright, fat little man, it was something to be pursued tirelessly and infinitely, like the Holy Grail. It was William's ambition to act in a play.

Every Christmas, for many years, the family played *The Midsummer Night's Dream* in the big kitchen, and the children were the fairies. The little girls played well and sweetly. Isabel, who was very tall, was a splendid Titania, even if she did veil her hair in a butter-cloth. But only William could act his part; he alone remembered to employ his hands, to flourish his dirty overcoat as though it were a cloak and to make his voice sound poetic and touching. And when at the end the family applauded each other, again William was the important figure. He it was whom they cheered. And he it was who bowed low and deep with grave smiles that were purposely faintly weary too, as if he were indeed some real *jeune premier,* very bored and very successful.

But William's ambition went no farther. Once, before he had grown so fat, he had imagined himself as Hamlet or some young king, but now he would have been glad of a minor role, something as small as the part of the porter in *Macbeth* or of the peasant taking the basket of figs to Cleopatra. But not even these opportunities ever arose, and he arrived at the age of forty-five without having once appeared upon the stage.

Then, one autumn, the local journal printed an announcement. All those interested in drama and the birth of a dramatic society for the town of Wander were requested to attend a meeting there.

There followed days of unprecedented excitement at the farm, and then William drove to the meeting in a milk-float. Rain had been falling, churning the roads to swamps, and William walked into the hall looking like a tramp. But as he took off his overcoat he felt almost unbearably happy. Not even the unanimous decision of the society to act, not

a play of Goldsmith or Shakespeare, but a musical drama called *The Prisoner of Love,* could change for him his almost childish delight. And nervously, tentatively, he offered himself for a part.

He was told in return that within a week he should apply for a part, while intimating that such a part was not, of course, bound to be allotted to him.

William read the play. Each act, each scene, each line, filled him with the conviction that he must apply for the part of a certain Duke. That, he felt, was his destiny. Gradually he began to rehearse the part, then to take it into the fields with him, then to dream of it at nights.

But at the first rehearsal it appeared that seven men besides William had pictured themselves as Dukes. This amused the company. William, nursing his libretto, tried to laugh also, but his mortification was too sickening and the memory of his secret, earnest rehearsals too painful. So, not daring to reflect on what his fate might be, he stared and waited.

Eventually the play was cast. Then it was announced that he, who resembled perhaps more than anything a publican, had been chosen for a monk.

And arriving home, he smiled wanly, puffed out his cheeks, and looked doleful in that comic way which so delighted the children. Yet it almost hurt him to say to them: "I'm a monk, and I visit a maiden in prison, then I make jokes to her. That's my part."

"And a very good part, too, I'm sure," said Isabel.

"Oh, it's awfully comic, if that's anything."

"Well, then, be thankful, William dear. I'm sure you'll be as good a monk as a duke."

"Perhaps," he said; but he spoke ironically.

Many weeks passed. There was in the play a young girl of extraordinary talent who took the part of the imprisoned maiden. Her beauty was light and delicate, her eyes were translucent and expressed all the shades and tones of youth with unforgettable, ravishing loveliness. She herself was

like a sea-shell. Her voice, very low and soft, made the other actors give up whispering and listen. William thought of that voice as being like a bee in a window-pane in summer. But her singing voice was of even rarer, lovelier quality; then it was an exquisite soprano which sounded like a dulcimer or the glass hangings of a chandelier jingled by a breeze. From the first rehearsal her acting was remarkable. By intuition she knew how to look, move, speak and carry herself. Half the actors were in love with her. William himself felt that in the scenes with her he acted more certainly, inspired by her extraordinary cleverness and beauty.

It happened that, one evening, as he stood listening as she sang the song, "Now doth my heart, imprisoned, burst its bonds for thee," something seemed to melt in his breast. In a sort of exaltation, he never ceased gazing at her. Afterwards, he recalled all that had passed with eternal wonder at himself, and his sleep was broken for thinking of her.

When the time of the first performance approached, he felt he bore a curious, worshipping kind of love towards this girl. He remained quiet and secretive about this, watching only for the first sign of understanding or acknowledgment in her without ever speaking a word.

At last the playbills were out. The name of the girl was displayed in larger and heavier type than the rest. He would read her name—"Lucia"—in all the shops as he drove to market.

William implored Isabel not to attend the first performance of the play. "Please don't be there. Come to the matinée instead. I shall be so terribly nervous," he said.

And since he seemed nervous even at the dress rehearsal, Isabel agreed not to go.

He arrived early at the theatre. After sorting out his monk's costume, he sat down on a property-basket and thought, seriously and for the first time, of speaking to the girl. As to what he wanted to say to her, he was not at all clear. He would, he thought, express some kind of appreciation of her wonderful talent. He rehearsed a private and

very earnest speech to her. He trembled even as he muttered aloud some rigmarole of stumbling flattery. He made a fool of himself even in the privacy of the dressing-room. But he did not care. If he had no illusions as to the loveliness and talent of the girl, he thought, he need have none about the wisdom of speaking.

Presently the rest of the actors arrived and began to dress. The thought of the girl never left him. He took up a pair of black flesh-tights and drew them on, and tied them about his fat belly.

Soon, completely garbed, he left the room. He must be made up; his wig must be found. Then, as he shuffled past the wings, he came upon two figures conversing in low tones. One was a woman; her perfume reached him with overpowering sweetness. Trying to discover who they were, he tripped over his long brown habit as he passed, and the low, bee-like voice of the young actress called out after him:

"I say, Brother Bono, don't be in a hurry. Let's look at you."

In his confusion he felt foolish and a little mean, as if discovered in some disgraceful act. When the girl turned him about he wanted to protest, but he only gazed intently at the magnificent dress of green silk with edges of silvery, glistening sequins reaching to her ankles and the pure white fan in her hands. Of that earnest and flattering speech he had composed in the dressing-room he could remember nothing. He did not smile in return in response to a compliment paid him by the Duke, her companion, and he was relieved when Lucia declared at last:

"Yes, you make a splendid monk. Now go along and let them make you up."

So he shuffled away. "If only they had made me the Duke," he could not help thinking, and his mind grew full with wild conjecture.

Painted up and wearing a wig which made his head look like a yellow bladder with a fringe of horsehair he made a more excellent monk than he himself had ever dreamed.

When he wrapped his arms in his sleeves and stared lugubriously at himself in the glass, he saw a squat, humbugging lay brother, and the sight hurt him. So he closed his eyes and tried to forget himself and the foolish way he had spied on the young girl.

He remained like this until the play began. Then, amid much noise of orchestra and singing, of actors and actresses whispering in the passages and rustling their strange costumes, he shuffled to the wings to watch the girl act. She acted magnificently, singing as sweetly as a May-thrush after rain. The house clamoured for her. When she bowed and smiled at the end of the act his whole frame softened in a sort of proud, lovable admiration of her.

During the interval he had an inspiration. He would take her a cup of coffee and, as she drank it, speak his thoughts upon her acting and her singing. He seized a cup and ran hither and thither with it in his hands, spilling the coffee on his habit, his shoes, his hands, on chairs and property-baskets. But she had vanished and he dare not ask for her. At last, when the remaining half of the coffee had grown cold, he put it under a chair and crept away.

It became rapidly more and more agonising to wait for the last act—that scene in which he visited the girl in prison, wept at that touching despair she conveyed so admirably in the song, "Now doth my heart, imprisoned, burst its bonds for thee," and then, drying his tears on his sleeve, made his light-hearted jokes about the outer world and gave her the keys to escape. He sat morose and introspective. Now, frequently, he wished the play were over.

Then his cue came. Although he had stood in readiness for half an hour, he was taken by surprise. He tumbled on to the stage more like a clown than a monk, and was greeted by a burst of irrelevant laughter, which, dying down, made silence for the ecstasy of longing and beatitude which seized the girl as she began to sing. His mouth dropped open. Then the unexpected strength of her utterance, and at the same time its dulcet tenderness affected him so much that

in reality and without warning, he burst into tears. His self-control vanished. Through his tears the audience appeared a bluish bank of mist. The girl herself floated about him like some extraordinary pale green ghost.

He stumbled forward, drying his tears in readiness to give her the keys. The audience was much moved.

"Who are you?" shrieked the girl in tones of most admirable terror.

She shrank away; but presently she came so near that he breathed her perfumes, saw the shining ivory blackness of her painted brows and the shadowiness between her half-covered breasts. Suddenly these things seemed to reduce him to the depths of an imbecile hopelessness. He began to stammer. He had a frog in his throat. His tongue was like glass-paper. And then, worst of all, he forgot the lines he could once repeat so well. His mind became no more than an empty egg-shell. He began, his eyes large and doleful, to stare this way and that and fumble with the cord of his habit. The irrelevant laughter which had first greeted him began to run in tiny ripples about the audience again. The girl herself was staring at him with indignant eyes. Whispers came from the prompter. Then, when everything seemed quite lost and hopeless, the unfortunate man invented some lines.

They too were hopeless.

The young actress was infuriated. He knew from the repeated glances of scorn she gave him and from her cruel, pinching embrace in return for the keys that he had offended her irrevocably.

He fled to the dressing-room. Hiding his fat face in his greasy hands, he called himself a fool, a hopeless, idiotic failure. Repelled by a strong aroma of cocoa-butter, he raised his face from his hands, and, looking up, he saw for a second time the crass, humbugging face of the monk staring sheepishly back at him, and he sickened in disgust for himself.

Presently, utterly humble, he began to have some notion of apologising to the girl. He went out to seek her.

It happened that she was just then returning from the stage. The play was over and the players, much relieved, were shouting and laughing to each other. The centre of everything was the young actress, who was surrounded with many triumphant baskets of cream, red, mauve and yellow blossoms and boxes knotted with ribbons. She was screaming with happiness. As he saw her his heart shrank like a pea in winter and the hopeless folly of trying to speak with her overcame him. And he crept away.

Taking off his monk's garb, which he now hated, he dressed himself, and, without seeing her again, drove home. Persistently and unmercifully he maligned and reproached himself. At the thought of the two remaining performances of the play he was nauseated and felt he could never face them. His acting was hopeless; he himself was hopeless.

There were lights at the farm. Isabel had waited up for him.

"William!" she cried, and she embraced him joyfully.

In a moment the four girls, unable to sleep for excitement, tumbled downstairs and embraced him also. He gazed at them sorrowfully, without a word.

Thinking he must be acting, they all cried out: "Oh! just like a monk. Oh! isn't it just like a monk?"

He merely kept on looking at them in the same way.

"And how was it?" they all suddenly wanted to know. "Did it go off well? Did they applaud you? Was it good?"

"Yes, it was very good."

"And you? Were you a success?" they clamoured.

"Yes," he murmured.

Only by lying could he defend and soothe himself. Something thick and warm fell about his heart if he lied.

Suddenly the four girls took hands with their mother and began to dance about him, their frowsy nightgowns flying out like crinolines.

"Good old Daddy! Bravo!" they shouted. "Daddy's done it! We knew you would—we knew you would!"

All at once they ceased dancing and began to applaud him

furiously. He did not know what to do. He felt the smart of tears on his face and could not look at the children.

Then suddenly, not knowing how else to cover his confusion, he began to bow, gravely and with a trace of weariness, as he had often done at Christmas-time, smiling in a strained way as if indeed he had been some real *jeune premier,* very bored and very successful, at the height of his triumph.

TAM McWHIRKER'S ELEPHANT[1]

By RICHARD CAROL

From *The Strand Magazine*

Aye, aye, sirs, Dunbogle's a bonny wee spot. And a vera *select* residential place, I'm telling ye. The water's guid for the trout and the whusky's no' bad for the man, when ye consider what whusky *can* be the day. But it's no' the trout that's made Dunbogle what it is the day. Na. And it's no' the whusky neither. Sirs, have ye ever heard tell o' Tam McWhirker's elephant? Ye havena'? Then ye'll surely be wanting for to hear it. Och, sirs, what an elephant it was! *What* an elephant!

Weel, it all started through an English gentleman, name o' Hodgson if I mind right, breaking down in his motor-car jist by the farm-house o' Tam McWhirker. Now it happened that this Maister Hodgson wasna' exactly on intimate terms wi' the guts o' a motor-car, as ye might say; and after he'd birled the handle twa-three times he jist addressed it in a sort o' gentlemanly manner, but that did naething neither. Then he catched sight o' the house, dandered up, and explained the position to Tam, which said he wasna' a bit surprised. For ye understand, sirs, that Tam McWhirker's one o' they auld-fashioned bodies which has nae use at all for they modern mechanical contrivances. As he often used to say, ye'll no' catch a guid horse running out o' spirit or lossing its nut twenty mile frae hame.

However, Tam was no' the man to let a stranger's queer ideas affect his notions o' hospitality. So he helps this Hodg-

[1] Copyright, 1930, by Richard Carol.

son man to push the motor-car into the yard and offers to put him up till he could get an expert down to tittivate it up.

Weel, it happened that this Maister Hodgson, though he was an Englishman, was an affable sort o' a chap, jist like yersels if I may say so, sirs, and he seemed to like the place and the company o' Tam and his guidwife. And Tam and his guidwife raither liked him. So, though the car had been sorted right enough, he found himsel' biding on.

Eventually, however, he had to depart, and, when he was going, of course he asked Tam how much he would be owing him. But Tam and Maggie jist wouldna' hear o' it and said they'd been real pleased to have him even though he was a motor-car man. And Maister Hodgson was awful affected by their kindness and took their address and said he'd find some way o' repaying their highly spontaneous beneficence.

Now Tam and Maggie had forgot all about it, for the McWhirkers are no' the kind to make a note o' what ye might call rash, unpremeditated promises and hold them up against a body. But Maister Hodgson wasna' one o' the unpremeditated kind at all, and he'd minded it right enough and had obviously been thinking out something real out o' the way. So he wrote a letter to Tam to tell him about it.

"Losh!" says Tam, when he'd read the letter.

"What is it?" says Maggie, which is jist as curious as ony ither wumman.

"Michty me," says Tam, giving his glasses anither rub.

"What *is* it?" says Maggie, lossing her patience. Wumman, sirs, is no' a patient animal.

"Ma conscience!" says Tam, shaking his heid. "Ma—conscience! Maggie, ye mind yon man Hodgson wi' the motor-car which got the spasms jist at our gate?"

"Fine," says Maggie.

"Weel, he's wrote here to tell me that he appreciated our hospitality maist highly, and, seeing we wouldna' accept payment, he's sending us—what *dae* ye think, Maggie?"

"His auld motor-car."

"Worse than that. Maggie, he says he's sending us an elephant."

"An elephant? Let's see the letter. He's daft. Och, but he's a terrible writer, he is. Aye, but ye're right though, Tam. It's an elephant right enough."

And the twa o' them jist sat looking at each ither like a couple o' tattie-bogles.

"An elephant," says Tam to himsel' and sighs terrible sighs.

"An elephant," says Maggie, and shakes her heid till it near falls off.

Says Maggie in a wee whilie: "Of course, we could aye sell it to a circus or a menagerie."

"Maggie," says Tam, awful stern. "Are ye suggesting *selling* the present o' a friend?"

"Weel," says Maggie, looking a wee bit uncomfortable, "it's a daft sort o' present when ye consider it."

"Mebbe aye, mebbe no'. That's nae reason for breaking principles."

"I suppose it's no', Tam, but what are we going to dae wi' the beastie? Where are ye going to keep it? What are ye going to feed it on?"

"They're problems right enough," admits Tam, slowly. "Aye. Of course, I might give it a try at the ploughing. It would be a bit on the tall side for that, though, maist likely."

"Mebbe ye could fix the plough to its tail," suggests Maggie wi' a fine inspiration. "The elephant's got a fine long tail, Tam."

"Aye, and if the flies started tickling the elephant and it started swishing its tail, would ye be telling me where it would send ma fine plough birling to? Na, Maggie, I'm feart that's jist one o' yer injudicious mental hiccups. Aye. But we'll have to find some use for it. Imphm. We canna' jist let it eat its heid off. Na. And when I'm at it, I suppose I'd better build the new barn big enough to act as a kennel or stable or whatever they call the repository o' an elephant."

"And the food, Tam?"

"Losh, Maggie, I darena' think o' it. They're awful keen

on buns, I mind, but we canna' afford to keep an elephant on buns. Och, daum it, Maggie, I wish I'd jist tellt yon Maister Hodgson to go to the de'il and take his motor-car wi' him. Nae doubt he means it as a kindness, but as far as I can see it's going to mean our ruin. For we jist couldna' hold our heids up again if we let on to the folk here we was in sich a bad way we couldna' afford to keep the magnificent present o' a grateful friend."

There was silence again except for Maggie scratching ideas out of her heid wi' a knitting-needle. This novel method, sirs, was highly successful.

"Tam," says she, ponderously, "elephants die."

"Exactly," says Tam, his lips fair curling wi' scorn, "and so do pigs, and so do whales, and so do porcupines, and so do halibuts, and so do cassowaries and——"

"Stop!" cries Maggie. "I canna' abide yer sarcastics. Dae ye no' see it, Tam? If an elephant dies, its corpse canna' eat, and if its corpse doesna' eat, it doesna' cost onything to keep and the problem's solved."

Tam looked at her hard. "Aye," says he, nodding his heid, "we *might* get out o' it that way and, of course, we could maist legitimately sell the tusks then. Tusks is entirely composed o' ivory, and ivory's expensive sort of stuff. Aye—aye. But, Maggie, it would be a whale o' a grave we'd have to dig."

"That's so, Tam, but mebbe it would turn into first-class manure in time."

"Imphm—aye. That's possible. But, Maggie, we'd have to be gey canny and no' let folk *see* that we'd—sort o' engineered the beastie's demise, which, I take it, is what ye've got in mind."

"It is," says Maggie.

"And how dae ye propose to kill an elephant *circumspectly?*" inquires Tam.

And again there was silence.

"Ye might stop up its trunk so's it'll no' can breathe," suggests Maggie, maist solemn.

"Aye," says Tam, "aye. And would *you* be for daeing the

stopping up o' the elephant's neb—that's to say, if the elephant *does* breathe through its trunk?"

"I would *not*," says Maggie, wi' emphasis. "It was *you* offered to put the man up for the night."

"Mebbe aye," retorts Tam, banging his hand on the table like he was a member o' Parlyment, "but it was you suggested we might as weel use up the clean sheets ye'd used but twice on yer sister Hannah and her called hame unexpected, and I'll be *daumed* if I start pushing sacks and sichlike up ony elephant's neb to stop its breath."

Weel, the argaybargaying got mair and mair like a political meeting, if ye understand me, sirs, Tam blaming Maggie and Maggie blaming Tam and calling each ither maist picturesque names which I've forgot for the moment, though Tam tellt me all about them. But finally and eventually the lamp went out, so they went to their bed, and after twa-three concluding remarks they baith fell asleep to dream about elephants eating up hunders and hunders o' buns—London buns and Paris buns and iced buns and coco-nut buns—fair gobbling them up jist as fast as Alec McKay could turn them out his oven and note them down in the account.

Aye, sirs, and the joke o' it was that Maister Hodgson wasna' sending an elephant at all. No' him. Even if he was an Englishman *and* a motor-car man, he wasna' as daft as that. It was jist his terrible handwriting. What he had wrote was "as you wouldn't accept payment, I am sending you an equivalent."

A queer business, sirs. In fact, what ye might call a maist peculiar ebullition o' concatenating circumstances. Aye.

However, as ye'll understand, Tam McWhirker didna' realize that the comical wee squiggles in Maister Hodgson's letter *wasna'* an elephant. Nor did Maggie nor me, nor, in fact, onybody in Dunbogle. We was all jist terrible excited about the elephant, and mony's the meeting we had in this same room, sirs, that's to say afore it was reconstructed into its

original sixteenth-century form wi' the original beams (ye can see them there, sirs), which had been maist providentially kept by a maist up-to-date firm in Glasgow.

Ma conscience, ye'd be surprised how much we learned about elephants—white elephants and pink elephants and the ornary varieties. And how an elephant minds wee things ye dae to it and it doesna' like jist like a wumman and squirts dirty water ower ye, *years after,* jist to get its own back. Of course, I dinna' exactly mean that a wumman squirts dirty water at ye years after, but that's jist because the guid Lord didna' see fit to endow or equip wumman wi' a trunk which *could* squirt dirty water. Aye, sirs, that's a fact, that is.

Aye, and we learned that an elephant got through jist tons and tons o' vittles in a year. We saw that in a paper and cut it out for Tam. But, when Tam read it, he jist looked awful queer, shook his heid *six* times, and went awa' hame without having his usual nip o' whusky. Aye, Tam was no' the man he had been. He seemed tired a bittie like he was Atlas, the chap, ye mind, which held up the world on his shoulders and made wee maps for the schools in his spare time.

Then we got anither interesting wee note about the elephants at the Zoo, and we worked it out to give it a sort o' local touch and announced the result (which had took twa hours and a half and three sheets o' paper) to Tam. It was amazing and truly stupendious. The information was as follows, viz.: If the buns ate by one elephant in a year was put end to end, jist touching, they would reach frae Dunbogle to Ballantrae and back to Girvan. That, I must explain, was allowing three inches per bun, though in our investigations we found Alec McKay's measurements varied maist considerably, which we pointed out to him.

But Tam didna' seem interested when we tellt him, and when Alec rubbed his hands and remarked joculariously that he would be willing to allow Tam wholesale terms, which was really a vera generous offer on Alec's part, Tam jist gave him a queer look like he was a centipede wi' holes in his socks, swallowed his nip neat, and departed without saying a word.

Now, sirs, ye're mebbe acquent wi' the fact that we've got a vera fine paper in Dunbogle entitled *The Dunbogle Chronicle,* which comes out every Thursday regular as clockwork except when it appears on Saturday, or the following Tuesday, when the news is mair up-to-date. Weel, of course, Johnnie Dodd, which is the editor and also sells sewing-machines on the instalment system and collects them about three months after, he soon heard about Tam's elephant and went up to the farm for to get an interview. How Johnnie got all the information he did frae Tam, wi' Tam in the state he was at the time, naebody understood. Nor did Tam, him having said polite, "Get out," and slammed the door, breaking a hinge.

But Johnnie jist put "as Mr. McWhirker said, genially, in a most illuminating interview this morning," in brackets, and filled up twa columns about elephants and how the elephant was a maist useful animal, carrying logs for hunders o' miles as easy as easy, and he added at the end how Dunbogle would rebound wi' fame when Mr. Tammas McWhirker went to the ploughing in the *rôle* o' a mahout, bearing himsel' in dignified array in a tasteful howdah to the accompaniment o' the tuneful trumpeting o' Nature's maist magnificent animal.

Weel, whiles Tam was trying to find out if there was onything libellious in being called a mahout, the sound o' which he didna' like, Johnnie was getting thegether a fine series by various local celebrities entitled: "What I should do if I was presented with an elephant." And the next week, half the *Chronicle* was took up wi' their replies, which, I imagine, was maistly wrote by Johnnie himsel', sewing-machines being slack.

One was for suggesting that Tam should go in for breeding elephants on a large scale and sell them highly trained to menageries. Anither said she preferred guinea-pigs, which seemed a sort o' irrelevant answer to me, while Kirsty McCosh, which had took a correspondence course in the Charleston and Black Bottom, suggested that an elephant which

could perform they dances would be maist comical and bring in a small fortune to its owner.

The following week the *Chronicle* appeared on the Tuesday before the Thursday owing to the excitement occasioned by and resultant upon Tam's elephant. Miss Argyll, which was a member o' the Society for the Protection o' Maligned Insects, including Slugs, wrote a maist spirited retort to Kirsty McCosh, stating that she considered it a maist terrible indignity to train sich a noble animal as the elephant to contort his magnificent body into the antics and convulsions o' sich indecent dances as the Charleston and Black Bottom. She added a P.S. saying that, *of course*, she had never seen they dances, but she was judging from what she had heard, and, in ony case, the name was enough for her.

Another letter was frae Hamish Brown, which had a book entitled "The Greater Mammals," according to which the elephant only reproduces its species about once in seven years, and even then the wee elephant generally dies if born in Great Britain, and that, in sich circumstances, though he maist strongly approved o' adding to the country's industries and was a lifelong teetotaller, he thought it was a daft idea talking about breeding elephants on a large scale.

Meanwhile, sirs, the Glasgow papers had got hold o' the story and reporters was coming down to get full details and Tam was getting mair and mair worried, for Tam was no' the man for the notoriety. Na, as quiet a life as is possible wi' a wife, sirs, that was Tam's motto. And he was that fed up wi' the whole business, I firmly and emphatically believe he'd have wrote straight off to Maister Hodgson and tellt him to go to the de'il wi' his elephant if he hadna' sich terrible strong ideas on presents received frae friends.

Then a note came frae the railway company advising Tam that goods consigned to him by a Mr. Hodgson would be arriving at Dunbogle the following afternoon, and would he please make arrangements for removal frae the station.

Weel, how they did it I canna' tell, but somehow they Glas-

gow reporter chaps had got hold o' the information, and the morning o' the great day the papers had fine big headlines on the *front* page, mind ye, "DUNBOGLE'S ELEPHANT ARRIVES," "JUMBO O' DUNBOGLE," and sich-like. Not only that, sirs, but one o' they reporters had managed to get a bit word wi' Tam. Now I ken Tam weel, and I ken Tam would never have agreed to what he did if he hadna' been near daft wi' all the worry and distraction o' it, or unless that reporter chap had been gave a nice cheque to help Tam make his decision—if necessary.

Onyway, about half an hour afore the train was due in, and about an hour afore it arrived, a maist imposing array had congregated and coagulated at the station. There was all the village holus bolus, and there was the reporter chaps frae Glasgow, and a deal o' strangers which had come down frae the great city to see the great event. Och, the place was jist as full o' folk as guid black bun is o' fruit. Aye, it was that.

Wullie Ogg, the station-master, which is also the ticket-collector and the porter, had brushed his hat, which looked maist imposing wi' a red band round it. Unfortunately, there was sax fine cherries sticking to the band at the back, and it subsequently conspired that the band had come off his guid-wife's hat by special arrangement, but she wouldna' take the cherries off, and hoped Wullie wouldna' notice it, which he didna'—at the time.

However, he was easy the maist impressive sight until an amazing figure appeared frae the ither end o' the village, approaching in stately dignity, a magnificent turban, and loose flowing robes like the sort o' shroud ye move piannys in.

"The mahout," cries all the villagers thegether, for, by this time, the folk o' Dunbogle was weel up in elephantine terms.

But it wasna'. It was Tam McWhirker coming to meet his elephant wi' a grand whip ower his shoulder. As I said afore, sirs, Tam was either half daft or—weel, I mentioned it afore, did I no'?

Sirs, there was a puff o' black smoke in the distance. At

that time, ye understand, our railway didna' use vera guid quality coal, there being nae directors travelling on the line. Every eye was attuned, as ye might say, on the fateful locomotive. Folk blinked and winked and rubbed their eyes. Aye. Ye see, they'd sort o' expected a fine high truck, big enough for an elephant, and it was jist the ornary train.

The atmosphere starts fair buzzing wi' conversation. The station-master takes off his bonnet to scratch his heid, and notices the cherries on the red band. Tam starts swishing his whip and sort o' pawing the ground like he was a cuddy wi' tickly feet. And the train grunts up to the station and coughs, half stops, hiccups, and stops proper.

The door o' the guard's van opens and out comes the guard. Tam walks up sort o' expectant. The guard turns back, and, afore ye could wink, out frae the van comes—an elephant? No. A wee elephant, mebbe? Na, sirs, no' an elephant, an EQUIVALENT—a fine keg o' oysters.

"For Maister McWhirker," says the guard, waves his flag, and the silence is broke. Laugh? Ma conscience, ye'd have thought it was a loony asylum on Huntigowk day. They laughed deep down and they laughed high up. They chuckled and they roared till ye'd have thought they'd have bust theirsels'. All except Tam, which jist stood wi' his grand whip, in his magnificent turban and flowing shroud, staring hard at the keg o' oysters.

Then all stopped laughing, wondering what Tam was going to dae. For near three minutes by the station clock, which happened to be in working order, Tam jist looked at that keg. Then he smiled.

"Thank the Lord," says he, maist religious, to the keg o' oysters. "Thank the Lord. The thought o' all they buns frae here to Ballantrae and back to Girvan was worrying me a bittie."

A quiet sort o' man was Tam.

Weel, sirs, ye wouldna' imagine a mahout complete wi' turban and shroud driving a keg o' oysters through Dunbogle wi' a whip in a dignified manner. Now, would ye? But

that's jist what happened; and that keg was up-ended and broached in this vera room. And I'm telling ye, sirs, they oysters *was* real tasty.

And that, sirs, is the story o' Tam's elephant. What's that? I havena' explained how Dunbogle became the luxurious place it is the day. Weel, it's this way. As I said at the beginning, Dunbogle's a fine spot, but there's mony a fine spot that nacbody kens about. Tam's elephant boomed Dunbogle. They reporters and strangers frae Glasgow saw it was a bonny wee place and real convenient to Glasgow if they improved the train service. So that's how it happened.

And Tam's elephant was no' exactly a white elephant neither. For when an estate body came down and offered Tam a vera high figure per acre for his farm to build on, Tam was that stupefacted he jist sort o' muttered to himsel' "Double," meaning that the price was double what he'd have put it at, allowing a handsome profit. But the estate body thought it was Tam's fixed figure, and he said "Righto" quick as quick. So Tam got double double, which ye'll see allowed him a guid *farmer's* profit, if ye've got a heid for the mathematics.

So, sirs, Dunbogle's flourishing and Tam McWhirker's flourishing. But there's jist one thing that's still worrying Tam. If the elephant *had* been an elephant, could he have stopped its breath by pushing a sack up its neb?

THE JOURNEY[1]

By PADRAIC COLUM

From *The Dial*

A triangular patch of grass where roads came together: upon the grass were feather and bits of string—grey and red strings, grey and black feathers. It was the place that women came to who had poultry to sell to the passing fowl-buyers.

Felim and his mother came to it. Birnie was to carry them on his cart to the place they were going to—Birnie who bought fowl from the women who came here. This was the place they were to meet him at. But having come to it his mother would not wait here: she would go a little way down the road and then stroll back when she heard the rattle of Birnie's cart. She could not bear to stand waiting in the middle of the road for so unstately a conveyance. Neighbours would note her. "O'Breasal's daughter, who used to go these roads in her grandeur, has to wait now to get a lift on Birnie's cart," they would say. She went down the road. Felim lost sight of her; he sat down on a milestone that was there to wait for Birnie's coming.

Birnie came and he recognized Felim. "Didn't your mother come with you?" he said to him. "She told me to tell you she'll meet us going along the road," Felim replied. He did not get into the cart. Birnie got out, and he and Felim and the horse walked along.

When she met them, "Why, Birnie," Felim's mother said in great good humour, "how tall you have grown!" She got

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into the cart. "And you're still a bachelor, I'm told," she said. "Wait till you see the handsome girl I'll get for you." They jogged along for a bit, Birnie walking with Felim. He was lame, this young man; he looked sickly. Felim sat with his mother on a box that was at the back of the cart; when they got into it, he and Birnie, Birnie took the rein and made the horse go faster.

And all the time Felim's mother kept promising to get Birnie a handsome girl, and the promise seemed to please the young man. Once he said to her, "You can read, can't you, ma'am—read writing?"

He took a piece of paper out of his pocket and handed it to her. "Something that a little girl has written to you, Birnie?" she said. He shook his head. Felim's mother smoothed out the paper and read, "I will give you a shilling for Pullets and send you the Money to buy them if you want it write to me and don't be telling your affairs to others or Prices I will give you for what stuff I want come to see me at any time with Pullets gosslings or later on in a few days with good Cock chickens and probably with Hens but with Hens certainly next month." The reading of the paper gave Birnie satisfaction. He spoke to the horse, and it broke into a trot, and they went on swiftly. "A shilling for pullets," Birnie said, "and I can get the money from him to buy them. I'll be able to set up for myself later on." He seemed as if he were going to become contented with his life. "You'll see that I will, ma'am," he said, to Felim's mother. "Oh, indeed, you will, Birnie," she said, "and then I'll engage to get you a sweetheart."

Felim remembered other journeys along a road like this road. A side-car and a brown horse that had bright leather and brass for harness, and his father seated near the horse, a silver-mounted whip in his hand. People along the roads took off their hats because it was his father who was there. The "well" of the side-car held a hamper that had in it apples and oranges and cakes and bottles that his father and his father's friends would drink out of, and presents they would

leave at houses they would come to—a ham, and packages of tea and sugar. And his mother was there, sitting at the other side of the jaunting-car, wearing a bright shawl and a hat with bright ribbons on it. How quickly they would go by the hedges on those jaunts! Now the pace was dull. And the smile that his mother had was quick to go away. "You'll see the handsome girl that I'll get for you, Birnie!" She said this because she had no orange nor apple nor glass of something out of a bottle to offer Birnie, nor a ham, nor money, nor anything to give anybody. A drizzle of rain came on; Birnie stopped the cart before a cross-road because a great flock of sheep was coming forenenst them.

Birnie, no longer cheered up by what Felim's mother said to him about a sweetheart, sat looking across the horse's ears, a most lonesome-looking man. Felim's mother had put the shawl across her head, and she sat there looking like a country-woman. And she was discouraged, Felim thought, because she could no longer please Birnie by what she said —Birnie to whom she had nothing to offer, or little or nothing.

Across from where they waited, hens and a cock stood by a dry wall; furze bushes grew above, making a shelter. The cock had a red comb drooping over an eye; he was red and black and he had a tuft of shining feathers to his tail. A white hen was on one side of him, and a black hen and a speckled hen were on the other side, and each of them stood on a round stone. The way they stood there put thoughts and thoughts into Felim's head. There was his mother discouraged because she could not make Birnie hearty upon the journey, and there was Birnie considering about shillings paid for pullets and how that would help him to set up for himself, and there were the hens and the cock standing as if the life that was in them would always be like that, had always been like that. *In saecula saeculorum!* The mysterious Latin words that he knew the meaning of came into his mind as he watched the cock and the hens standing on the round stone under the shelter of the furze bushes with the drizzle of rain falling.

They went on. No longer were there hedges bordering the road. Felim looked into empty fields: tall thistles and boucalaun weeds were growing each side of the road, making a thin and ragged hedge. Tall stalks with hanging purple bells grew in the ditches—Fairy-fingers. And when he closed his eyes he could see, as if it were a picture, the cock and hens standing on their stones. Now there were crows in the fields. The crows were lighting on the ground with wings balancing and legs ready to make the hop. They went marching across the ground, great fellows with big beaks and grand shiny colours on their wings. When he closed his eyes he could see the crows in the fields, marching across, and with wings balancing and legs ready to make the hop. And when the cart stopped for Birnie to get a coal to light his pipe Felim saw a pair of young turkeys standing up to each other, necks outstretched, wings loosened, hopping close and away from each other, sparring with each other. The two shapes that faced each other were like each other; they had the same rising neck, the same opened wings, and on their necks were the same smooth, glistening feathers. "Young turkeys," Birnie said, and that was all he would say about them. Felim thought he was thinking of the price he might have to give for them if he was buying them. Then Felim knew that he and Birnie were taking stock of all the fowl they saw along the road, but that the sight of them put different thoughts into their minds. There were geese marching. Felim admired their heavy wings, and the firm way they went, and the way they stood, one gander looking back and stretching out his neck and shaking his wings. Felim admired that width of wing. The geese, one by one, went marching up a path in a wood. And he saw ducks come out of laneways and make for some pond. He saw them string themselves out in a line, and he admired their curious shapes as they went along.

They were coming into the town now. Carts were before and behind them; there was a market in the town that day. Birnie brought his cart before the market-house. Then, when they were off the cart, Felim's mother pressed money

upon Birnie. He took it shyly and went away to get some refreshment for himself. And when he had gone Felim's mother stood there regretfully, either because she had given Birnie more money than she could afford, or because what she had to give him was not quite enough. Anyway, for some time she stood there rather downcast.

Felim saw words that were upon a board on the market-house. Some of these words he could read and some of them he couldn't. His mother began to read them with him. She opened a parasol that she had with her and put it between her and the sun. A blue parasol it was. And in her hat and her fleecy dress, and with the blue parasol above her, there was no one so grand in the whole town. Pigs were in the street, and men were driving pigs to mix with the crowd of pigs that were there, and shouting, "hurrish, hurrish" as they drove them. Men were disputing about pigs, or waving sticks, or spitting upon a hand that was to be smacked against a hand in a bargain. The pigs kept grunting and grunting. A big sow screamed and screamed again. The men kept shouting, "hurrish, hurrish," and naming their prices in shillings. And his mother stood in her fleecy dress, her blue parasol above her, helping Felim to read what was on the board. "For every Horse, Gelding, or Mare, the Sum of Fourpence. Colt, Filly, Foal, Mule, or Ass, Threepence. Bull, Ox, Cow, Bullock, Steer, or Heifer, Twopence. Calf (except Sucking Calf) or Pig One penny. For every Sheep one half-penny." An old woman came over and peered under the parasol his mother held. Her bare feet were dusty and her hair was tangled and fell over her eyes, and her face was full of grudges. "O'Breasal, the herd's daughter, and look at her now in her grandeur," she said. She said it as if the words were the only words that she could say in the market that day. "O'Breasal, the herd's daughter, and look at her now!" Who was the woman? Could she do anything against them, Felim wondered. He thought that his mother had known her a long, long time ago. The woman went away and did not look back. His mother closed the parasol. But still they

stood there for a while, and Felim looked across to where there was a man with straw beehives to sell. He wanted to speak to his mother about the beehives, but she held his hand tightly, showing him that she did not want to speak. But how did the man make them? How much would he sell one for? It would be very nice to have a beehive with bees going in and out of it, making honey for you. And you could sell the honey, too. But nothing that he said brought a reply from his mother. She took him by the hand and brought him into a little shop. The woman there knew them, and brought them both into a little room where a kettle was boiling over the fire. Felim saw caps and bright handkerchiefs in the shop, and the girls waiting there and looking at things, and no men.

The woman of the shop, talking all the time to his mother, had tea made and eggs boiled for them. When they had eaten she took his mother out with her, leaving Felim sitting by the fire by himself. He knew this place; he had been here before; the shop-woman's name was Mrs. Matthews. They would wait here until Agnes came for them as Agnes had come for them before. And then they would go with her to the big house that they had lived in with his father. His father had once come in here with him. And because his mother had talked of rearing chickens, and because his father had drunk punch, he had made them take a hen that was hatching here, and her eggs and straw and all, and put them in the "well" of the side-car. All the way home that night Felim's heart kept beating on account of the hen and her eggs. And when they had got home at last, and when the hamper was taken out, the eggs were found all broken. Felim had seen the dead chicks in the shell. The hen had gone round the yard clucking and looking for the chickens that had never become alive. He was thinking of all that had happened that evening, when his mother came in with Mrs. Matthews. And Agnes, of course, was with them.

So they set off to walk to The Abbey, Agnes holding his hand and talking to his mother all the time, and after a long

walk they came to the big iron gates that were before the house that was called The Abbey. Agnes pushed one of the gates open while Felim stood beside his mother who seemed to have become cold and most dreary. They were going into the house in the dark and there was no one to meet them there. They walked upon the gravel and came before the dark house. Agnes handed her the big key she carried, and his mother opened the door of the house. And so they were back again. But the house was dark and strange and empty. When Agnes had lighted a candle and had put it on the chimney-piece Felim saw a room that had in it only a burning candle and the bed they were to sleep in that night.

When he wakened up in the morning he heard the jackdaws calling as they flew from the chimneys or hopped along the roof of The Abbey. The long room he wakened up in was bare except for the bed that he and his mother and Agnes had slept in. He went down the stone stairway; no talk now was coming out of the passages from Meg, nor Nan, nor James as they did this or that in the kitchen, or in the rooms, or as they came in from the garden or the stables. The house was bare—every place in it was bare.

Felim, turning to the left, went through a little gate to where the stables were. The pigeon-box that his father had got made for the first pair of pigeons that Felim owned was hung upon the wall: it was a massive pigeon-box; a carpenter had worked a whole day on it, planing the boards, measuring them, marking out the hole for the two pigeons to go into, making shelves for them to rest on—shelves of a neat and proper length. Eight holes were in it, and there were only two pigeons then. At first they were kept in by a lath placed before each hole, dividing it; they could put their heads out by the laths and pick at the grains that were left on the shelf for them. Then the lath was removed and they could come out on the shelf and fly down. How thrilling it was when he saw the pigeons for the first time fly up on the shelf and find their way into their own holes! "Coo, coo, coo," would come from the box. He was shown the two shining eggs that

were laid there; then he was shown the young birds; he saw them being fed, their beaks in their mother's beak; he saw them with unsmooth breasts and heads and scrawny necks; he saw them get feathers that got more smooth and lovely. Then there were more and more pigeons.

Now the pigeons were on a low roof, all gathered together. How lovely the lustre that was on their necks and breasts! He drew back that he might see them the better, his own pigeons that now were so lovely. They flew up in the air; they paused as if they might come down again, down to where he was. Then they flew away.

The stable-yard was deserted. On the wall was the empty pigeon-box; the doors of the stables were closed. He did not like the place. It was here that he had first heard the talk that had carried a sense of coming downfall.—

"Ba, ba, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir,
Three bags full;
One for the master,
One for the dame,
And one for the little boy
That lives in the lane."

Tim, the groom's son, had always consented to be the little boy who lived in the lane, while Felim claimed to be the master's son, because his father was the master. But that day Tim said, "A master no more if I know what's going on. A run-away master!" And when Felim had gone into the house he had found his mother crying. "A run-away master!" He heard that over and over again in the days that began in this stable-yard, and he knew that his father, somehow, was no longer a man to be admired and saluted—that he was a man disgraced!

And now when he looked down to the gate he saw on the garden side of it a man walking up and down. No one could come in and no one could go out without being challenged

by him. Well did Felim know these ragged, pushing men of whom this was one: bailiffs they were called. Felim's father had a fight with one of them the first time they came. Felim had seen the fight, and had seen his father afterwards: his coat was torn, his eyes were bloodshot. All the unintelligible and miserable things that had happened had followed that fight between his father and the man who so strangely had a right to be in the house and about the place. And part of the terrible impression that the encounter had made upon him came from the fact that he had pitied the man—pitied him because he had seemed so hungry, ragged, and friendless. Down there, where the yew-tree grew so dark and green the fight had taken place. And near the same yew-tree the man now kept guard upon the house.

He went into the house and found his mother there: she was in the grandest room, but it was all bare now. She was not crying—she was just sitting there, thinking upon what had been hers, and seeing all around her losses that could never be made up again. What she saw behind her, what she saw before her, made her dumb and unseeing now. She told him they would leave the house in the dusk, when there were no people around to notice their going. But before they left she would pay visits to friends who were near by—three people who would be sorry that they would see her no more. And then she told him that his uncle Marcus would come for them, and they would go off and visit his father's father. And after that visit they would go back to her father's, to Breasal O'Breasal's, and they would stay there until money came from his father to take them on a ship over to where he was.

When they had eaten a meal together his mother went to visit the people who would be sorry she was going, and she and Felim and Agnes walked down the box-bordered path to the gate that opened on the road. They went with hesitating steps; they would have been glad if his mother did not have to go through that gate at that time. The gate was closed, and a man was keeping guard by it. He kept them

waiting at the gate. And all the time he was pulling at the hold to open it, his head was partly turned to watch them. One side of the gate was opened, and Felim's mother went out through it in a frightened way, and the man shut the gate again with a clang.

Beside the gate was a place that Felim knew well: a yew-tree growing over a seat made an arbour there—they called it the Summer House. Felim went into it. Agnes would come to find him here as she had often come before when he had sat in the Summer House after having played. There were berries on the yew—red, wax-like berries—and the green seat was splashed with birds' droppings. Looking through the interstices of the tree he could see out upon the road. Looking through them at the other side he could see the man who was keeping guard. He was walking up and down, a repugnant, but somehow a pitiable man. Agnes, too, was there. She turned from looking after his mother and came to him in the Summer House. And here, once more, Agnes told him the story that she had often before told him, the story of The Hen Wife's Son.

O very poor was the boy's mother, and all who were in the King's Castle despised her. But when her son grew up there he went away, and he became the greater soldier in the Western World. He came back to the King's Castle and he had a black horse to ride on, and he had a silver sword by his side, and he had silver spurs on his heels. The King took him into the Castle and made of him a very great man, and his mother was never poor afterwards, and no one might despise her any more. But Felim did not let Agnes get as far as this end: there was another story that she used to tell, and he wanted to hear that other story even more than he wanted to hear The Hen Wife's Son. It was the story of the King's Son who went to the Enchanter to learn all his arts. Agnes couldn't tell him what these arts were. But Felim told himself what they were: the King's Son learned to build walls, and to put on the walls the figures of young turkeys fighting, and geese spreading out their wings, and a

cock with hens beside him standing upon stones, and ducks walking in a straight line, one by one.

It was very quiet in the garden when he walked there with Agnes. The walks and the flower-beds were edged with box. Asters and sweet-william and scarlet dahlias and a few rose-bushes were there. There were birds in the garden: thrushes and red-breasts singing, and finches, and there were little birds that flitted about without making a sound. And as they walked here Agnes told him about his father and about the reckless things he had done, wasting all that was his, so that he had to go over sea, taking a ship to Sasana Nua, and leaving them, his mother and himself, without anything and dependent on what their relations might give them. And she told him that although he and his mother were going that very night to visit his father's father, there would not be much welcome for them there because his father had married his mother and not a woman with a great fortune—his father's father still held that against them. They went through an opening in the hedge to where the fruit and vegetables were growing. The hedge was double, clipped yew that had growing above its light green a hedge of fuchsias with scarlet pendants over the dark green of its leaves. Agnes pulled his hand down when he went to pluck an apple. And it was not long since he, with Peter-Paul, the gardener, had taken big cabbage-leaves from the end of the garden, and filled them with the black and red currants that were growing here then. He and Peter-Paul had made themselves tired picking the currants. "It's tedious work," Peter-Paul had said. Thereupon Felim had learned a new word: tedious. He plucked an apple furtively, and turned to see if Agnes was going to check him for doing it. Unaccountably she was crying. And then she told him about a sailor who said that he would come back and marry her, and about a woman who had told her that it was on the cards that she would marry a man who would come from across the sea. She checked him no more when he went to pluck the fruit, and while he was looking for gooseberries she told him about a soldier

who had wanted her to go into a wood with him. Then she spoke about his mother and said that he, Felim, had been found under a gooseberry bush, and that his mother was going to find a little brother or sister for him under another gooseberry bush, but that that would not be for a good while yet.

Then they went into the house. Felim stayed looking out of the window and filling his mind with all that he saw in the gardens—riches that he would tell Michaeleen about. Agnes was putting together all that was left for them—a set of beautiful cups and saucers that had been given to his mother: she was putting them in a hamper now, and a musical-box that played tunes, and a little polished table, and some candlesticks. She put the shining candlesticks on the table and admired them as she always did, and sighed when she looked at them again.

"Will you be coming with us?"

"Where would I be going, child? No, you won't see Agnes again after you and your mother go away to-night."

"Are you sorry you're not coming with us, Agnes?"

"I'm sorry for you and your mother, child. Why wouldn't I be, and I polishing the last things that your mother has."

And then his mother came back from seeing the people who were sorry that she was going away from The Abbey. They ate a meal. Then they took leave of the bare rooms and went down to the gate, Agnes and his mother carrying the things that they were let take away with them. The man on guard opened the gate for them; the side-car was there with his uncle and the servant-boy from his grandfather's place waiting beside it. They took the things that his mother and Agnes had brought and fixed them upon the car.

Felim looked through the bars of the gate at the high house they were leaving. It was of grey limestones with a flower-garden before it and a gravel path going up through the garden. There were many windows in the house, and the jackdaws were flying about its chimneys and its high walls. And the man who was on guard made, each time he turned in his

walking up and down, a shadow upon the yew-tree where Felim used to stay to listen to the stories that Agnes told. His mother and Agnes stood by the gate and cried quietly and talked for a long time.

It was his young uncle, Marcus, who had come for them. And the side-car and the horse he had brought were the side-car and horse his father had owned in the days when he went on the jaunts that Felim remembered. His uncle kissed Felim's mother and kissed Felim upon the cheek, addressing him as he always did, *"A mac."* His uncle's kiss, the words he said to him in Irish, always signified to Felim long journeys and far places. Oh, far away his uncle Marcus lived; always he was in a place where the wind blew hard upon him.

They mounted on the side-car. They parted from Agnes. They left her standing by the gate. They went along the road. But there was nothing gay and spanking in the horse and car as his uncle drove them.

Felim knew where they would be brought to—to a shallow place by a lake; then they would be rowed over in a boat to a place near his grandfather's house. Soon he saw the lake between trees. They went along a soft road between the trees. Then Marcus and Maurteen, the servant-boy, went to a little house where the boatman lived, leaving Felim and his mother together.

It was getting dark now, and Felim was becoming cold in his hands and legs. The horse pawed the ground. Felim heard the voices of his uncle and the boatman. A little girl stood at the door of the boatman's house and looked at them: he saw her white bib. They took the horse from between the shafts of the car, leaving the car in a shed. Maurteen led the horse down to where there was a wide, shallow boat and put him on it; his uncle went with him.

Felim and his mother got into a boat and the boatman took up his oars. They went out on the lake. For a while Felim could see the shallow boat with the horse standing up in it; the shape of the horse, the shape of the boat became dimmer and dimmer, but he could hear the voices in it—

the voices of his uncle and the servant-boy. They came to the shore, and he was left standing there on his cold and stiff legs. A dog barked. A splash and another splash. The horse was taken out of the float, and was led on by Maurteen. And then the boatman, calling out good-bye to them, rowed back. His uncle Marcus had him by the hand. They went along a path that had a bog each side of it: on that path, as Felim knew, the voices of those with him always sounded lonesome. Ahead of them, led by Maurteen, was the horse that did not know Felim now and that would not know him any more.

His mother walked beside him, and the dog's bark sounded frightening. But his uncle was there to protect them. They came up to the house; the horse was taken to the stable, and Marcus, having spoken to the dog that came to them, was knocking on the house-door with the butt of his whip. His mother lifted Felim up and held him in her arms.

And then he was within the house, looking up at an old man who had knit, bristling brows, and then looking at an old woman with dark eyes who was seated on a chair. These were his grandfather and grandmother. He was brought up to the fire, and more candles were brought into the room. He felt a bustle going on all round him. He saw a throng—his grandmother and grandfather, his mother, his uncle, Maurteen, and the maid-servant. They put him upon a bench, and he soon fell asleep.

THE MIRACLE [1]

By LILY ANNE COPPARD

From *The Manchester Guardian*

Nearly four hundred years ago, an Italian peasant returning from market, having fallen asleep near a mountain top, saw in an apparition the Virgin, who gave him a wonder-working picture of her Assumption. It is now enshrined in the Sanctuary built by devotees, who carried all the materials for the handsome church up a rough and stony mountain track that no wheels can negotiate. That the picture therein still works its miracles is testified for by the multitudinous votive offerings in gratitude to Madonna.

At the adjoining Hospice, where I was staying, were a honeymoon couple who, like me, fed out on the high forest terrace where we could hobnob, so to speak, with seven mountain peaks, rising sheer from the Mediterranean 3,000 feet below. The lady, although not young, was extremely beautiful, with red-gold hair plaited into a becoming coronet, and the loveliest teeth in the world. She was a famous opera singer, he a celebrated composer. So the padrone told me. They were very much in love; but it was a song without words told me that.

Day after day, with guns slung across their shoulders, they would wander off together and scale the dizzy heights graced with olive trees, or linger in the chestnut forest in search of small birds. Meanwhile, in the guest-house, the staff—three small children—were kept busy preparing the quarry for their consumption.

The day of pilgrimage to the Sanctuary was over. I

[1] Copyright, 1930, by Lily Anne Coppard.

myself saw no miracles, because I fled from the noisy crowd of peasants who, barefooted, had climbed that rough and steep Pilgrims' Way and spent the night on the bare boards of the Oratory; moreover, I haven't the habit of rising at three-thirty for Mass. All I saw was a crowd of festive folk, festooned with necklaces of nuts and miniature loaves, swarming into our Hospice later for their simple breakfast —large bowls or soup-plates of caffè latte.

At length they departed. The Hospice was quiet again, the mountain top deserted; solitude was recaptured and the superb panorama was mine. That, for the moment, was miracle enough for me. There were periods of such absolute silence that a ripe chestnut falling from a tree would fill me with awe as it rattled and reverberated down the mountain side. Occasional shots were fired, the only evidence I had that the sporting Queen of Song and her adoring husband had not departed, for, like myself, they had been driven by the pilgrims to feed in their own room.

Then, after a wet day, going out to watch the sunset, I caught the briefest glimpse of the singer crossing the bridge from the porch to the terrace parapet with a basket. As she opened its lid feathers fluttered everywhere, as though she were freeing imprisoned birds, for, simultaneously, there came a spluttering burst of birdsong glorifying the fiery heavens. When I returned, the couple with the three children were gathered round a small wood fire by the gate of the topmost shrine under the ilexes. Behind its locked gate the marble floor was bespattered with a rain of soldi. The children were excited and happy, prancing round that fire where the famous pair were so intent upon the task in hand. The Diva's skirt was covered with tiny feathers; bits of down adhered to her cheeks or lodged in her lovely hair. Maria, important and proud, held a large dish that almost hid her from view, piled with dozens of small plucked birds, hideous in their nude attenuation. One by one she dispensed them to small Anna dancing round the fire, picking out protruding bits of feather stump and singing an incan-

tation. Then the Prima Donna, with exquisitely manicured and bejewelled fingers, would singe each bird with brown paper lit at that handful of aromatic fire her husband was feeding with bits of stick and pine cones, while four-year-old Franco, stealing up behind Maria, would sneak the plumpest bird from the dish and dangle its gruesome corpse over the fire in a gleeful effort to singe it all by himself.

I had little Italian, they no English.

"Merli?" I inquired.

"No, Signora, tordi!" not blackbirds but thrushes, with, as Anna proudly pointed out, a few larks.

Did I like them? Yes. Would I honour them by accepting some for supper? No, no, I thanked them, I meant I liked thrushes for their singing, not to eat. How merrily they all laughed! Were not the English all a little mad!

"But where have all these birds come from?"

"Shot by our own two guns, and now we are going to have a feast."

"But surely the lovely Signora has not shot any?" I gasped.

Her eyes flashed proudly. Teasingly her husband selected the two smallest birds, holding one in each hand high above her golden coronet as the net contents of her "bag," making a grotesque calculation of the shot expended.

Small Anna trotted off importantly with the first batch for the kitchen. I, too, went in.

From the bridge at the porch, as I gazed back at the group under the ilexes, with the leaping firelight and drifting tendrils of smoke backed by the empurpling dusk transfusing the mountain vista and framed by the portal, I visualised another picture—St. Francis silencing the birds that he might preach to them and, instead of scattering their feathers to the four winds, causing them to fly off in the sign of the Cross, marvellously singing.

Next morn the musicians were gone, back to Milan, where she was to sing after her villeggiatura.

Each year—so the padrone told me, as we stood together

by the dead ashes of that fire by the shrine—she came here to restore her tired and jaded voice and recover vigour in the sweet mountain air.

"And does she always shoot the little birds?"

"Why, yes, Signora. It is for that she comes. Is it not good of her, for they do incredible damage? Is it not also true that feeding on them daily here rejuvenates her voice?"

At my smile he continued seriously: "But yes, Signora, it is so, for on her return do not the newspapers always insist that it is truly miraculous how much fresher her wonderful voice is after her stay here—at the Sanctuary? But yes, Signora, it is for this miracle why she comes. Why else?" He gazed scornfully around at the seven mountains, shrugged his shoulders, wiggled his fingers, bowed and withdrew.

It was a superbly beautiful morning, crystal clear after rain. Barefoot peasants in family groups were coming up the mountain to find mushrooms, gather chestnuts, or tap the olive trees with long bamboo canes. Each in turn paused a moment before the shrine, bent knee, said a prayer, made the sign of the Cross, and flung a soldo through the locked iron gate.

The lovely Cantatrice and her adoring husband were speeding on their way to Milan.

Hark, hark! the lark at Heaven's gate sings.

THE VOCATION [1]

By KATHLEEN COYLE

From *The Bermondsey Book*

The day was sunless. The air lay in great sheets of shadow between the mountains. Here and there in the distance a farm shone like a white envelope. Now and then a goose or gannet rose up out of the shadows into a sky that resembled a tract of grey unchartered water. The Madon farm was higher than any other and backed by the higher level of the bogs which made a dark thread between the unearthly earth and sky. Catherine Madon came out to the doorway and, holding her hand across her eyes, stared down the road. She listened. She heard the far-away beat of the Atlantic; it made the solitude seem immense. The cries of birds trinkled through it, the burr of the chain clock behind her ran out and back. Her heart was heavy —heavy as the landscape, and as clear. Only a few hours ago Hilary, her son, had gone down that roadway which she now scanned for her husband. Son and husband, husband and son said the pendulum. Time passed, Hilary had gone away to be a priest. A night-coming herd of cattle stood out on the thread of bog. The outline of the beasts was blocked and solid, a great roan and white swivelled mass, suddenly still. They did not seem real. They swelled out on the patch of sky behind like phantoms, then moved on. Her breath became regular again. The crooked, limping figure of Mooney the herd followed them into the dip and vanished. She continued to stand there until she saw Simon come into sight. He was walk-

[1] Copyright, 1930, by Kathleen Coyle.

ing beside the mare. Although they were too far away for her to see she was aware of the slack reins linking him to the mare. He would throw them over the hame when he came to the gate. It would only take him a few minutes to unyoke her. She waited, waited.

"There's a raw December clank in the air."

His voice startled her, spun towards her like a flat stone flung on the silence. She had forgotten him, thinking of Hilary. The meaning of Hilary tormented her. The exultation had escaped. It was wrung out of her as the light was being wrung out of the day. "Aye," she answered. She saw the gaunt form of his face, the hollows where his eyes burned across the dusk to her. His voice filled her with wonder—wonder and pain. How would he take it? What would he do to her? To the boy he could do nothing.

It seemed to her that in that moment her spirit fled from her and became greater than herself, gigantic like the cattle in the twilight. She became gigantic, a colossal woman spreading cloaked arms across the parted mountains. Life lay in her folds, gathered, hidden, witnessing. Simon went into the byre. The steam spired up through the half-door and joined the mist over the midden. She went indoors.

She stirred the Indian meal, put bowls down on the table. The vision of Margaret Mary Alacoque became alive above the mantel-shelf in the reaching firelight. "Dear Sacred Heart of God!" she said slowly, mechanically as the echo of a prayer that had suffered too much repetition. She moved her fingers up and down the age-polished pot-stick in her hand. The peat crumpled, blazed, and died. Hilary was in the train now, his brooding face held against the pane, his eyes asking questions. The place where she stood cried the emptiness that he had left.

Simon clamped in in his heavy boots. "That's a night . . . " he said, "that'd set a man running."

"With a fear in it?" she asked. She wanted to keep her back to him, but she had to turn. Lip-deep she said. "Simon!" There was a cross of courage in her soul.

He put his arms round her, his face close. Her lips were drawn into his beard, mute, meeting his. They had been married for eighteen years and she still gave herself to him with passion. She rested in his embrace, waiting, seeing Hilary go down the road without once looking back.

It came at last: "Where's the lad?"

She pressed her fingers in upon his shoulder and then her hands went loose, quiet. "He's gone!"

"Gone! Gone where?"

"He's gone away."

"What d'ye mean?" he demanded sharply, freeing her.

"He's gone, Simon. . . ." He looked so foolish, heavy as a great boot, emptied and standing dead on the floor. Before him she took the past ten years of their three lives and showed him what he had been too blind to see. He had not wanted to see. The moment was divisional, breaking them like a piece of burning turf into a thousand sparks. She remembered another such moment. . . . "He's gone Simon, to be a priest."

"A priest!"

Everything upright went down in him. Some sorrow found its level. For the first time in her life she felt that he had the power to know her. It chilled all pity and mercy. Her strengths became weaknesses. It was she who cried out, hurt, "Oh, don't you see, the son, Simon? Ye never read him. He was bound to be this . . . a priest."

"It's you that's done it!" he cried out in anger, mad with her. "You've always been calling him off the fields, one'd think there was contamination on them, there couldn't be a grain grow that you'd let him love. You'd twist it in him, poisoning him, Kate. From the very start you'd made up your mind about him, telling him those yarns about Savronola and that saint that had the trick of catching the fishes, and the queen with her bib full of roses . . . poetry it was . . . you had him. . . ."

"Poetry!" a sigh parted her lips and turned into a smile that set her face alight in the glow of the hearth.

"Aye, Kate, poetry. Many's the time I sat listening to the two of you, thinking he was young and the manhood yet to spring in him. I knew well what you were after and I paid no heed. . . . I was set sartain that he'd turn one day and change on you, love God like a man, love Him everywhere. . . ."

"Everywhere?"

"Aye, in everything."

"God is everywhere," she said stupidly, arguing against what she did not clearly perceive in his meaning.

He laughed at her. A dark bitter laugh that defeated her more than words. It had been coming so gradually for years that now when it had actually happened he felt in those first minutes that it had happened long ago. He moved, and on the other side of the table put his hands down and looked at her. "Ye'd think woman, that I did not believe in God."

"You never pray!"

"Prayer! Litany after litany, chittering like mice, crumbs. . . ."

"Don't ye dare . . ." she stopped him, "mock at prayer."

"I'm not mocking."

"Ye are."

"I'm no mocker." He came back into the firelight and repeated it. "I'm no mocker, but by God! Catherine, don't ye see what ye've done? Ye've robbed me, ye've stolen my son."

She was afraid. She said, stretching out towards logic as towards a weapon, "He is my son, too."

"And ye've given him to God. Ye've given him up, ye've sent him away, you made him go. It's taken all his lifetime to do it."

"You can't rob God," she answered, still clutching the weapon.

"No! No! No! Fool, Catherine! But you can rob the land, you can rob the heart of man in God's face . . ." he stammered and his voice broke, hoarsened, "I mind the days, the hours . . . I've lifted him out of the growing corn, out of the flax . . . the blue field . . . he has them eyes . . . blue. . . ."

"Don't!" she set the word in a screech, low, smothered. He was heaping the emptiness upon her and she could not bear it. She loved her son. She loved this man who was ranting against her, breaking her. She wanted Hilary, wanted him back. God could wait for his coffin. In her soul was treachery to God. It was Simon who was making a traitor and a coward of her.

"Ye ruined him. Ye ought to have had a daughter, a girl'd have quietened ye, satisfied your woman's way of wanting sacrifice."

"How," she asked, demented with what he was saying to her, "could I have sacrificed a girl?"

"The way all women are sacrificed. All they need is for Life to take them."

"Oh dear, dear Heaven!" she moaned, groped for a chair and sat on it. She put her hands to her face. She had felt so strong before he had come in, spiritually greater than he, supported by her faith, by prayer, and Hilary had said: "I'll pray in the train that he won't take it so badly, that he'll understand." He was understanding in a way that she had not expected. He was making her feel that she had cheated him, herself, and God. She sought for reason. "I asked you a year ago . . . the son asked you. . . ."

"And what did I say?"

"You said no."

"Aye, it meant that. You were so set on the idea that you wanted nothing out of my meaning but a yes or no. He said to me, the boy . . . you were standing watching him as though the fact that he had come out of your womb gave you a greater right than mine to him . . . he said: 'I've been thinking that I've got a vocation to be a priest,'

'That ye've got a vocation, my lad,' I answered, 'I can well believe, but be careful before you tie a trade on it.' "

She remembered heavily, full of stupor, the anger with which she had blamed him for calling it a trade to serve God. She was sitting still, now, with her hands locked on her apron. The apron spread around her making a great volume of white before the fire. She looked at him. He was sitting back on the table, hulkily in his dark clumsy Sunday clothes; his legs were stuck out, his arms folded and a fist held up awkwardly against his cheek. She thought of the tobacco-smell of his mouth. She felt little before him, lost without Hilary. It was as though Hilary had taken her strength with him. While he had been there it had burned bright as a candle on an altar and she had not feared Simon.

"What do you think I tilled that land for, reclaiming those lower fields year after year? What do you think I cared for?" She did not speak. "You and me—what do we need?" She was still silent. "My God! Kate, a couple of acres'd raise all we'd eat!" He had never laid numb hands on a frost-plough without thinking that he was doing it for his son. And now? Now when he had begun to believe, this last year, that he'd got the boy on the road to be a fine farmer . . . this! Only this very day Flynn Flaherty had bespoke him for one of his daughters. He thought of his son begetting other sons and, suddenly, the storm went free in him, volcanic: "D'ye know what ye've done? D'ye know? It's worse than castration. . . ."

She stood up as though to ward off his speech, to keep it from reaching her. She stood still, saying nothing, and with her hands locked.

"D'ye know?" he repeated.

Beyond him, escaping his power over her, she thought of Hilary, as she had thought of him thousands of times, saying mass; washing his sanctified fingers in the acolyte's cruet, and below him the congregation spread as a fan before the mystery. Around them in the shadowy kitchen

gathered all the days of toil in her life, days of love, and nights crowned with blessed sleep or wrought with vigilance. Her life had been hard and bare as a rock but strong. It had known the wind and the rain . . . and pain. But no pain like this.

He was joined to her there in the thoughts that possessed her for he said: "You, Catherine, you know what the body needs. It has its needs; think, woman, think, don't ye mind all it has meant. . . ."

He seemed to shake before her, and then she saw that he was trembling—and that his arms were outstretched. She opened to him then, hiding nothing. "Och, Simon! I mind it all. I forget nothing, but I always hid the . . . the quare thing that never said yes in me, never was eased. It was that . . . all that . . . all that that I gave to God and . . . Simon! Simon! It was grander . . . grander than love itself, but it did not come often . . . it was rare. . . ."

"Sure I know it. I know all about it." He pushed her away. Then he turned and took her into his arms again for he saw that she was weeping: "It's the God in us, Kate, in all of us."

His hold, the tone of his voice assured her—made her loyal to God. "Then I done right! I . . . I only magnified the Lord!" Blessed be she who doth magnify the Lord.

"As sure as ye're standing here on his hearth-stone, Catherine Madon, ye've robbed your son."

"I couldn't help it, it was stronger'n me. It was stronger than anything I could do against it, Simon."

Her helplessness quelled the rage in him, modified it into self-communion. He didn't feel so grand himself. Coming up the road the freezing stillness had maddened him. He had taken the whip, ready to lash out at the mare. He had drawn it back again, ashamed of himself. And the strange thing was that everything had gone well with him that day. He'd got a top price for his sheep and sold Kate's butter to a dealer from the Port of Salon and he'd brought her home a

sack of sharps and a sack of fine white flour. He had got Hilary's watch from the watchmaker's. Into the silence he said: "I've got the son's watch."

And when he said that she broke in his arms and sobbed aloud.

"Och! Ye're a real fool," he said tenderly. For the first time in his life he knew and felt the fatigue that comes before death. The cheat of Life reached him.

"Can't we call him back? He's gone with Father Martin the Dominican. He's gone to the monastery at Kingsbride."

"Kingsbride!"

His laugh seemed terrible to her, impure. "Simon!"

"No! No!" he answered fiercely. "He's gone now. They've got him. He'll never be the same. It's worked in him for years and it'll take years to work it out, and by then it'll be too late. He's spoilt for the life of men, spoilt, if he came back they'd put a name on him. . . ."

Some girl would have loved him all the wilder for that. "I hope to God no woman ever loves him after he's ordained." And he thought that his son was a fool to have been so secret with him. It was his mother's doing. The boy was only seventeen. What did he know? He began to blame himself for shutting out the boy, for laughing at him when he thought now, it would have served him better not to have laughed. He remembered an incident that had occurred at one of the last Lenten stations. The priest had put the mass-stone on an old side-board that was propped with wedges of wood where the feet ought to have been. The wedges had shifted and the side-board had tilted forward flinging open the doors and a piece of cheese had rolled out. He had laughed fit to split his sides. Hilary had not laughed. He had looked at him as the innocent look at the insane. He had filled with anger against the boy and mocked him. He had wanted to knock the softness out of him. He realised now that it was no use. The lad was too full of dreams and visions. The broodiness of his mother, and the mountains had got him. Over Catherine's shoulder he spat into the fire. They were

fools the two of them—to rear a son and sacrifice him. But it was he who was the greater fool.

Catherine moved out of his arms. She had stopped crying. Smooth as the polish on a stone she felt the finality of her son's going. The polish would grow, the smoothness shine brighter in the years to come. She had willed this with all her nature. And now her nature was dead. It would never again be the same between her and Simon. Hilary would come between them, betwixt their love for one another —the priest, the prayer. "It'll be grand," she said steadily, "to have him praying for us." She lifted the stick off the plate and put it in the pot and began to stir.

"Grand . . . and the crops rotting on us."

She prayed silently, striving for unity with her son in spirit.

"And soon we'll be rotting ourselves . . . the grass'll be as green as ever."

Every day now, he'd be saying a bitter thing like that, putting the mark slowly on her. The hands and feet of Christ were pierced. She turned, the pot in her hands ready to empty into the bowls. She spoke, crushing the words out: "Man, don't ye believe?"

"Believe!" He saw the grief in her eyes, stagnant. It took the edge off his voice, made it reasonable. "I believe. I believe, Kate, more than you. I believe that God gave the earth."

She put the pot back on the hob. He took his spoon, dipped it into the milk in the bowl before him and began to eat, hungrily, as a man eats when he comes home from market.

Reaching up to the chimney-shelf Catherine Madon lit the tallow candle. The pointed yellow flame steadied into brightness against the German print of Margaret Mary Alacoque and illuminated the smooth child-like face with the saintly eyes, and spread to the rays of the exposed Divine Heart.

Behind her Simon said, brutishly, his mouth full, "But, by God, Kate, he was a damned skunk to go off like that without a word to his father!"

He who leaves not father and mother . . . for my sake. Give him strength, she prayed, guard him! She saw the boy's dark face, the beauty of his mouth . . . give him strength! She looked at her husband with contained, wide eyes. She said not a word. But within her she knew beyond all argument that Hilary had had to go like that. "It'll be a great day for us when he'll be saying his first mass."

"Aye, a great day!" The Judgment Day. The Resurrection. "A great day," he repeated. It would be the end of much. Quickly, as though it had begun to choke him, he rose from his food and went to the door, opened it, and stood there staring down the valley of darkness. He was taking it in at last. His son had gone away, out of the house, forever. He was without a son. He was a man toiling in the fields that would outlast him, in earth that would smell as sweet to another generation. The priest in his son would, in its turn, turn to the same ashes. Earth to earth. The despair of Life burdened his soul. He stood there, thinking, asking wisdom of desolation.

"Come in," Catherine begged. She had not sat down and was staring at his back with a sort of stupid sympathy, feeling sorry that the blow had fallen upon him like this. She could have stood his anger better. "Come in, Simon!"

He heard but he did not turn. He pitied her. He hated what she had done. He hated her, for she had something that he had not—conquest. God, he thought viciously, was kinder to women in affairs of this sort. They seemed able to live close to those who were absent. He strode out into the swelling darkness, and as it closed about him and his eyes lost the sense of the lighted room that he had left, he felt that Hilary was lost to him, lost in the darkness. Once upon a time God had arrested the sacrifice. He had called out of the burning bush. God might still do something . . . but Catherine! Catherine was there, and she, he knew, would relight any faggot.

THE MOTHER [1]

By RICHMAL CROMPTON

From *Woman*

I met them when I was staying with a cousin in a little country village in Sussex. She had only just gone to live there and was, of course, very much interested in her new neighbours.

"Most of them are deadly," she said, "but you *must* meet the Carlswells. They're so charming. And *absolutely* devoted to each other."

"Newly married?" I said.

"Oh, no. A mother and son. She's *perfectly* charming. And she must have been really lovely when she was young."

I wasn't frightfully impressed by that, because I knew that all my cousin's geese are swans, but I did begin to be rather curious about them when, as the days went on, I heard praise of them on all sides without one dissentient voice. Mrs. Carlswell was, it seemed, that *rara avis*, an absolutely Devoted Mother. She'd been left a widow with two young children, and had denied herself even the ordinary comforts of life during their childhood in order to give them a good education. She'd had, in fact, no interest at all except her son and daughter.

My cousin loved to talk about them. "The son was engaged at one time and the girl jilted him. It cut him up terribly. It turned him against all women except his mother. He'll never marry now . . . He's getting on, of course."

"And the daughter?" I said.

[1] From "Ladies First" by Richmal Crompton. By arrangement with Messrs. Hutchinson & Company (Publishers), Ltd.

"She treated them very badly. She left them just when they needed her most. Her mother was ill. . . . She has bad heart-attacks sometimes even now, but they were much worse then. It was just then that Rodney's girl threw him over. She was a pretty girl, but with no morals. She'd managed to get a hold over the daughter and they went away together. They've never been heard of since. It was very sad. . . ."

The story interested me and I looked forward almost with excitement to the Vicarage garden-party, where everyone in the neighbourhood meets everyone else.

As soon as we arrived I asked my cousin to point them out.

"There," she said in a whisper.

I saw a man and woman walking slowly down one of the garden paths. At first sight they looked about the same age. It was only when they came quite near that you realised that he was younger than he looked, and she was older. She certainly was charming and looked amazingly young. It was something about her eyes and lips when her face was in repose that betrayed her age.

And he looked old. His youth revealed itself only in odd, unexpected glimpses, gone as soon as they appeared. Each seemed vaguely uneasy when away from each other. When she was talking to us alone and he had wandered away to the other end of the garden, her eyes—beautiful, haunted eyes—roamed questioningly about till they had found him, then stayed with him.

He fetched her her wrap when the sun went behind the clouds. He got her tea as soon as tea appeared. He seemed to hang about her, waiting for any little service he could do her. And yet there was something beneath it all that baffled me—a hint of tension, a suspicion of fear on her side, a faint, almost unconscious, sullenness on his. I thought of the fiancée who had thrown him over and of the daughter who'd left home, and my curiosity increased.

I saw them again twice before the end of my visit.

They asked us to lunch the week after the garden-party. Our hostess was beautifully dressed, and the lunch was excellent. It wasn't elaborate but it was—well, delicious is the only word. Strange, unexpected flavourings that would have made a gourmet's mouth water. She'd cooked it herself, and certainly she'd have made her fortune as a cook. The only meal I've had that approached it had been prepared by a French chef. And it wasn't only the meal. It was everything. Comfort is a subtle, indefinable thing, and this house —small and unpretentious enough outside—was full of it. The very chairs were part of it—deep, luxurious chairs in which you felt that you hadn't any bones at all. The fragrance of expensive flowers filled every room. It was the sort of comfort that seems to belong to eternity. It was curious, too, because it was the atmosphere that one associates with the fat and unthinking and pompous—not with this slender woman with the haunted eyes and this spare worn-looking man. Mrs. Carlswell was charming, and her charm always included her son. It wasn't "company manners." You could see that she was always like this to him, entertaining, vivacious, charming. (I must say it again because it's the only word.) He wasn't the pampered mother's darling type either. He was intellectual, read decent books and could talk about them. Unlike my cousins and the majority of people in the village, they both could talk of other things than their neighbours and their gardens. They went to London several times a year to do the theatres and pictures.

The next time we visited her she was alone. She said that an old school-friend whom he hadn't seen for years had written to her son asking him to go on a month's walking-tour with him and they'd started two days ago. She was obviously uneasy about him. It was, of course, rather bad weather, but he was robust enough, and it wasn't his health she was anxious about, though she pretended that it was. She entertained us with her usual charm, but she gave the impression of not listening to what she was saying. Her

beautiful, haunted eyes seemed scarcely to see us. She was on the alert, as if listening for something. And suddenly she heard it, the sound of his footsteps on the gravel outside. I've never seen anything like her face then—the sudden light that shone in it, the ecstasy of—was it relief or triumph or both? He came in and greeted us, explaining shortly that the weather had been poor and they'd struck some very bad inns and he'd come home leaving the other man to go on alone. His manner was barely polite. He was angry and miserable. He hated himself for having come back, and the hatred seemed in some inexplicable way to include his mother. But her joy and relief carried off the situation. His depression and hatred—if it were hatred—couldn't hold out against it. Gradually, though, as it seemed, reluctantly, he yielded. Seated in his comfortable chair by the log fire, drinking her deliciously blended tea and eating the little hot tea-scones that she made herself, he became sociable and pleasant again, giving us humorous descriptions of the discomforts of his two days' walking-tour. But his face still looked haggard and unhappy.

As we walked homeward after our visit my cousin said:

"They *are* charming, aren't they?"

"Yes," I said, and added slowly:

"What were the daughter and the fiancée like?"

"*Rotters,*" said my cousin carelessly. "I told you about them, didn't I?"

Months went by, and I'd almost forgotten the charming Carlswells, when I went to stay with a friend who lived in Kensington. On the second day of my visit she took me to her own particular little hat-shop.

"An old school-friend of mine runs it with a partner," she said, "and they make the most adorable hats so reasonably. I'm taking you as a great favour. They're getting far too well known as it is. I generally keep them a dark secret from my friends."

The partners were a delightful couple, and about one of them was that haunting something of familiarity that does occasionally strike one in a perfect stranger.

"I can't have met her before," I said to Mavis when we were back in her flat, "but I feel as if I had. Perhaps she's like someone I know. . . ."

"She doesn't work under her real name," said Mavis, "because she's cut loose from her family, and she knows they'd hate to see their name over a hat shop."

"What's her real name?" I asked.

"Carlswell."

"Carlswell . . ." I repeated, and there came to me a sudden vision of a woman with haunted eyes and a man who looked twice his age.

"They can't be the ones," I said slowly, and I told Mavis about the couple I had met in the summer.

"Yes, they're the ones," said Mavis, "this is the sister and fiancée."

"I'd love to know all about it," I said.

"I'll tell you," said Mavis, settling down comfortably in her chair and handing me the cigarettes.

"I'll begin at the very, very beginning when I first went to St. Adrians as a new girl about twelve years old and found myself in the same dormitory and same form as another new girl, Lettice Carlswell. Being the only two girls in both form and dormitory, we naturally gravitated together. We walked together, talked together, did our lessons together, and read together. And she told me about her mother. She adored her mother. That interested me even then. The rest of us took our mothers for granted, loved them in the conventional fashion, felt hotly responsible for their appearance and behaviour on Prizegiving Day, but didn't give much thought to them when they weren't there. Lettice, however, thought and talked of nothing but her mother. It was a sort of obsession. It made me curious. And the photograph of Lettice's mother that stood by Lettice's bed in the dormitory made me more

curious still. She was different from other people's mothers. It wasn't only that she was beautiful. Something even in the photograph conveyed the elusive, dominating charm that belonged to the woman herself.

"You've met her, of course, so perhaps you know what I mean. I haven't seen her for ten years, but I suppose it's still there."

I nodded and she went on.

"It wasn't till nearly the end of the term that I discovered that Lettice had a brother. He didn't seem to mean anything to her at all. She hardly ever mentioned him. She told me that they weren't well off and that their mother made a lot of sacrifices in order to send them to good schools. I went to stay with her the next summer holidays, and I too fell under the mother's spell. I suppose that she meant me to. She was, I remember, very, very kind to me. Lettice and I vied with each other in doing little services for her. We sunned ourselves in the light of her charm and gaiety. We broke our hearts for her when she seemed tired and sad. She didn't keep a servant (that was one of the 'sacrifices' she made to send them to good schools), and we spent many blissful hours helping her in the kitchen. The brother, I remember, was quiet and rather sullen. He took no notice of his sister and plainly resented my presence.

"I went back to the school almost as infatuated with Mrs. Carlswell as was Lettice herself. I wrote to her every week. Lettice and I compared our letters from her. We turned upon her, in fact, all that flood of emotional adoration that the normal school girl has to turn upon someone.

"My visit to the Carlswells in the summer holidays became a yearly event. I don't know quite when my opinion of Mrs. Carlswell began to change. I think that the process was so gradual that at first I didn't realise it was happening. I know that I pretended to Lettice to adore her long after I had ceased to, simply because I wanted Lettice to go on adoring her. I didn't want Lettice to see her as I saw

her. And even after I ceased to adore her I respected her for many reasons. She was a cultured, intelligent woman, really charming and really beautiful. And she was clever. She never let herself go. Her children never saw her except at her best, well-groomed, well-dressed, pleasant, entertaining. She never let them know her worries unless she had a definite purpose in doing so. If she wanted for any reason to stir their compunction—or sometimes even to punish them (it was the only way she ever did punish them) she would show herself suddenly dispirited and weary, bring to their notice, as if inadvertently, one of the many sacrifices she made for them, let them discover as if by accident some little trouble she had kept from them. Otherwise she was charming. . . .

"I know that for a long time I tried hard not to see anything in her that would tarnish the image I had formed of her. But the first thing that I couldn't help seeing was that she deliberately kept her son and daughter apart. Whenever they seemed to be approaching each other she came between them. She deliberately blurred their vision of each other. I've heard her over and over again instil a little doubt, a little dislike into each of them for the other by a careless word or look. It was torture to her to see Rodney on affectionate terms with Lettice, and she always lost no time in putting an end to it. Jealousy, of course, was one of her chief weapons. She played them one against the other. She made Rodney jealous of Lettice and Lettice jealous of Rodney. Each longed to be her favourite and hated the other because each suspected that the other was her favourite. She kept them on the rack. They always went back to school nerve-ridden.

"It wasn't just vanity and craving for their admiration. She loved them with a fierce possessive love. Possessive. They hadn't to have a single interest in life that didn't revolve about her. She was very clever in closing all the paths that would have led away from her without seeming to raise a finger. It wasn't a healthy life for them, of

course. She spoilt their friends for them. A word, a look, a lifted eyebrow, and they saw a friend ever afterwards as if through a distorting glass.

"I don't know when I first began to suspect that the 'sacrifices' weren't necessary at all, that she could have afforded servants and a good dressmaker, as well as good schools. I'm not quite sure even now why she made the 'sacrifices.' I suppose that she was looking forward, thinking of the future, as such women do. They would always remember her 'slaving' for them in their childhood. They'd always be trying to repay the debt. That was what her 'sacrifices' came to, chains to hold them to her, debts that they had to repay. She had no life but in her children, and to have no life but in her children is the worst crime a mother can commit against them.

"Well, the years went on and her children passed from childhood to adolescence, and though on the surface their relations remained the same, under the surface they shifted gradually and almost imperceptibly. Mrs. Carlswell's affection for her son increased, and her affection for her daughter lessened. As Lettice's beauty and charm developed the mother began to be jealous of her. She was jealous of Lettice as a woman, and she was jealous for Rodney as a man. I suppose that there must have been something of the sexual element in her love for him, because I've seen her watching him with agony in her eyes when he talked and laughed with a girl. I think that his friends were always coming up against something in him that they didn't understand. He was straightforward and pleasant, but he made no really intimate friends. Men weren't quite at their ease with him. They kept meeting his mother's domination in him and without realising what it was—for she made few open claims upon him—were alienated by it. His own personality, I suppose, had never had a chance to develop. It had been dwarfed and warped by her from childhood. People still called her a 'perfect' mother and looked upon the three as a specimen of the ideal happy and devoted family.

"Then quite suddenly Lettice announced that she had decided to go to London and work for her living there. I think that at first Mrs. Carlswell was inclined to let her go. But she was terrified of being left alone. It was Rodney she wanted, but if Rodney ever left her she must have Lettice to fall back on. She hadn't any life apart from them, and one of them, if not both, she must have. And—it all boiled down to this—she couldn't bear to let Lettice go out of her power, beyond her influence. A lot of mothers less selfish than Mrs. Carlswell have felt the same. And Lettice's unexpected firmness filled her with panic. . . . Lettice, free, independent, with friends and interests of which she knew nothing, Lettice acquiring fresh standards, fresh ideas, Lettice taken away from the hot house atmosphere of adoration in which she had been brought up, Lettice regarding her critically, as it were, from outside. The thought of it turned her heart cold. She was jealous, hotly, insanely jealous of any life that Lettice might have apart from her. She opposed the plan strenuously. She said that Lettice was not strong, that she loved her too much to let her be exposed to the dangers that a life of that sort would involve. I believe that she honestly believed she loved Lettice. Jealousy is nearly always unconscious. She honestly believed that she had discouraged every potential suitor who had appeared because she thought him unworthy of Lettice. . . . But about this Lettice was obdurate. Her mother pleaded and commanded, even stooped to the plea: "Lettice, think of all I've done for you—think of all the sacrifices I've made for you. . . ." And Lettice clung to her plan with a sort of desperation. I think that she was beginning to understand that as long as she lived with her mother nothing real or vital would ever come near her. Her mother's "love" would keep it away.

"And then, when she'd tried every other means, Mrs. Carlswell began to have her heart-attacks. They weren't play-acting. She really did have them. She's had a slight heart-weakness for some years, and a state of unrestrained

emotion could always bring on the attacks. She hadn't had them before because she wasn't the hysterical type of woman, and she never let her emotions get beyond her control. But now she did. She deliberately let herself go in order to bring on an attack. She was so 'upset' by Lettice's attitude that a doctor had to be summoned and a nurse installed. Rodney was furious. He could hardly bring himself to look at Lettice.

" 'Do you want to *kill* her by your selfishness?' he said to her savagely.

"And Lettice of course, surrendered. She couldn't hold out against that. She said that she'd stay at home and give up her plan of working for her living.

"Mrs. Carlswell appeared after her illness, looking younger and more beautiful than she'd ever looked before. She was especially sweet to Lettice, and there was a hint of triumph at the heart of her sweetness. She'd discovered a new and potent weapon, and the knowledge must have been exhilarating. Lettice was very pale and quiet. I often wondered what she felt, but she did not confide in me or in anyone. She had always been intensely loyal. She made no fresh move towards independence and settled down as her mother's companion, basking apparently in her mother's kindness and devotion. It was then that Mrs. Carlswell asked me to come and stay with them indefinitely as a sort of reward for Lettice's sacrifice.

"And while I was with them came Rodney's love affair. It began when he was staying away from home, of course. If he'd been at home his mother would never have let the affair get beyond its first tentative beginnings.

"But he had gone to stay with a great-aunt in the country—it sounds safe enough, doesn't it?—and he met the girl there. I suppose that it was some subconscious instinct of self-preservation that made him give no hint of it in his letters. When he came home it was an accomplished fact. He was definitely engaged. I was there when he arrived and told his mother the news, and though I hated her

by this time I couldn't help admiring her. Tender, affectionate, delighted. . . .

" 'My *darling* boy. I can't *tell* you how glad I am. I'm *longing* to meet her! Why didn't you tell me before? Why didn't you bring her with you?'

"She didn't make the mistake of saying, 'I knew I'd have to lose you sooner or later. The mother always has to give way to the wife,' so that later he could look back and say that she'd been jealous from the first. She was too clever for that. You'd have thought she was genuinely pleased by the news. Only her dilated eyes and a pinched look about her nostrils betrayed her secret fear and anger.

"Well, the girl came, and Mrs. Carlswell received her with the proverbial open arms. She wasn't the type I'd expected at all. I'd expected the highly-coloured, rather pushful type—the type that carries a man off his feet. I'd thought that it would have needed someone like that to move Rodney from his mother's-boy inertia. And it was someone quite different—little more than a child, with blue eyes, skin the colour of old ivory and the most sensitive lips I've ever seen. She fell in love with Mrs. Carlswell at once just as she was meant to. Lettice and I watched quietly. I felt desperately sorry for the child. I knew as soon as I saw her that she'd have no chance against Rodney's mother. At first things went pleasantly enough. Mrs. Carlswell was consolidating her position. She was winning Moyna's love and confidence. She was assuaging any doubts that Rodney might have had as to the sincerity of her welcome. She was entirely successful.

" 'Isn't she *wonderful?*' Moyna said to me. 'Rodney tried to tell me how wonderful she was. I thought he was exaggerating, but he didn't tell me half. She's so sweet and charming, so utterly unselfish.'

"Rodney had told her all about the 'sacrifices' she'd made for them, about her 'slaving' for them, doing all her own housework and making her own dresses in order to send

them to good schools—the story I'd heard so often before that I was sick of it. But I realised that Mrs. Carlswell had certainly been wise in her generation. It had made an ineradicable impression on them.

"Rodney, of course, was in his seventh heaven.

" 'You know, she *is* marvellous,' he said to me. 'Some mothers would be jealous of Moyna, but mother's too big for anything like that.'

"I could see her in the weeks that followed feeling her way. She was as sweet to Moyna as ever, and yet sometimes I wondered that the girl didn't feel the hatred that lurked behind the sweetness. It flicked out sometimes in glance or tone like a whip. Once she'd made sure of the girl she began to see what she could do with Rodney. First of all she tried the old method of showing him, as if inadvertently, Moyna's weak points. She had one or two, of course, though only a genius like Mrs. Carlswell could have found them in so short a time. But the affair had gone beyond that stage. Her little imperfections, her schoolgirl awkwardnesses of manner only endeared her to Rodney all the more. Then she tried the device she'd found so effective with Lettice. She deliberately put the girl at a disadvantage. She used her own social gifts, her charm and poise of manner to make the girl appear gauche and ridiculous in public. And that too, failed. Moyna's shyness, her youthful diffidence, delighted her lover.

" 'Isn't she a *darling?*' he said enthusiastically to his mother at the end of an afternoon when his mother thought she'd really succeeded in making him ashamed of her.

"She answered with steady sweetness.

" 'She's adorable, Rodney. Of course, she's only a child yet. She'll learn in time how to carry off social occasions and—talk to people.'

"He laughed carelessly.

" 'I don't care if she never does,' he said. 'I love her just as she is.'

"At this time Mrs. Carlswell hadn't only been trying to

discredit Moyna in Rodney's eyes. She'd been sounding and testing the girl herself. If the worst came to the worst, if this marriage had to take place, could she dominate this child as till quite lately she'd dominated Lettice? Could she count on her to be a negligible little adorer with no will of her own so that as the years went on she could gradually re-establish her ascendancy over Rodney? And she found that she couldn't. Moyna was young and shy, but she wasn't negligible. Beneath her youth and shyness she was independent. She had opinions of her own and ideals of her own and a will of her own. Mrs. Carlswell kept coming up against them like rocks beneath the clear shallows of her youthful diffidence.

"And when she found that, of course I knew that she'd stop at nothing to put an end to it.

"Something happened the next week that brought things to a crisis. Moyna's father died, and it was discovered that he'd speculated heavily and that there was very little left for her. The home was sold and it was decided that she should stay with the Carlswells till her marriage, which was to take place now very quietly and quite soon. I watched Mrs. Carlswell carefully, but I couldn't tell what she meant to do. She was very sweet and sympathetic to Moyna, but I could see that Moyna was beginning to shrink from her sweetness. Moyna had grown very quiet and thoughtful. She watched Lettice a good deal. I think she'd have liked to ask Lettice some questions if they'd been on friendlier terms.

"I haven't mentioned Billy Hayles before, simply because he hasn't come into the story before. He lived near the Carlswells and he knew Moyna. Some relation of his had been a friend of her father's, and he'd met her at intervals since she was a child. He hadn't seen much of her after she came to the Carlswells because he had a rather shady reputation, and Mrs. Carlswell didn't encourage people with shady reputations.

"But Billy comes into the story now. All unknowingly he furnished the spark that caused the explosion. The

strange tension in the atmosphere was increasing. It puzzled Moyna. She didn't know what to make of it. She was more in the dark, of course, than any of us. She felt mysterious forces at work beneath the surface pleasantness of our relations, and was afraid without knowing what she was afraid of. . . .

"The crisis came quite suddenly. Rodney and Lettice and Moyna and I were supposed to be going to a tennis party, but Moyna had a headache and said that she'd rather not go. Later I remember that it was Mrs. Carlswell who'd suggested that she'd better not go. So Rodney and Lettice and I went without her. It was rather a thundery day and we all seemed a bit on edge. Rodney, of course, was worried about Moyna, and Lettice was often nervy nowadays.

"Mrs. Carlswell was in the hall when we returned. She wore her hat and coat as if she'd just come in, and we saw at once that something had happened.

" 'Moyna?' said Rodney breathlessly.

" 'No,' said Mrs. Carlswell in a faint voice. 'It's not—I mean she's quite well.'

"She put her hands to her head as if she were stunned and bewildered. 'It's—I can't tell you here. I've only just found it. . . . I feel—I can't believe it. . . .'

"Rodney had gone white.

" 'What is it, mother?' he said.

"We had followed her into the drawing-room.

" 'Shut the door, Lettice,' she said. 'I don't want the maids to hear.'

"Her voice was low and unsteady. We stood round her, staring at her in stupid expectation. We knew, of course, that her news had to do with Moyna.

" 'I ought to tell Rodney first alone,' she said, 'but you'll all have to know, and to tell you all together like this saves me or Rodney the pain of telling it again. . . .'

"She stopped as if to steady her voice. Rodney looked ghastly. He moistened his lips and made an inarticulate sound urging her to proceed.

" 'I left her lying down,' went on Mrs. Carlswell. 'I told her that I'd be out to tea, but the people I'd gone to call on weren't at home and so I came straight back. She wasn't here.'

" 'She'd felt better, and had gone for a walk, of course,' said Rodney.

" 'She'd probably have said that if I hadn't found it,' said Mrs. Carlswell slowly.

" 'Found what? For God's sake, mother, what do you mean?'

" 'The letter. Rodney, I did a very foolish thing. I want you to forgive me.'

" 'What letter?'

" 'I'm trying to tell you. I went to her bedroom and found that she wasn't there and that her hat and coat were gone. The sports coat she'd been wearing was lying on the bed. I saw a letter in the pocket of it and I thought that perhaps it was a note she'd left for me telling me where she'd gone, so I took it out and read it. It was a note from Mr. Hayles to Moyna. She must have dropped it. . . ."

" 'Well,' said Rodney, in an odd far-away voice. 'What was it? I suppose you read it?'

" 'I read it because I thought it was meant for me. I'd read it all before I realised that it wasn't.'

" 'Where is it?'

"She hesitated, then spoke in a trembling voice.

" 'That's the foolish thing I've done, darling. I was beside myself. I didn't know what I was doing. I tore it up and threw it into her fire.'

"There was a long silence. I saw Lettice's eyes fixed upon her mother with a look in them I couldn't understand. The mother's eyes were fixed on her son. They met his without flinching.

" 'What was in the note?' he said slowly.

"We had all been standing till now. Now she sat down suddenly as if her knees would not support her any longer and spoke in a voice that was almost inaudible.

" 'I can't tell you the exact wording of the note. I'll tell that to Rodney when we're alone. But it was clear from it that there'd been a love affair between them before Moyna met Rodney. In the note he begged her to pay him a final visit in his rooms this afternoon.'

"There followed the most terrible silence I have ever known. Then Rodney said quietly:

" 'That's a lie.'

"His mother's eyes met his again without flinching.

" 'We can prove that, Rodney. If it's a lie she won't be in Mr. Hayles' rooms now. If it is not, she will. . . . The car's still at the door, isn't it? You'd better go and see.'

"Without a word he turned to the door. She went with him. As they were getting into the car, Mrs. Carlswell saw that Lettice was following them.

" 'We don't want you, Lettice,' she said gently.

"And Lettice answered as gently, 'I know. But Moyna may.'

"It was from Lettice, that I heard what happened in Billy Hayles' rooms.

"They found her there, of course. She'd only just got there. She and Billy were in the sitting-room. Mrs. Carlswell had timed the whole thing very cleverly. They all stared at each other for a few seconds, then Rodney said, 'What are you doing here, Moyna?'

"Moyna's eyes, wide with surprise, were on his mother.

" 'You rang me up,' she said, 'you said you'd sprained your ankle in the street and just managed to get to Billy's. You asked me to come to you here.'

"Mrs. Carlswell's eyes didn't flinch.

" '*Moyna!*' she said.

"The love, the sorrowful reproach in her voice. . . .

"Rodney stood looking from one to the other.

"Then he saw Billy watching them with a strange understanding in his eyes, and he flushed hotly.

" 'Let's get home,' he said.

"So I saw the next scene in the drama myself. I don't think that any of them had spoken a word coming home in Rodney's car.

"Moyna looked pale and bewildered when she entered the drawing-room with them.

" 'I don't understand,' she said to Mrs. Carlswell. 'Hadn't you sprained your ankle after all? Why did you ring me up?'

" 'Moyna, it's no use going on with that,' said Rodney. 'Mother found your note.'

" 'What note?'

" 'The note Hayles sent you.'

" 'I've never had a note from Billy Hayles in my life.'

" 'Not to-day?'

" 'Not to-day.'

" 'Oh, *Moyna!*' said Mrs. Carlswell again.

"You'd have thought she was cut to the heart by the girl's duplicity. Her great sorrowful eyes were fixed on her reproachfully. Rodney had left Moyna and gone over to his mother. He stood by her chair, a protective arm about her shoulders, looking sternly at Moyna. But Moyna wasn't looking at him. She was looking with eyes like blue ice at the woman. Her youth seemed to be stripped from her.

" 'Show me the note,' she said.

"Mrs. Carlswell couldn't meet those eyes. She looked up at her son.

" 'Tell her, Rodney,' she said, then dropped her face into her hands, as if overcome with emotion.

" 'My mother burnt the note,' said Rodney. 'She was so upset when she read it that she threw it into the fire without thinking what she was doing.'

"Moyna laughed. It wasn't a pleasant laugh to come from a child like that.

" 'And you believe it?' she said.

"I don't think he did believe it then. I think that the honest part of him—buried deep beneath his mother in him—realised as he said the words that they didn't ring true. But he'd never learnt to be honest with himself.

" 'I believe my mother,' he said stiffly.

" 'Rather than me,' said the girl quietly.

"He didn't answer. Moyna took off her ring in silence and handed it to him. Mrs. Carlswell raised her face from her hands.

" 'Rodney,' she said, 'it was nothing more than foolishness. Nothing. She's young and had no one to help her. Forgive her and let things be as if it had never happened.'

"I don't know why she said that. Perhaps she was suddenly frightened of what she'd done and knew that Rodney would find out the truth sooner or later. Perhaps she said it in the certainty that Rodney would refuse to forgive. She certainly looked stricken when Rodney said slowly:

" 'Very well. Moyna, take your ring back. I'm sorry. I'm quite willing to forget this afternoon as if it had never happened.'

" 'You want me to marry you, after all?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'I'll marry you on one condition. That I'm never expected to speak to or meet your mother again.'

"I think Mrs. Carlswell would have killed her if she could. But she didn't lose her head. She took the biggest risk she'd ever taken in her life. She said levelly, clearly:

" 'I could never see or speak to you again, Rodney, if you accepted that condition. One of us has lied about this afternoon. You must make up your mind which it is.'

"She was forcing him to choose between them. It was a big risk. She couldn't have been quite sure. Feebly he said:

" 'But there must have been some misunderstanding——'

"Moyna cut him short, speaking in the new hard voice we'd never heard before:

" 'There was no misunderstanding. She lied or I lied. She's played a despicable trick on you or I have. In either case it's a trick too foul to be forgiven. You've only—what you know of us to go on. But—' her voice quivered,

then steadied itself again—'please make up your mind quickly.'

"He was silent for a minute, then said without looking at her, 'I believe my mother.'

"Moyna turned and went from the room.

"Of course, it wasn't really a question of which he believed. Deep in his heart, though he wouldn't have admitted it even to himself, he believed Moyna. But, it was a question of which he couldn't do without, and he couldn't do without his mother. She made allowances for him, exacted nothing from him, condoned his failings, pandered to his weaknesses, surrounded him in creature comforts like a net. Moyna wasn't like that. Moyna had ideals and would have expected him to live up to them. She'd have hated his weakness, she wouldn't have been blind to his faults. She'd have exacted effort and striving from him, she wouldn't have wrapped him round in a haze of blind adoration, drugged him with comfort. To go from his mother to Moyna would have been to go from a heated room into the keen fresh air, and he shrank from it. There'd been something, he knew, that had made it seem worth while, but with his mother's eyes fixed on him he forgot what it was. . . .

"They didn't say a word—the three of them—for Lettice was still there—till Moyna came down with her coat and hat on, carrying her suitcase.

"She stood in the doorway looking at them. She was very white.

" 'Good-bye, Rodney,' she said, and then, 'good-bye, Lettice.'

"Lettice seemed to awake from a dream.

" 'Wait, Moyna,' she said, 'I'm coming with you.'

"The mother leapt to her feet. Her eyes were like flames.

" 'Lettice!' she cried. 'Lettice, you can't desert me when I need you most! Lettice, think of all I've done for you——'

"But Lettice didn't turn or speak to her. She went to the hall and put on her coat and hat.

"'I'll send for my things,' she said, and went to the front door with Moyna.

"Before they reached it Rodney came running out.

"'Lettice, come back quickly! She's having one of her attacks! There's no one——'

"But Lettice went out with Moyna and closed the door behind them."

"Where did they go?" I asked.

"They were very fortunate. A friend of Moyna's was just starting a hat shop in Kensington, and she took them on. They were both quick and capable and it was a great success. The friend married and they bought her share from her. They've made it pay and they've been perfectly happy. To Lettice it's been like a new life. She's never looked back. I think that the thought of the old life and her mother is like the memory of a bad dream. . . . Moyna's engaged to someone else now—a man much worthier of her than was Rodney. She'll haunt Rodney all his life, but Rodney has never haunted her. When she marries, Lettice will carry on alone. She's such a dear, isn't she? And she's so perfectly happy in her work."

"And you never saw the other two again?"

"No . . . but I knew even then what a hell their life would be. You see, she does love him, but it's an utterly selfish love, and an utterly selfish love is one of the most terrible things in the world. He loves her, but beneath his love is a resentment that is turning slowly and inevitably to hate. The hate will grow with the years. He hates her because he's utterly dependent on her, because she's kept everything else out of his life. And he can't escape. He'll never escape. He can't do without her but—he's beginning to understand all that her 'love' has done to him, and when he does understand—God help her!"

I thought of the woman with the haunted eyes and the man with the young-old face and repeated slowly.

"God help her!"

REVELATION [1]

By RHYS DAVIES

From *This Quarter*

I

The men of the day shift were threading their way out of the colliery. The cage had just clanked up into the daylight, the tightly packed men had poured out and deposited their lamps, the cage swishing down again for the next lot, and, hitching their belts and shaking themselves in the sunlight, these released workers of the underworld began their journey over the hill down to the squat grey town that was in the bed of the valley. As he was passing the power-house, just before depositing his lamp, one of these colliers heard his name called from its doorway:

"Gomer Vaughan. A moment, please."

Gomer went over to the man who called him.

"You live near my house, don't you, Vaughan? I wonder would you mind calling there to tell my wife I won't be home until about eight this evening? I've got a job on here, tell her, and I can't leave it. You see, she's expecting me now. . . . Hope it's no trouble?"

Of course it wasn't. Gomer was glad to take the chief engineer's message. Montague was liked by all the miners: a chief engineer with sympathetic principles, though an Englishman. Gomer nodded and resumed his way, soon regaining the particular companions with whom he always walked home. They were all young men.

"What the blighter want?" asked one.

Gomer told him.

[1] Copyright, 1930, by Rhys Davies.

"She's a beauty, she is," said another, meaning Mrs. Montague, "proud of herself, too, strutting about and looking as though the world's no more than ninepence to her, whatever."

"Got something to be proud of, she has," returned a short terrier-looking fellow, perking himself to have his say. "A sprightlier bird never trod on two legs. Half French, they say. Ach, she makes our lot look like a crowd of wet and pannicky hens. Got something our skirts don't seem to have."

"I wouldn't," said the eldest of them critically, "swop her for my old 'ooman. Too much opinion of herself she has, by the look on her. A spirited mare she is in the house, I bet."

Gomer said nothing. He was the latest married of the company. He did not want to say anything on this subject of women. Though he could say a lot, by God he could. He could let flow some language—a lot of language. But he held himself tight, his eye glittering, while the others went on as men will, saying what they'd up and do if any woman had too much lip and bossiness. He had been married a year: and he was all raw and fiery from his encounters with Blodwen. God, he never thought a woman could be so contrary. Soft and simpering as she was before they married. . . . Well, he'd show her yet. . . . And as the colliers swung along together Gomer planked his huge nailed boots down on the pavement with a vicious firmness.

They had descended the hill and as they reached the long dismal rows of dwellings that constituted the town they separated to climb to their different homes. Gomer lived in the last row reaching up the side of the greyish-green hill. At the end of this row was a detached house where the engineer and his wife lived. The lonely bare hill swept up above it. Gomer had to pass his own cottage to climb to the villa.

It was a warm sunny summer's afternoon. There was a clear cold mist in the still air. Gomer wished there was a country lane of shady trees with a clean stream running near,

in this part of Wales. He would have liked to stroll there in peace that evening. But no—after his meal and bath there would be nowhere to go but the street corners, the miserable pub, or the bare uninviting hills. Ah, what a life! Gomer sighed. The same thing day after day. Down to the pit, up again, food, bath, quarrel with Blodwen, slam the door and then a miserable couple of hours trying to jaw to the fellows on the street corner, and back home to see Blodwen's face with the jibe on it still.

He cleared his throat and spat before opening the gate of the garden. Ach, he had enough of her tantrums, and if she wanted a fight he was ready for her. Trying to dictate to him, just as her mother had tried it on him. Save up to buy a piano indeed! And no one in the house who could play it. He'd give her a piano! . . . He knocked the shining brass image on the villa door and glanced about. Natty house. Bright little garden—a rose garden. There were bushes and bushes of them: he'd never seen such big red and white roses. And such a smell! He almost snorted as he breathed in and emitted the perfume.

No one had answered his knock. He turned and knocked again. Where was the servant? Keeping him hanging about like this. He wanted his dinner. He knocked again. Then there came sounds of steps, upstairs it seemed, and as the steps sounded nearer, hurrying downstairs, a shrill voice called:

"Can't you wait a minute, darling!"

It was Mrs. Montague, of course, Gomer said to himself. She thought her husband was at the door. And there was laughter and excitement in her voice. Ah, that was the way to greet a tired husband coming home from work. An excited voice calling 'darling.' Made a man think a woman was worthy to be a wife. . . . The door was flung wide open.

Gomer's tongue clave in astonishment to his mouth. The

gaping silence lasted several moments. A naked woman stood before him, and then slowly, slowly retreated, her fist clenched in the cleft between her breasts.

"Mr. . . . Mr. . . . Montague asked me . . ." stammered Gomer, and could not switch his rigid gaze from the apparition.

How lovely she was!

". . . told me . . ." he went on numbly, ". . . said . . ." His voice dropped and he stared at her like one possessed.

She turned at the foot of the stairs . . . fled up, and it was like the flutter of some great white bird to heaven.

". . . to tell you he couldn't come home at all until eight o'clock just . . ." suddenly bawled Gomer into the empty passage-way.

He waited a few seconds, wondering if she would answer. He heard her hurry about upstairs. Then she appeared again, wrapped now in a loose blue garment. Her face was flushed as she came down the stairs, but as she advanced to him she laughed. By God, how she laughed! Gomer felt his blood run. She wasn't ashamed, not she. And still her white feet were bare. They were bare and flawless and like lilies pressed on the floor.

"What is that about my husband?" she asked easily.

Gomer told her. Under the pit-dirt his cheeks burned.

She thanked him very prettily, and then she said:

"I thought it was he at the door. I'm sure you'll understand. I was having a bath. You are married, I expect?"

Gomer nodded. She looked up at his gazing eyes again in a queer laughing way and said in dismissal:

"Oh, well. Thank you very much for the message."

He turned at last, and the door closed. He stepped out of the porch and, his eyes lifted in thoughtful amazement, made his way slowly to the gate. Never before had he seen a naked woman. Not a live one. Only in pictures. Respectable women—it had always been understood—kept themselves a mystery to men. But was that quite right? Ought they to keep themselves such a mystery? When they

were so beautiful. Surely Mrs. Montague was respectable enough! Her husband was a fine respected man, too. He wouldn't have things done that weren't right. . . . Gomer suddenly made a decision that it was quite natural for a woman to meet her husband naked. It was lovely too.

As he opened the gate he saw a rose-bush stretched up the wall. There were several curled pink-flushed roses. One bloom wouldn't be missed. His hand immediately snatched a flower, and, when he got outside the gate, he laid it in his food-tin.

Gomer's shoulders seemed squared and defiant as he went down at a quickened pace to his cottage. He was going to make his peace with Blodwen. But he was not going to be a namby-pamby fool either. After all, she was his wife: and he was not an unreasonable man. He had been quite fond of her, too, and there were times when he thought her handsome enough for any man.

II

"You're late," she said accusingly. And before waiting for him to reply she went on shrilly, "Don't you blame me if the dinner's spoilt."

"Which means it is, I suppose!" he said. But he smiled at her, his good white teeth shining out in his blackened face.

"Come in at your proper time then," she rapped out, prodding the meat viciously.

He leaned forward and playfully slapped her on the back. She uttered a scream and the meat slid off its plate, hesitated on the edge of the table and fell on the floor. His action and the ensuing accident had an exaggerated effect on Blodwen. She arched up her long neck in a tight rigid fashion, her face flamed, and she darted out into the little scullery like an infuriated turkey.

"I've had enough," she screamed, "and more than enough." And she banged some crockery about.

"Now then," Gomer called to her soothingly, "now *then,*

my pet. What's the damage! A bit of dust on the old meat! Look, it's all right. Now, Blod, behave youself. Where's the taters? I'm hungry."

He knew she'd find his gentle coaxing astonishing. Another time he would have hurled abuse at her. But she remained in the scullery. He sighed and went in there. She turned her back on him and went to the tap. He followed her and whispered in her pink ear:

"Now, now, what's got you, my darling! There's a way to treat a tired man who's been working hard as he can to get you a bit of dough! Turn about, Blod—and show me your chops laughing, the same as you used to! Look, look what I've got you—" He lifted his hidden hand and tickled her ear with the rose, then reached it to her nose. "Smell! Put it in your blouse."

She turned and said angrily: "What do I want with a rose in my working blouse! Where did you get it whatever?" She was relenting.

"Ah, my secret that is."

"Oh, well," she said, tossing her head, "put it in a cup on the table."

During the meal she reverted again to the piano controversy. "A catalogue came today from Jones & Evans. Cheaper they seem than anyone else. There's one that works out at seven and six a week."

His brows were drawn in wrathfully for a moment. He did not speak. She went on talking, and at last he cropped in:

"We'll see, we'll see."

The meal finished, a big wooden tub was dragged into the place before the fire, the mat rolled up. Blodwen, sturdy enough, lifted the huge pan of boiling water from the fire and poured it in the tub. Gomer stripped. The pit-dirt covered his body. Blodwen added cold water and Gomer stepped in the tub. While he washed she cleared away the dinner things. She was quick and deft enough in her work, and the house was bright and neat.

"I'm ready for my back," Gomer called.

"Wait a minute," she said coolly, taking the remainder of the dishes into the scullery.

So he had to wait standing in the tub with the patch of coal-dust beneath his shoulders glaring on the whiteness of the rest of his body. He knew she was exercising her own contrary will again. He might have yelled at her, but today he didn't want to. He was holding himself tight in glowing anticipation. When she came at last to rub the hand cloth over his back and swill him down, he said nothing. Only grunted when she had finished:

"Not much respect have you got for a man's naked skin, Blod. You rub me as though I'm a bit of old leather."

"Bah!" said Blodwen—"a nice little powder-puff I'll get for you."

He laughed, lingeringly and good-temperedly. He wanted to get her in a good mood. "Ach," he said with affection, "one of these days, Blod fach, perhaps you'll come to know what a nice skin your husband's got on him."

"Conceit!" she said, and would not look as he vigorously towelled himself.

Early that evening, when he sat comfortable and easy by the fire, he said to her, as she was about to go upstairs and change:

"You're not going out this evening, are you, Blod?"

"Yes. I'm going to the chapel."

"Don't you go this evening, if you please," he said.

Amazement was now evident on her face. This politeness and interference with her arrangements was quite unusual. "Oh, indeed!" she began, ready for a battle.

He cocked his tight-skinned sturdy young head up at her. His eyes gleamed, there was an odd smile on his lips. "Well, go and change first," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders and went upstairs.

He sat waiting for her. She appeared in a peach-coloured silky dress. Her face shone clean. She was prepared for

the woman's meeting in the chapel. He looked at her appraisingly and said softly:

"Come here, Blod."

"What d'you want now?" she demanded, withheld in spite of her coldness. She moved near to his chair—but apparently to the mantel-shelf looking for something.

"You're looking nice tonight," he said. And he suddenly leaned out of his chair and caught her. She cried out, disliking this horse-play in her best silk dress. But he held her and she had to keep still. Then he whispered a few words in her ear.

She suddenly wrenched herself free and slapped his face. He sprang up. Her face and slender tightened neck were mottled.

"Indeed," she breathed, "indeed! You rude ruffian. What d'you take me for, indeed? Please to remember I'm your wife, will you. I'll teach you to respect me, Gomer Vaughan." Yet there was an undercurrent of fear in her breathed words of contempt and horror.

But he had caught fire. His head lurched toward her, his eyes like flame-lit glass, he shouted: "That's just it, my fine lady. Remember you are my wife I'm doing. Look here, you. Enough of your silly airs and graces I've had. A lodger in this house I might be. You do what I tell you to, now."

"Never!" she screamed. "Such rudeness I've never heard of."

"What's in it?" he demanded furiously. "You see *me,* don't you, when I wash?"

She was retreating from him in obvious fear now.

"Never have I heard of such a thing!" she exclaimed. Her face was contracted, her eyes were strange and hunted. "Never. A woman is different from a man. . . . And never do I look at you . . . not in that way."

He was advancing toward her. She saw the clear determination burning in his eye. With a sudden quick movement

she darted out of the room and he sprang too late. She was out of the house. He heard the front door slam.

He knew where she had fled to. Twice before, after their more furious clashings, she had hurried off to her mother's—Mrs. Hopkins, a widow who kept a sweet-shop. Mrs. Hopkins had come up 'to see him about it' afterwards. No doubt she would come this evening. He hated her.

She arrived half an hour later. Directly Gomer saw her pale large aggressive face, he buckled in his belt and thrust out his chin.

"What's this I hear from my Blodwen, Gomer Vaughan?" she began with shocked asperity. She looked startled this time, too.

He uttered an exclamation of contemptuous ire.

"That daughter of yours got no right to be a wife at all, Lizzie Hopkins," he fumed. "Running to her mother like a little filly! And don't *you* come here poking your nose in this business either. You go back and tell your silly daughter to return at once to the man she's married. See?" And he turned his back on her abruptly.

"Well, you might look ashamed—" Mrs. Hopkins replied in a rising voice—"well you might. Scandalous is the thing I have heard from Blodwen now just. Advice she has asked me. Gomer Vaughan, a respectable man I thought you. Please you remember that my daughter is a religious girl, brought up in a good family that's never had a breath of scandal said about them. And now you want her to be a party to these goings-on." Her voice reached a dangerous pitch—"Dreadful is this thing I have heard. Surely not fit to be married to a respectable girl you are. Shame on you, man, shame on you. What my poor dead Rowland would have said, I can imagine. Why, Gomer Vaughan, for forty years I was married to him, and never once was I obliged to show myself in that awful way! Don't you fear the wrath of God, man, don't you think of His eye watching!"

Gomer retained an admirable silence through this tirade.

His thumbs stuck in his belt, he spat in the fire and said: "Pah, you narrow-minded old bigot, you."

Mrs. Hopkins began to breathe heavily.

"Insult and rudeness! Would my poor Rowland was here! And would my dear girl was single again!"

Gomer lost his balance then. He turned and shouted: "You be quiet, jealous old cat! What do you understand about young married people today? Interfering! Turning Blodwen's ideas the wrong way. A girl she is, isn't she then? Nothing extraordinary was it that I asked her. Only today was it I saw such a thing."

Mrs. Hopkins said quickly: "Who?"

In his ire Gomer incautiously answered, as though to strengthen his case, "Mr. Montague's wife. I—"

But Mrs. Hopkins broke in with a loud exclamation:

"Ha! So that's it then. Ha, now I understand well enough; *She* is the one, is it? Long have I had my feelings about her. . . . Very well, Gomer Vaughan, very well—" And she began to back out of the room, her heavy head nodding with hidden menace, her pale eyes fixed on him triumphantly.

Gomer shouted at her:

"You send Blodwen back here at once."

Mrs. Hopkins whisked her bulky figure out of the doorway in a surprisingly swift way. "We'll see, young man," she darted back over her shoulder, "we'll see."

But Gomer had no doubts that Blodwen would return.

IV

And so she came back—sooner than he expected. Mrs. Hopkins scarcely had time to reach home and impart whatever she had to say, and Blodwen was dashing into the room where her husband sat in brooding wrath.

"You," she panted—"you been seeing that woman!"

She looked as though she wanted to leap on him. But like

an enraged hound on leash she stood prancing and glaring wildly—"That's where you been, when you came home late! That's your monkey's game, is it—"

"Now, *now,* Blodwen—" he began. Then he was silent, and he did not attempt to deny her accusation. There was a wolfish grin about his mouth. Blodwen continued to heap vituperation upon him. She became wilder and wilder. Her mouth began to froth, her eyes to protrude. And he liked her fierce, savage beauty. She had a splendour thus. His cunning wolfish grin widened. She became desperate.

"Not another night will I spend in this house! Gladly will my mother welcome me back—"

He decided she had reached the pinnacle of fear. He got up and went to her. She shrank away and he followed. He took her arms firmly and with power.

"Long enough I've listened to your insults, Blod. Where did you get that idea from that I've been running loose? Eh? Has that old bitch been lying to you then?"

"You told her you been seeing Mrs. Montague naked—"

"Well, well, and so I have—"

Blodwen struggled to be free. "Oh, Oh!" she cried aloud.

"Some women there are," he said, "who are not so mean as you about their prettiness! Mrs. Montague's got very good ideas how to make her husband happy. Listen, my silly little pet . . ." and he told her of the afternoon's event.

She became quiet. Surprise, astonishment, and amazement leaped successively to her wild-coloured face. And, also, there came a slow and wondering dawn in her eyes. . . .

"There now," Gomer finished. "See how ready you are to think evil of me. And here I came home wishing to see a better sight than Mrs. Montague could give me. And well I could have it, too, only you been brought up wrong. That's where the mischief is. Too much shame you have been taught, by half."

Blodwen's head was a little low. The curve of her healthy red-gold cheek filled him with tenderness. And magnanimity. He said softly: "I tell you what, Blod. We'll strike a

bargain. You want that piano bad, don't you? Well, say now we'll give way to one another—"

She hung her head lower. Some threads of her rust-brown hair touched his lips. He quivered. His hand slipped over her shoulder. But she would not speak.

"—And be nice to each other," he continued—"not always squabbering as your mother and father used to do! Live in our own way we must, Blod. . . . There now, isn't she a sweet one . . . there, ah! sweet as a rose, my darling, a better pink and white than any rose's! . . . there, my pet, my angel!"

THE WAY HE WENT [1]

By NORAH HOULT

From *This Quarter*

If you had a husband and hated him—hated him so much that it made you feel as if you could burst with hatred—it was damnable, more than damnable, to be able to do nothing about it. Mrs. Sydney Moss clenched her hands and set her mouth as she stared into the kitchen fire.

The room in which she was sitting was beautifully clean and snug. On the mantelpiece two large brass candlesticks glittered on either side of a heavy brown clock with an open candid face. This clock bore an inscription. It had been given to Miss May Weaver on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Sydney Moss by her fellow members of Harcourt Street Methodist Chapel choir as a token of esteem.

The cheerful red polished linoleum on the floor represented one of those floors on which folk comment illuminatingly, if not originally, that you could eat off it. And in front of the kitchen fire, folded away during the dust and heat of the day, but laid out to grace the hours for leisure or company, was a patchwork rug, a good rug, made in her time by Mrs. Moss's mother, Mrs. Henry Weaver. Even the dull and uninteresting cheap green tablecloth gathered to itself a delusive richness under the warm and gentle glow of the white-shaded lamp.

But though Mrs. Moss cared for cleanliness, cared for order and decency and comfort in her surroundings with that urgency which is only to be found in deep and lasting loves, tonight the pleasantness of her room had no power to ease her spirit. It was seven o'clock Monday evening, and her

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husband had not come in from work at his usual time, which was half past five.

She had not seen him since Saturday mid-day dinner time. Then there had been a row. A proper row! He had only given her a pound out of his wages retaining two for himself. Well, that was more than any woman could have stood. For some time past he had been keeping back more than the pound which had been his agreed share for his own personal use, and even so he had bullied and hung round a day or two before next pay-day trying to get her to lend him some back —*lend,* that's what he called it! Though she never saw it again. But then to go and give her only one pound with which to pay the rent, to buy food, coals, light . . . she had told him what she had thought. And he had got mad and shouted at her. Then she had threatened him with a saucepan full of hot water: "If you don't get out of my sight, I'll throw this over you," she had said. And meant it, too. He had been scared; slunk away out of the house muttering words, muttering about paying her out. She had been too much in a rage to listen to him.

And he had stopped away the week-end. Another woman, of course. She had known that there had been another woman for some time. Well, that didn't matter. Anybody could have him who wanted cheap goods so far as she was concerned. What did matter was that he was spending the money on his fancy piece which should go to getting really warm clothes for the child, and running the house as in decency it ought to be run.

Great hulking brute! He poisoned her life so that she held herself tense when she heard his step, and when she had to speak to him, her voice changed so that she did not recognise it for her own voice any longer. She didn't love little Caroline so much as she should because of the way he interfered, spoiling and kissing her so that it made her unmanageable. Funny the way she had never taken to the child as she had expected to. If she had only come by some other men. Anybody but that rotten scum!

"Final Star! Horrible murder on Preston Moor. Final."

The newspaper boy's voice broke in on the silence which flowed round her. Preston Moor! Why that was only a matter of ten mile away! She'd treat herself to an penn'orth, so as to take her mind off things.

She opened the hall door on a grey November evening. Only the light of the small general dealer and sweet-shop across the road twinkled merrily through the gloom of the narrow street, chiefly occupied by workmen's houses and stray shops, in which Mrs. Moss lived. The boy had passed the door, slouching carelessly along, and seeming more occupied in exercising his voice than in observing results.

"Hey there," she called and had to call again, "Hey you, paper!" before he turned.

A penny changed hands. Mrs. Moss returned to her seat in front of the fire.

It was certainly a big affair! One of those murders that would get itself talked about up and down the whole of England, in London itself. Mrs. Moss thrilled a little with local pride as she read how only a few miles from where she sat in her own kitchen Miss Joan Merilees of Park House, Darwin Chase, had been done to death by strangulation—perpetrated by an unknown assailant. The body was said to have lain in the long grass, a hundred yards off the main pathway about twelve hours before it had been discovered that morning by a van driver, James Whitefield, who had informed the police. Identification had been made by the girl's parents who had already notified of the disappearance of their daughter. They did not know she had any men friends . . . she was a quiet girl, but very popular.

Mrs. Moss read the whole story eagerly. It was as if some anger, some restless appetite within her, was slaked by this news of a crime for which the world exacted full measure, pressed down and running over, of ultimate vengeance. It was when she was glancing down the columns a second time that she heard a hammering at the door.

It would be *him!* No one else knocked with such madden-

ing and persistent volume of sound. Give him time to cool before she went.

Leisurely she laid down the paper. But her face which had during her reading taken on an eager, almost childlike, look had changed. Now it was grim, hard; she looked a woman of whom it would be well to take heed.

The knocking which had ceased began again. He'd get the attention of the neighbours if he went on like that.

She went softly along the little passage, and opened the door suddenly. For a discomfited moment he stood in front of her, a big man with roughly hewn features and an abundance of dark hair; then he brushed past her into the kitchen. She followed him scenting something unusual in his aspect.

His back was towards her; he was lifting the kettle off the range, and putting it on the fire. She stood observing him a moment with steady hatred. Strange, she might have thought, if her feelings had found conscious expression, that with the entrance of another human being, the room which had been a warm and tranquil haven to her in spite of her disregard, had been transformed into nothing but a place containing the man who to her represented all the evil and ugliness in the whole wide world.

But she did not give herself time for thinking. Her eye had noticed a rent in the sleeve of his coat. It had been torn down from the shoulder seam. Now he turned, slightly revealing that the back of his neck just above and below his collar was covered with scratches . . . and then she saw that each side of his face above the jaw bone had been disfigured in the same manner.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" she asked him contemptuously—"Fighting or what? Been on the booze, I suppose. And never gone to work to-day. Taken a day's holiday, I suppose."

He turned: "Hold your bloody jaw," he retorted. But his voice was quieter than she had expected.

As if tired out, he let himself into the chair, and held out his hands to the fire. Observing him carefully she saw that

there were stains of some description down the front of his coat; that his collar had been crumpled out of any acquaintance with respectability . . . a nice mess he'd got himself in, and no mistake.

She stood staring, queer thoughts beginning to hover, though not yet taking shape, at the back of her brain. Conscious of her scrutiny, he turned sharply:—

"What the bloody hell are you standing there gaping at?" He made a face mimicking her expression. "Get a move on, blast you. I suppose you thought you'd got rid of me for good. Well, you haven't. Get me some supper. D'ye hear what I say?"

A sharp answer was on her tongue; but somewhat to her own surprise she checked it, and moved silently towards the pantry. She laid two rashers of bacon in the frying pan, and brought them to the fire, just as, the kettle in his hand, he went into the scullery to wash. Then she covered part of the table with newspaper: wouldn't give him the chance of messing her clean cloth, and on it laid cup and saucer, knife and fork, loaf of bread, saucer of margarine and sugar basin. Then she returned to her frying pan, and dished up the bacon as he re-entered.

Now he was in his shirt sleeves with his collar removed. Observing him out of the corner of her eyes she saw that this, too, was dirty and crumpled. And it had been a clean one Saturday. One thing about him was always to take a pride in his appearance . . . nothing but his beastly conceit, of course, priding himself on being a man that all the women ran after . . . but there it was. Even when, as occasionally happened, he got drunk Saturday night, he'd never come home in this state. And all those scratches!

Her gaze went to his boots, and saw how thickly they'd been embedded in dirt. Country mud that was, or she didn't know her own name. A queer sort of satisfaction was taking possession of her.

"Haven't you an egg, eh? By gum this isn't much of a

supper to set before a hungry man. Haven't you an egg or summat?"

Now he was speaking more like himself. The hot tea which he had gulped down had brought some colour to his cheeks which had been much whiter than was usual with him.

"There are no eggs. How can there be out of a quid which has to last the whole week," replied Mrs. Moss. She sat down in a chair from which she could observe his movements, and picked up the newspaper again. But before reading she suddenly shot a sharp query at him. "Where did you sleep last night?"

"What's that to you? Weren't hankering after me yourself, was you?" Sydney Moss laughed, but his wife, saying no more, thought that there was an uneasiness about him. She started to read, but she found she could not make sense of the words: a feeling of mingled delight and apprehension had taken possession of her, the while she felt something warning her. "Be careful; be careful now!"

"Where's the kid?" he asked after a pause.

"Over at her aunt's. The others wanted her to stay and sleep."

He grunted, and went on eating. She knew he didn't like Caroline being at her sister's; and she had pleasure in the thought of his dissatisfaction. Still there were other fish to fry.

"Been to work to-day?" She asked him this time in a casual tone.

"No business of yours." Of course he hadn't been to work in the state he'd got himself. She rustled the paper, and felt one of her hands pressing hard on the other. Careful, careful! "Seen the *Star* this evening?" she asked him after a few moments.

He shook his head. Then his hand reached out towards her. "'And it 'ere."

She passed it to him immediately, and sat back watching

his face. First of all he left it down carelessly while he scraped a bit of bread round the grease left on the plate. When the last morsel was in his mouth he took up the paper, and his face grew more intent as he saw the flaring headline. But he did not start. Instead he cut himself another slice of bread and plastered it with butter before he began to read.

She watched him so intently that he was called back. "What's up? Staring at me like as if you never seen me before!" He stopped a moment. "Only wish to Christ, I'd never seen *you* before."

"I was looking at those scratches on the back of your neck," replied his wife with composure. "Looks as if some one hasn't been too pleased with you."

His face darkened; he dropped the paper and stood up glaring at her. For a moment she thought he was going to strike her. Then it seemed as if he checked himself, making an effort at composure. "You . . . you make me tired," he said, but she knew that far stronger words had been on his lips. He sat back and abruptly picked up the paper.

A spark of the expectancy within her was transmuted into joy. If that wasn't a complete give-away, she'd like to know what was. Of course, he was trying to carry it off, pretend nothing had happened. He'd had plenty of time to think out what he'd do, and what he was doing was to pretend that nothing had happened. He thought her too disdainful of him to ask questions. He thought she wouldn't put two and two together. He thought home was the safest place for him after all. She busied herself clearing the table, her mind working busily. Then as if she had made up her mind she came and sat down again.

"So you're not going to tell me what you've been doing these days, away from home," she said in a voice which appeared almost genial. He glanced up.

"Why should I? You're not interested. You turned me out of the house, Saturday, didn't you?"

She made no answer. It was as if she were turning his

words over in her mind. Then she drawled, her eyes never leaving his face.

"Took a walk up Preston Moor way maybe?"

He stared at her blankly. Oh, apparently he'd been ready for her then. "Preston Moor! What do I want up there? You've got it on your brain it seems."

So. She'd have to go slowly. Mustn't rouse his suspicions. "I thought maybe you'd come across this poor girl who's been done in," she said in a casual voice.

"Ow, you did, did you." He mimicked her accent.

Then he turned his chair to the fire, and in silence started to fill his pipe. An ugly look crossed his face. "I wouldn't say," he said speaking deliberately, "but what she deserved all she got." He stood up and reached for the matches from her side of the mantelpiece. "Most women deserve all they get," he added. "And you can take that from me. See?"

Feeling him standing so near, Mrs. Moss received a strong physical impression of the sheer brute masculinity of him; involuntarily she leaned away. Dared to knock *her* down, he had, once, when he had the drink in him. Not but what he was peaceable enough as a rule. Still . . . if he were roused he had an ugly temper. That's what his mother had always said of him. "Leave him alone, and he's all right," she'd said. "But don't get on the wrong side of him too often." This girl had resisted him: must have been a decent girl. Perhaps hadn't known he was a married man.

He was stooping down, and taking off his boots. The action startled her into apprehension. Tomorrow he'd clean them before he went to work. His shirt wouldn't look very bad . . . they'd think it was an ordinary rent. If she didn't look mighty sharp all the evidence would be destroyed. As if in answer to her thoughts she heard him speak.

"S'pose instead of sitting there gaping at nothing you give a brush to my coat." He jerked his head: "It's in scullery."

Mrs. Moss paused a moment. Then in a mild voice she said, "How did you come to get it in such a state?"

Her husband didn't look up, but after a moment she heard him mutter, "Slipped when I was getting on tram."

He was lying. With a thrill of joy Mrs. Moss knew that this time her instinct was sure. She rose, went into the scullery, looked at the coat, and then to gain time began to rinse the cup he had drunk out of.

No time to be lost. No time to be lost. If she left things till the morning, he'd be up and away with his coat and shoes rubbed clean. No, no time to be lost.

Passing back into the kitchen she observed the time. Turned half past eight. Back again out of his sight she stood still a moment, her lips pressed together, her eyes on the floor.

Yes, that was what she had to do. Go out now, go this very instant; go to the police station in Robert Street, and ask a policeman to come along. She wouldn't say anything definite: wasn't her business to. Just tell them that her husband, Mr. Sydney Moss of ten, Mincing Lane, had been away from home all the week-end, that he'd come back an hour ago covered with dirt and scratches, and refused to give any account of his movements. And that he acted very funny. Well, it was acting funny, wasn't it; for a husband to take a week-end off, not to mention a day's leave from work, and not say what he'd been up to. But it wasn't for her to say what he'd been doing of. She'd just tell the police; it was her duty to inform the police, and then they'd do what they thought. That was right. They'd do as they thought.

She turned a tap on and off again; then she moved the washing-up basin about the sink making a clatter. Under its cover she stood for a second taking a peep at her husband's back. He was sitting back in the chair in an attitude of fatigue. She saw him draw a hand across his forehead—drowsy he was. In a few moments as likely as not he'd pop off.

Boldly she went past him out of the room. "Where are you off to?" he called after her.

"Just got to do something upstairs," she called back, and ran up quickly.

Putting on her hat and coat she saw in the glass that her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes bright. Steady, she told herself as she pressed back a wisp of hair. Steady! You just go off and do your duty. Steady! Soon be over. Steady!

She went down the stairs quietly, and opened the hall door. A wind met her. She pulled the door to, wondering as she did so if he had called out. Never mind, she was well away now. And he couldn't stop her; he hadn't his boots on. When she got back she'd have police protection.

She went on her way rapidly, seeing nothing that was about her. Only the wind and the keenness of the air fanned her excitement into a sort of exultation. He'd *hang,* he'd *hang,* he'd *hang*—the words kept repeating themselves in her mind till their repetition startled her into a sort of defensive awareness. Well, a chap that interfered with a girl that didn't want him deserved hanging, didn't he?—when he murdered her as well that was to say. Murder! At last Sydney Moss had been a little too clever. *Murder!*

Only when she approached the entrance to the police station, did her pace slacken. Now her face took on a solemn expression. She wished her heart didn't beat so. Never mind; no one would blame her. She was only doing her duty; that was it; she was doing her duty by the relatives of the deceased.

Pulling her coat tighter over her throat, she ascended the steps. A young constable seeing her coming opened the door. Inside the bare room, which seemed dazzlingly bright after the darkness outside, she paused uncertain; then she addressed the young man.

"I've come to give information about the murder." She spoke in a low quick voice. "Where do I go?"

She saw his face which had been surveying her with a sort of superior amusement change into a startled gravity. "What! the murder up on Moor?" She nodded.

He turned from her, and she watched him go up to a big desk at which another older policeman without a helmet was seated. As if in a dream she saw the two men's faces and the keen look the sergeant gave her. He'd a small dark moustache. Looked funny, he did, without his helmet. He beckoned her, and she advanced.

"You say you know something about the Moor murder?" She nodded. He looked at her sternly, "Now remember this is a serious matter."

"I know it's a serious matter all right. That's why I'm here." Mrs. Moss spoke indignantly. She hadn't come to be bullied.

"Very well then. Sit down." A chair was brought for her. "Name please? And address?"

Mrs. Moss supplied the information, and noticed with a thrill that what she was saying was being taken down slowly and laboriously by the young policeman. "Now then go on."

Mrs. Moss told her story; she told it well. Away from home these two nights; covered with scratches and dirt . . . not been to work. . . .

The sergeant interrupted her eloquence. "How do you know he's not been to work?"

Sharp they thought themselves, didn't they! "Because he wouldn't go to work in the state he was in; because he hadn't been home to his dinner, because he wasn't back till seven thirty by the clock which always keeps right time, and because he let out he hadn't been to work." Had he said so? She couldn't remember. But that was all right. Course he hadn't been to work.

She began to dislike the man behind the desk; he asked so many stupid questions. Now he was asking her another, looking her in the face as if she was a criminal. "Got no grudge against your husband, have you, Missus?"

"Grudge! No, of course not. Why should I? Just doing my duty, aren't I. I read about the murder in the paper, and there you are! I thought to myself, right's right. That's what I said to myself 'right's right.' It's no business of

mine if you don't want to do anything. I've been wasting my time long enough." She flounced up from her seat, and turned to the door.

"Hold hard!" said the sergeant. "Just a moment, *if* you please. You wait over there." Standing by the door she watched the two men consulting. The young constable, having received his orders, advanced. "I'm coming with you, Ma'am," he said and held the door open for her to go through first.

"It's all the same to me," said Mrs. Moss in a tart voice.

They walked on in silence. First of all Mrs. Moss held her head high. Then when people passing stared, she began to feel self-conscious. Looked as though he were taking *her* in charge. Good Heavens! There was Mrs. Sellars; no she wasn't looking; what a mercy! Good thing it was a nasty evening, not many people about.

Well, if anyone did see her, they would only think she was fetching a policeman in to her husband for doing something to her in drink. What matter if they gaped. Let them gape. She had always held herself apart from her neighbours . . . the respectable Mrs. Millbank at the post office was the only one she'd much to say to. . . . All the same, she kept a piece in front of the policeman holding her head down, with her coat held close round her. What was going to happen in a few minutes? Would Syd fight?

They came to the house. For a second Mrs. Moss hesitated. Just through one wild moment her heart had failed—it was in her mind to say, "It's only a joke, sorry for your trouble," or "I haven't got a husband." Then her hatred came back; this was her only chance. And she had to do her duty, she had to do her duty! She opened the door, and beckoned the constable. He followed her cautiously, and then paused. "P'raps you'd better let him know, I'm here," he said in a low voice.

A coward like all men! His irresolution was as a spark to Mrs. Moss. "He's just here," she said in a loud almost cheerful voice, and went through to the kitchen.

Sydney Moss had fallen into a dose, but their entrance had awakened him. "What's this?" he said blinking up at his wife. In a muddled way he rose to his feet gathering the impression that company were just arriving.

"You're wanted," said Mrs. Moss to him in a harsh voice. She stood on one side awaiting the policeman who came forward.

"What the 'ell?" said Mr. Moss astonished.

The policeman consulted his note-book. "You Sydney Moss of ten, Mincing Lane?"

"That's right."

The policeman felt uncomfortable; the man in front of him standing in his shirt sleeves looked so genuinely surprised that he became convinced he'd been brought on a fool's errand. To cover his distaste he spoke gruffly. "Information has been given that you absented yourself from work to-day, that you've been away from home since noon of Saturday the 18th inst., and that you returned at seven o'clock to-night in suspicious circumstances with your face scratched and your clothing torn, and that you refuse to give your wife here an account of your movements."

"And so she slipped out to tell you all about it!" Mr. Moss slapped his thigh. "Well, that's a good one." He laughed.

His laughter irritated the policeman. Mrs. Moss broke in, "Look at his face, look at his face. Covered with scratches. And they're at the back of his neck, too. Tell him to turn round and show you. A human hand done them, or I don't know anything. Wait a moment"—she was in and out of the scullery in an instant— "Look here. His coat all torn! Here's his collar. Those there are the boots he's just taken off. Look at the mud on them." The constable examined each of the phenomena indicated in leisurely fashion. He began to write in his notebook.

"Look 'ere," cried Sydney Moss getting angry. "Stow all this. What's up? What the 'ell's wrong. Who says I ain't been to work to-day?" He paused to look at his wife, and illumination came. "My eye," he said in a low amazed tone.

"She thinks I done that woman in up on Moor. Is that it?"

"Understand," said the policeman. "No charge is being made against you. But it's my duty to ask you to give an account of your movements on the evening of Sunday, the nineteenth inst."

"Be 'anged if I will," cried Sydney Moss. "Leastways," he added, remembering that a policeman was a policeman, "not before her." He jerked his thumb towards his wife.

"I must ask you to step up with me to the station then," said the policeman. Mr. Moss paused to think. "It will save trouble in the end," he added in a less official tone. The two men looked at each other, and Mrs. Moss was excluded from that look.

Mr. Moss made his decision. "Right you are," he said, and sat down, drawing on his boots. Mrs. Moss watched him discomfited. "You haven't got anything on me, mate," he said almost cheerily to the policeman as he went for his overcoat. He wound a scarf about his neck in place of a collar. "Leastways," he added, "nothing that you can put me in quod for."

"Right you are," said the policeman.

As in a dream Mrs. Moss saw them go. Her husband did not give her a look; even the policeman did not utter a "Good evening."

Better get that bit of ironing done. She wasn't going to stand there staring. All the same . . . she hadn't thought he'd go so quiet. Never mind. She'd done her duty. Not think about it any more. That was best.

But when she got to bed she tossed and turned. There were so many pictures appearing before her excited brain: at one moment she saw Sydney in the dock with the judge putting on his black cap. And Sydney was looking round, looking for her; at another everyone was pointing at her—the wife who had sent her husband to the gallows; at another she was being acclaimed as a heroine who held what was right dearer to her than her own flesh and blood; at another Sydney came back, he had got them to let him off; and he was

thrashing her unmercifully while policemen stood by. Her body trembled and shook.

Again, it was the question of ways and means that perplexed her. With Syd gone, how was she to make a living for herself and the child? Would there be a subscription got up? Not for the wife of a murderer. But then she herself it was who had . . . never mind. Would he get off? Hadn't he done it? It was not until the pale fever-dispelling light of day came that she dropped into a brief and troubled slumber.

. . . . . .

She was washing up her breakfast things when he came back. He brushed past her and went without a word into the scullery and turned on the tap. With a courage that had something in it of gallantry she lingered in the kitchen.

But when he had dried his face he went past her again without a word. She heard him go upstairs and move about overhead in the bedroom. Everything stopped within her while she waited. But she made a pretence of going on with her work.

At last he came down and stood in the doorway. She turned towards him but though she heard his voice she could not meet his eyes. Only she saw that he had a bag in his hand.

"I'm going now," he said. "Going to work. And I'm not coming back. Get that in your head. I'm not coming back. Not to-night, nor yet to-morrow night, nor night after. We haven't hit it for a long while now, but I've stuck it"—he jerked his head—"for sake of the kid. I'll see what's to be done about her. I'm her father still. But I'm not living in the same house with you again." He paused. A look that was almost childlike in its puzzled desire to comprehend came in his eyes. "Why! you'd be poisoning me next."

Mrs. Moss tried to speak. The words, "Maybe I was a bit hasty" came into her head, but her tongue was stiff. She stood staring past him.

"Some men would give you a hiding. Well, I'm not going

to do that. I'm just done with you. D'ye see? I'm just done with you."

Still she couldn't speak.

He turned away, and looked back. "I'll send for the rest of the things I want, and I'll fix things up later. But I gotta go to work now."

He took a few steps away, and then paused, looking for the first time full at that still averted face. "You allus thought yourself too much of a lady for the likes of me, too good for me, you thought yourself, didn't you? Well I reckon I'm a bit too good for you now—that's all."

The door closed. He had gone. Mrs. Moss still stood tense for a few moments as if listening. Then she relaxed, and sat down heavily in a chair, her hand pressed to her heart.

"P'raps he done it after all," she told herself, but the assurance had no conviction.

Her chin sagged on to her chest. She didn't know how she felt—only that she was being emptied; that her long cherished feelings of hate and anger were being taken from her, that she was being sucked dry. Yes, that was how she felt, very tired—and very empty. There didn't seem to be anything that mattered much in the world any more.

WHY ADONIS LAUGHED [1]

By SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

From *The New Adelphi* and *The Forum*

I

Down at the Vaal River Farm where we sometimes go to ease our hearts of the strain of living in Johannesburg, six thousand feet above sea-level, Adonis, a graceful but very dirty young Kaffir, was languidly drawing water from the well. As David, another farm-boy, passed, Adonis began suddenly to laugh. David walked on without looking round. No word was spoken on either side, but the loud and persistent laughter of Adonis followed David right up to the house.

I called to Alita, our native cook, who had come with us from Johannesburg. She was standing at the garden wall conversing with some friends in a Kaffir dialect I did not understand. I judged from the sound of her voice that she was very angry about something. She threw a last indignant sentence at them as she answered my summons.

"Why does Adonis laugh at David?" I asked her as she came up to me.

The uncommon but natural red in Alita's brown cheeks deepened.

"I have just been speaking of it," she said. "I will tell missis."

II

It was the story of a great romance Alita unfolded to me, and it concerned Dinah, the daughter of Hercules, the herd.

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There was a time when Dinah had come daily to fetch the sour milk which was one of her father's perquisites; but lately, for good reasons, she had not come. Except on the day of her wedding, I had, indeed, not seen Dinah for over a year.

That wedding took place a month ago, and David was the bridegroom.

Why David or anyone else should have chosen to fall in love with Dinah was one of those mysteries which Nature keeps secret in her own heart. She was a grave, thin little girl, who resembled her wizened and inappropriately named father. All over the Cape Colony there are brown people who have adopted such names from their Dutch masters. . . . And she used to squat in the sunshine outside the kitchen door while David went to get her the sour milk for which she was waiting, very quiet, very solemn.

I assume she must have been about sixteen, but she looked twelve; and she was really singularly ugly, even for a Kaffir of Griqualand West, with her flat nose, small eyes, protuberant forehead, and high mouth. Nor could it have been her solitary physical merit of cleanness which captured David, for cleanness is not, among the River Kaffirs, a greatly cherished attribute. . . .

Yet here commenced an idyll which, but for an unexpected mercenary intrusion, would have ended as simply as all idylls end. Of all things Hercules must needs insist that David should pay him, for Dinah . . . as if these were the good old days, as if River Kaffirs were Zulus, and had such a thing as dignity left.

"But what had David to give Hercules?" I asked Alita. "Had he cattle or horses or sheep or goats?"

"There lies the thing," said Alita. "He had no beasts and no money. That was how the trouble began."

She went on to explain.

"Missis must understand," she said, "I am not one who believes the new fashions are the best. It is right the father should get something for his girl-child. He put her in the world and gave her food that she might work for him, that

she might grind his mealies and carry his water. What does it mean if a father gives away his daughter for nothing? Does it not mean that she is of no value to him? When John Itumeleng married me he paid old Frans, my father, ten oxen and seven cows and fifteen sheep, and it was agreed also that we must give old Frans our eldest child when it was a year old. But those times are gone. Then we had our lands and our herds. Then Alita would have sat in the kraal with her daughters-in-law and her grandchildren, and her ten fingers would not have been her only span of oxen. Then it was a different life. . . . Missis, we Kaffirs are not the people we used to be, and it is best we should know it."

"And so when Hercules wanted Lobola for Dinah, what did David do?"

"He had to work for him, missis; he had to let him have every month the whole of what he earned. Only if someone gave David a present could David keep anything for himself."

I remembered David's eagerly cupped hands as last year we had given him a farewell gift.

"And how long was this to go on?"

"For a year, missis. And because David and Dinah were anxious to marry soon, Dinah herself also went to work. She went to work for Mr. Jackson who has the farm on the other side of the river."

In this way, as Alita went on to tell, the year passed, and the time came when David was released from his bondage to Hercules, and could begin to work for himself.

But, even so, the wedding-day was not yet at hand. Now Hercules wanted David to save towards a wedding in the church and a feast. For that he had to have, not only a new coat and trousers and hat and shoes, but fifteen shillings for the missionary who came to perform the ceremony, and a pound for what they called the tea-meeting. Even the fifteen shillings was more than many Kaffirs were prepared to spend on sanctifying their unions, and most of them in these days came together like any other of the earth's creatures, hoping

vaguely that the Lord would understand how hard it was for a Kaffir to save fifteen shillings for a wedding in the Church, and would excuse them.

III

In the meantime David and Dinah built their home. They built as the birds build. They gathered reeds in the river, and filled the spaces in between the reeds with mud, and covered them with grass. And thus they achieved a hive-shaped hut, into which, in due course, they might crawl through an opening about three feet high and two feet wide. This opening would be the only concession to air and light; and when they went to bed they would hang bags over it, and shut out the world of night; the clean warm air; the faint rumbling of the river; the distant croaking of the frogs; and all the little dear noises of loneliness. They would lie, their heads covered, in the clothes in which they lived by day, between dirty skins and blankets on a dung-smeared floor; they would hide themselves from the frank, unclouded stars. . . . But, if it were full moonlight and summer time, they would gather together the young folk for miles around, and they would dance and dance all night to the music of their own wild and harmonious singing, and the rhythmic clapping of girls' hands.

IV

"And in this manner," continued Alita, "another year went by. . . . And then one day David comes to Hercules and tells him that now he and Dinah must go and live together. It is the time. They cannot wait for weddings now, he says."

"And what did Hercules answer to that? Was he angry?"

"Well, missis knows Hercules. He is not an easy man. Yes, he was angry. He looks at David with his little eyes, and he does like this with his finger (Alita put her right forefinger in her mouth, pulled it out with a sucking noise, and

pointed it upwards), and he says so true as his dead father, without a wedding David shall not have Dinah."

"But that wasn't so wrong of Hercules," I commented.

"No. That is true. It wasn't so wrong," admitted Alita. "But the first thing was he still spoke of a big wedding, and the second thing is David had to buy this and that for the house too. He had to buy a Kaffir pot, and some mugs and a bag of mealie-meal. Missis knows what is a bag of mealie-meal with us Kaffirs."

I did know. It was a rampart against the future. Alita actually sent mealie-meal from Johannesburg to her family in Bloemfontein because she could not trust them not to waste her substance before life was thus made safe. . . .

"And so for five months," Alita continued, "David ate just once a day—in the evening: he ate a little mealie-meal cooked with fat. Only when it was his chance to get the offal at a killing, or a beast died, only then did David eat meat. And at the end of five months they were able to have the wedding."

I had seen part of that wedding. When the ceremony was over, David in his new coat and trousers; Dinah in a white muslin dress, with a wreath and veil on her head; Hercules in an old frock-coat, riddled with moth, that some white man had once given him, and a pair of khaki trousers; flower-girls also in white veils, placed themselves at the head of a procession that went singing and dancing down to the river. They accepted presents from anyone who chose to give them, and when night came they feasted and danced until the food was gone and the stars were dead. . . .

Then David took Dinah to his home.

The next day he spent his last money on a blanket and some yards of print for the approaching baby.

Now only a few days ago David had come to announce to Alita that the baby was here.

"I asked him," said Alita, "if it was a fine baby. And he said yes, he heard it was a fine baby."

"He heard! Didn't he know? Hadn't he seen it?"

"It is not our custom that the father should look at the baby before three days," Alita told me.

"I see," I said, and, having arrived at what appeared to be the end of the romance, I was about to turn away when I remembered suddenly why I had called Alita.

"But about Adonis," I asked. "Why was he laughing?"

"Adonis?" said Alita. "Yes. It was on the day after the baby was born that Adonis began to laugh. And not only Adonis. Other people too."

"Why?" I asked, and remembered the bewildered and stricken look on David's face. "What was there to laugh about?"

Alita's eyes met mine across a world of experience.

"They laughed because it was not David's baby," she said.

"How did they know?"

"They had to know," said Alita in a tight voice. "And when David heard he went in too before the three days, and saw with his own eyes that it was not his baby, because it was a white baby. And he asked Dinah, and she told him it was the baby of the man for whom she had worked that they might save money to get married, she and David. She said it was Mr. Jackson's baby. . . ."

Alita looked away to where Adonis was winding the bucket into the well again, and I looked too. A smile still lingered on his face. And, suddenly, without another word, as if a physical force drove her, Alita went from me to Adonis and struck him with her flat hand on his widened mouth.

The rope of the bucket ran sharply out as the hand of Adonis abandoned its work. Adonis stared at Alita. Then he made a little snort of contempt, turned back to his windlass, and deliberately laughed again.

HAPPY ENDING?[1]

OLBIA B. C. 220.

By NAOMI MITCHISON

From *The Cornhill Magazine*

The current of the river was bringing down great jagged pieces of sheet ice that swung into one another and jarred and thudded and smashed and broke up in the rocking salt water of the harbour; some of them had twigs and pine cones stuck in them from the gods alone knew how far up in Scythia; one or two, even, had sledge marks. They were a good deal thicker than they looked, but the thickness was all under water. Demeas sat on a pile of stripped and resin-smelling logs and watched them, instead of going to look for work. He had, however, still got five drachmas left in his purse between his father and himself, and starvation. So there wasn't any desperate hurry. And the sun was coming out with a will now, bright and hot. Soon it would be summer; then they wouldn't have to pay so much for fuel! One could almost, but not quite, take off one's thick cloak. He was looking at a merchant ship that had made fast to the quay beside him, a coaster that was coming round early to get the first markets, a squat, broad-bottomed creature with ten row-ports a side. The slaves were hauling up buckets of water to wash down her deck, for she had been carrying cattle. God, a chilly and mucky business!

Demeas wished very much that something would happen. If it didn't soon he would have to go off after to-day's job, carrying bales of stinking furs about again, he supposed—

[1] Copyright, 1930, by Naomi Mitchison.

God, why hadn't he been bred up to a skilled trade instead of going to so many lectures! Then one of the men who was washing the deck walked to the edge with a bucket and instead of dipping it walked overboard himself into the sea. He struck out at once, but then, apparently, stopped, and a large piece of ice came at him edge-on. Demeas dropped his cloak and dived cleverly into a clear patch after the man; the water was so much colder than it had looked in the sunshine that it took his breath away completely, and it was the merest luck that he grabbed a handful of hair and pulled the man out from under a block of ice that had ridden quietly and nicely over him. He swam extremely hard away from the ice, pulling the man after him in jerks, and got to a ladder up on to the jetty on the other side, where a sailor helped him to haul out the thing he had saved; his own hands were numb and burning with cold. However, someone had brought round his cloak, so he pulled off his wet things and huddled himself quickly into the warm wool.

The man was unconscious, not drowned—he could only have swallowed a few mouthfuls of water, and when they emptied out his throat he could breathe—but the ice had knocked him on the head and he was bleeding fast. Another young man, one of Demeas' many acquaintances, turned up and helped with the wound and produced another cloak. They saw the ship's captain coming along to reclaim his property; Demeas said he hoped he'd get something a bit solider than thanks out of him!

"I doubt it," said his friend; "that man's a real tough, a Marob man and a proper barbarian. I should think," he went on, prodding the wet slave with the toe of his shoe, "that this poor devil jumped overboard to get away from him. He's got a decent face."

Demeas looked at the man a little more carefully: "Could he be a Hellene?"

"He might," the other said, "these days. That captain's got a nasty way of kicking them; I suppose this one will be for it when he comes to." He smiled a little, because he

rather liked ironic ideas, as that was. They fitted in with the world.

"Mm," said Demeas, and stooped quickly. "You back me up!" He undid the end of the rag round the man's head and smeared a good lot of blood into his ears and nostrils. "The captain's drunk enough for me to chance it." He hugged himself up in his cloak, still pretty cold. The captain came wallowing up; it was early in the day to be so drunk, but the market was not till to-morrow. "No good," said Demeas apologetically, "he's done for."

"Why, he's breathing!" said the captain with a smelly laugh. "You don't know us sailors, you don't. Takes more than that to drown us."

"He's smashed in his skull," said Demeas, "the bone's loose. I didn't even finish tieing it up! He's bleeding from the ears —that's a sure sign."

The captain made an ugly face and lived up to his reputation by kicking the man in the groin. "Thirty drachs I gave for him in Abdera," he said pathetically, "the dirty bastard, falling overboard in harbour as if he was a baby!" He verified the bleeding at the ears, but seemed uninclined to leave. Demeas murmured something about his having done his best at great personal inconvenience; the captain produced a few thanks but nothing more tangible. Demeas' friend, suddenly discovering that he was a surgeon, gave the man three hours, which seemed a plausible time. "Hell!" said the captain, "what am I to do, a poor man like me?"

Demeas produced two of his drachmas, with the air of a fine gentleman. "I'll give you that for him, considering I fished him out! Do for a drink, what?"

"All very well for you," said the captain, "with money to throw about——" Then he got rather muddled as to what he meant and took the money, spat in the man's face, and turned and humped himself away.

"No," said Demeas, "I don't feel at all dishonest. But I suppose he is going to live? How am I to get him home?

Here"— for his friend was beginning to drift off—"don't start telling everyone till that ship's sailed. Yes, you can have your cloak back to-morrow. But what the devil I'm to do——"

"God knows," said the other one gently, over his shoulder.

First of all, Demeas spread his own tunic out in the sun to dry, and then he thought he might as well do the same for his new property, so he pulled off his canvas shirt and trousers —the man was dressed barbarian fashion—and was rather horrified to find how cold he was. Reluctantly he took off one of the two warm cloaks and wrapped it round the slave's body. Then he sat down again as much as possible in the sun and went on watching the ice; at any rate this stopped him being a fur porter! After a time he saw that the man's eyes were open and staring at him. He put on his own clothes which were now dryish. "Come on!" he said, and heaved the man on to his feet; he rocked and gave at the joints a good deal and held on to his head with both hands as if he were afraid it would come off. Demeas hitched the cloak over him, picked up the other things and hurried him as fast as he dared till they were out of sight of the ship. They got to the right street and the house, and so, with much hauling up the stairs, into the loft.

But, when his senses gradually cleared, Aglaos had forgotten most of this. He did not even remember the fall into the water and the way he had struck out instinctively before he could stop himself. The last thing he remembered at all was looking out at the jarring and splintering of the ice-blocks from the deck of the ship and thinking what a good way it would be. After that there were some dimmish voices and a good deal of pain and effort and sickness. Then a slow realisation that he was awake and listening to an argument, and, if he did not move his head, it did not hurt him. The argument was, appropriately enough, about suicide; he wondered for some time how he had got home. Had he had bad dreams lasting for three years? The older voice, whom he visualised

for some reason as his father, till he remembered that his father was dead, was defending the business of killing oneself with all the proper Stoic arguments. The younger seemed to be defending himself, rather crossly. It gradually occurred to Aglaos that the younger one must have fished him out from between the iceblocks and so prevented him from doing what he had meant to do. He agreed with the elder one! On the other hand, a good Stoic would not have done it on the spur of the moment and simply as an escape, a relief from misery. He must explain that, go into the argument himself. Very slowly he turned his head so that he was facing the room.

He seemed to be looking at it from below. Ah, now he understood, he was lying on the floor. The room was very low at one side, and the window was on his own level, with a view of tiles; for some time he lost the argument in counting tiles. But the roof of the room, naked under more red tiles, sloped up to a plaster wall at the other side, on which someone had made mathematical drawings in red and black. There was a pot of charcoal in the middle, and the two arguers were on stools at each side, leaning over it, warming their hands. He was cold too, and what odd pains he had in his body! There was a chest, a couple of mattresses with blankets tangled up on them, a cooking-pot on its side, a few jars and dishes, one of a pair of shoes: it worried him that he could not see the second shoe. He said: "I do not think I can blame anyone for stopping me, for I was not giving myself death as a good Stoic would have, after considering that all other courses would lead him away from freedom, but because I was already unfree. I was bound by pain and—and——" He was after all finding it difficult to speak.

The elder man looked down, frowning at him across the charcoal pot, and said: "I suppose from that you claim to be a Stoic?"

"Yes," said Aglaos, "I suppose I do."

"You appear to have been a very bad one," said the elder man.

Aglaos found he could now move a little more. He said:

"Zeno himself would have been hard put to it to lead the good life on that ship."

"Pytheas was a slave at one time. During those years he was accumulating material for his Dialectics."

"Yes. I've heard him lecture. But he was in a decent house with a good master when—when—— Oh father Zeus!" cried Aglaos, *"where is that ship?"* He shoved himself halfway up on his elbows and looked round, because he suddenly felt very dizzy, as if he was going to wake and find himself—there.

The younger man was over beside him in two steps, with an arm under his head: "Ssh! Lie down. You won't ever see that ship again if you're sensible."

"Why not?"

"Because I made the captain think you were dying and bought you off him for two drachs."

Aglaos reflected. "The captain must have been drunk."

"He was."

"He often is. Then he's worst. But now—I belong to you?"

"Yes, stupid. What's your name? Aglaos? I didn't even know you were a Hellene when I jumped in after you. I'm Demeas son of Timoklides. That's my father. He likes arguing better than anything in the world. I don't. You mustn't start arguing with him now. Go to sleep."

And apparently Aglaos did what his new master told him, for nothing more seemed to happen, except that he got much warmer, so someone must have put a blanket over him, until the next morning when he woke again, very thirsty but only with a little headache. Demeas had just re-lighted the charcoal stove and was standing back observing it, very much pleased with himself. As he turned away, Aglaos sat up. "Oh, you're awake again, are you!" Demeas said. "Better? That's right. Now listen. I'm going out to work. You'll have to do that too, but not till the ship's sailed. To-day you can tidy up the room; it looks as if it needed it. And keep the stove alight. Can you stay on your feet?"

Aglaos got up, holding to the wall, and found it was not so very difficult. But he was lame and sore from the captain's parting kick. "May I get some water?" he said.

"You oughtn't to be thirsty after the ducking you had! Still, here you are. It's about all you'll get too. If you find anything to eat in the room you're welcome to eat it. There very likely is some bread somewhere; it gets all over the place. However, if you're a Stoic, little things like that won't matter, will they? I wish I was!" He pulled down the canvas shirt and trousers and tossed them over to Aglaos, who failed to catch them. "You might put on your own clothes again. What you're wearing now is my only decent tunic. Thanks, yes. By the way, if Boa comes for the rent, tell her I've got a wonderful job and I've bought you with the proceeds. She's quite an old dear, a Paphlagonian or something, you know, but she does insist rather much on being paid. Go down and talk to her if you like. Father won't be back till late, and I don't suppose I shall." He collected his own tunic from Aglaos: "Not lousy? Splendid! But I should cut my hair some time if I were you. Father goes to his pupils all day and gets his meals with them. The worst of it is, he's always been terribly fussy about not being paid, and he won't be paid still! Otherwise I could live on him nicely. Well, good-bye, Aglaos. If you run away the captain'll get you, so don't."

Aglaos gradually tidied the room, found some very stale barley bread, which he ate, and washed all the dishes and cups, most of which wanted it badly. It was marvellous being alone again, out of hearing of the others squabbling and snoring and spitting, and screaming when they were suddenly kicked or hit. It was so soft, so delicious to be alone! Able to think. He would be alone now for hours, and then the other two would come back and find how different the room looked and be pleased with him. His headache was almost gone.

In the afternoon he explored downstairs. Their room was a loft up steep steps from the main room of the house. It

was all very well Demeas saying to keep in the fire, but there wasn't much charcoal. He wondered if he could come across any down there. He arrived at a kitchen, but there was not much chance of getting any, as the landlady was cooking, and several children were there too and getting very much in her way. She was not a very encouraging lady, but it was wonderful to realise that however much she barked she could not bite him! She did not appear to believe his story of Demeas and the excellent job. However, he played houses with the children and kept them quiet for her, so that she was quite friendly by the end. When she went out with the elder ones, leaving him in charge of the youngest, who was obviously too small to notice or tell, he collected two or three pieces of her charcoal. Demeas came back tired and rather cross with a hare and some onions for supper. Neither of them had ever skinned a hare, so it was not so satisfactory as it might have been. Still, Demeas was much pleased that Boa had taken to him. "I played with her children," said Aglaos.

"I'm not good at playing with children," said Demeas, "they always spoil my games!"

Aglaos said: "I like them." He was putting the pot with the rest of the hare into a corner to keep for to-morrow.

Demeas said very quickly: "Did you have children?"

Aglaos gasped a little at this sudden ducking into the past. He said, "I had a small baby."

"Where?"

"At home. In Mantinea."

"You're a Mantinean, are you? That was a foul business." But Aglaos suddenly found his head and body aching unbearably again; the room swung about. He just heard Demeas say: "Lie down now or father'll make you argue with him all night." And then he must have slept at once, and slept deeply, his mind taking this refuge from the pain of remembrance which it was menaced by.

Three days later, the ship having sailed, he and Demeas went off together to work. Demeas had a job of sorts with a fur merchant, sorting and packing and carrying about the

skins that were brought in from the forests by various savages who liked to be paid in bar metal or else in kind with oil, wine and sweet foods—paste of dates and almonds—or else in the coarsely and thickly embroidered linens that were made for the barbarian market. He thought they would take on Aglaos too. If so he would get the wages and would either be able to live in luxury (anyway, be able to pay his rent and have enough food and drink to ask his friends to supper), or else he would live as now but would not have to work himself. Either possibility had its points. He said suddenly: "It must have been a bad business at Mantinea."

"It was," said Aglaos.

"What happened? You'd much better tell me. It's all in your head, I suppose, now I've started you, and you must get it out."

"Very well," said Aglaos. For a little time he walked along slowly, for he was still very stiff, saying nothing. He seemed to be getting it all together. At last he said: "You know what happened at the beginning? We sided with Sparta and King Kleomenes. That was, I think, right, but it was not so right that some of us should have shown it by killing all the Achæans in the town. However, these things happen. I had friends in Sparta, of the King's party; they told me how things were going, how Kleomenes was coming to help the poor all over Greece, those who had debts and no land. When he had finished with Aratos and the Achæan League he would go round the cities, dividing up the land and cancelling debts. We were not rich ourselves, but yet not poor. It was not for our advantage as a family. Yet it seemed to me that if this revolution happened in Mantinea, it might save us from a worse one. It was better for the poor to be helped reasonably by Kleomenes than to get to the point of despair where they would help themselves unreasonably. So we were prepared, most of us, to take it gladly. But then Aratos sold the Achæan League to Antigonos of Macedonia for his help against Sparta."

"I know; it was Antigonos who took your city."

"I am not sure if it was he or Aratos who revenged those Achæan settlers on us. We knew something would happen about that. Some of those who had done it escaped, others were seized and killed at once without trial. We had to accept that. After the end of the siege it was very, very quiet in Mantinea—quiet for us, I mean. They were gay enough! We kept in our houses, only going out perhaps in the early morning, hurriedly, to get food. We could not let our women folk go out at all. Some quarters had been burnt during the siege and we were lodging householders from there. Besides that, of course, we had soldiers billeted on us, Achæans and Macedonians, and had to feed and look after them well. The ones in our house seemed decent enough; they joked with the slave girls, who didn't mind; but they had not even seen my wife or the two women—one was a cousin of mine—from the burnt quarters. They kept close in their rooms and I think only talked in whispers."

"Were you long married?"

"Rather more than a year," said Aglaos. "I am trying to tell this as though it had happened to someone else, or long, long ago, in Troy time. She was the daughter of our friends and neighbours. You know how it is in a City; one lives very close, generation after generation. We'd played together as children. I knew her father and brother well; the brother had been wounded, fighting on the wall. I had been so happy with her that now I just cannot remember it at all as it was. We had a baby."

"A son?"

"Yes, yes, everything one wanted! During the siege and those two days afterwards we told one another, she and I, that these bad times would pass. Even if in the end we were left quite poor, we would work for one another; we would still keep our books and our friends. Even if we had no cakes nor wine for them, no cushions, no pretty toys to amuse them with, we'd still have spring water and violets and nightingales, and the talk would go on just the same. She cared for that, you see; it might have been better for her if she hadn't. She

had read nearly as much as I had; I took her with me to lectures sometimes. And then—— The first I knew was that the men who were billeted on us came back at noon shouting and laughing; I thought they were drunk already and I went to meet them, for I was afraid they might break something more. When they saw me the leader of them stopped laughing, but he grinned and said: 'Bring along your women now, my man, for I'm going to make my choice.' I didn't answer back; I stepped aside and said nothing; I thought he had just turned nasty for the moment. Then one of the others said: 'He hasn't heard the news!' So they told me."

"You were all separated, weren't you?—the men to Macedonia, the women and children to be sold to the new colonists? One sees why they did that, but—— Go on, Aglaos."

"I didn't believe it, so they told me to get proof and then come back. I went out into the street and up towards the market-place. I found it was true. About twenty of us, I among them, tried to get to Aratos and appeal to him personally. We never got near him—if he was still in the town at all. No one else we saw listened for one moment. One or two seemed ashamed, but most just cursed and laughed and had us kicked out. I met my brother-in-law and asked him to come back to the house with me. So he did, and we slipped in and through to the women's rooms without the soldiers seeing us. I dreaded most terribly telling my wife. But there was no need to; she knew. Her mother was there; she'd done some things up in a bundle and just walked across the town, in the state it was: a stout old woman. 'I'll stick by my girl as long as I can,' she said, and then she said very little more, but sat there with her lips pressed up and a grip on her bundle. My own mother was dead and I had no sister.

"My wife came to me and took my hands. She said: 'If this is the last time, dear heart, we will not spoil it.' She put her arms round my neck and kissed me; we stayed so for a few minutes. We let one another go and sat down side by side, very close. She said: 'I have been thinking of

all the books we have read together and the stories of good men. Do we kill ourselves now?' I think we were both trembling a good deal; I could not answer. Her brother said: 'You cannot, because of your baby.' She said: 'I have been thinking of that. In the books it is always a man who is wise.' One of the other women—my cousin—said what I suppose was in all our minds: 'Is it better for them to live and be slaves?' She looked towards the children; she had rather an older one of her own. Our baby was awake and moving his hands about, as they do. My wife said: 'Oh, I can't kill him!' And for the first time she began to cry. I made up my mind; I said: 'There's no question of that. We will live through this and keep our souls free and our children's souls.' My brother-in-law said: 'I think you are right. If we are good Stoics we can do this.' My wife said: 'It will be easier for you.' I said: 'I know. It will be twice as difficult for you. You will have two souls to keep straight, your own and my son's.'

"I don't remember everything we said after that. We had, I suppose, about an hour together. The husband of one of the other women managed to get to us too. I remember suddenly that my wife began laughing and then she said: 'I had forgotten for the moment that this was really happening to us. I was thinking it was something we had made up to test our minds.' (For we had often discussed what the lover of good would do in one or another position.) Then she shook a good deal and said: 'Is it really true?' I said: 'As true as these things ever are. But not deeply true, only an appearance. Under that we are all calm and secure and part of Goodness and Life. We are in one universe with the stars and the hills and one another; nothing can separate us. It is a spiritual universe and cannot be shattered by material disasters.' I believed that then and spoke as if I did. I think it was some comfort for us all.

"I remember saying to my wife that I wished she were an ordinary woman to whom these things that must come to her would mean less pain, and she said no, it was better to have

great pain but keep one's mind bright, and she said that, though there was half the world between us, she and I would often be thinking of the same kind of ideas at the same time. She talked to her brother too, asking him if he remembered things they had done together as children; we all talked, breathlessly, trying to say everything for a life-time in those few minutes. Part of the time I took her on my knees while she held our baby, and we just whispered each other's names over and over. We tried to make some plan for the future too. I said I would come back to Mantinea and find her again, and, whatever had happened, to either of us, I would get her back. I said she must teach my child to look forward to that. I asked her if I should try in the time left us to get some decent man to promise to buy her. But I think she realised how little chance of that there was, and told me to stay. She said it would be better for me if I did not know who her master was to be. She had always been kind to me and perhaps this was the kindest thing she ever did. For now, when I am hopeful, I can imagine she was bought by some older man who would treat her and our son honourably for the sake of the gods.

"At the end of the hour a good many soldiers came, as well as those who were billeted in our house. They went through all the rooms, putting together anything that was valuable and seeing that no one was hiding. Their captain said to us: 'Time's up,' but he gave my brother-in-law and me one moment more to say good-bye. Then we were chained. My wife had been standing very steady and silent and smiling, but when she saw me chained she suddenly tried to run to me. But one of the soldiers barred her way with a spear."

"And then?"

"Then we were marched north to Macedonia, and any who were old or badly wounded died, unless they had the luck to be taken in by people on the way. A few of us were rescued by friends in towns we passed through, for no one liked the look of us being beaten on by Macedonians, but sometimes they refused to sell—their orders were to bring us up out of

Greece. Then we were sold in gangs. My brother-in-law and I were together for some time; I was able to help him—his wound did not heal well—and we could talk. But by and bye the gangs were broken up, at least ours was. I was sold to the captain of that ship; he'd got to Abdera short-handed one voyage, worse luck for me. They said he'd kicked the last man to death. I think that was probably not true. I wished I had ever been taught a skilled trade; but of course I had not been. Reading and writing were no help—unless one were sold to the barbarians, to Rome or one of those outer towns. But perhaps anything was better than that. I know it must have happened to some of us, any who had special skill at doctoring or writing quickly in a good hand, or mathematics, or dialectic even. They were shipped off to Delos and from that terrible place to Rome or Carthage or beyond."

They had nearly come to their fur-trader's warehouse. Demeas sat down on the wall of a well and began to re-lace his shoe. On the ground, where the shadows of the houses came, there was still a dirty hardness of trampled snow and ice, but the well-water was dark and unfrozen. He was thinking aloud: "Yes, we could both do with a skilled trade! If I learnt one while you did this job? One's father might have considered what the world was going to be like. . . . Aglaos, if you could still remember that last day and the things you said to your wife, you had no business to try and kill yourself."

"I know," said Aglaos, "and now I'm ashamed. But I'd said that to myself month after month and there seemed no chance at all of my being able to do anything about it ever. Until, from being a hope and a comfort, it came to being torture. And in winter there were these long black nights up here when I couldn't sleep for cold and memories. They wore me out; I've had nearly three years of it. I know very well that I'm not as brave as I thought or hoped I was."

Demeas said: "But do you still want to go back to Mantinea? You may find all sorts of things there worse than

you imagine. Your wife may have been sold outside the city now. Your son may be dead."

"Don't think I haven't imagined all that! The chances are against her being sold into another place, but it may have happened all the same. And I know it's hard for a slave woman to keep a young baby. Her master and mistress may say—— Yes, Demeas, I've thought of all that."

"Your wife may have other children. She may have found a master who's set her free and is keeping her better than you'll ever be able to after this; she mayn't have any welcome for you."

"I doubt that, but I know it's possible. I know it is very likely that she has been through all kinds of shame and that her soul was broken by it, as mine was. I know everything may be finished."

"What would you do, even? Your city has lost her name. She's not lovely Mantinea any more, but Antigonea, named after her conqueror, not a free city ever any more, Aglaos! You've no home in Antigonea."

"I know that too. The only thing about it is that it's the name of a dead man now. The gods closed their hands on him at last. But I do think, though your father might not agree with me, that I could be a good enough Stoic to face the worst, now that you've given me this breathing-space to get myself disentangled." He stood in front of Demeas and looked at him twice and began to speak and checked himself and at last said: "Does this mean that you will let me earn my freedom and go?"

"Oh, I suppose so, I suppose so," said Demeas, "though it's very annoying, because otherwise I could have lived on you all my life, and besides you could have argued with father instead of me. I'll set you a good stiff price, mind! You can't go off to-morrow. Still, you'll probably work harder than I do, so they'll pay you better. My dear Aglaos, I do beg of you not to go kissing my hand in the middle of the street! What else could I decently have done?"

CULPABILITY [1]

By ALLAN N. MONKHOUSE

From *The Manchester Guardian*

I lived once in a place where there was a prison, and I recall running for the morning train while the prison bell gave its slow warning that a murderer was on the point of death. Sometimes when I went by that morning train one or two queer-looking men were waiting for it in the station. Perhaps their queerness was in part my fancy, for I knew that they were discharged prisoners, though sometimes the poor devils did their best to look normal. In some cases this design was frustrated by the rumpled, creased condition of their clothes; I am afraid that when a felon's own trousers are taken from him no attempt is made to preserve a correct crease. I have wondered sometimes how long a man's clothes are kept. If your sentence is but for a month or two no doubt they are there for you at the end of the time, but how would it be if you had seven years? You might have become relatively thin or portly in that time. They can't turn a man out naked. Do they give him a new suit?

One morning I travelled with a fellow who might almost—but not quite—have been taken for a respectable member of bourgeois society. His clothes seemed to have had better treatment than some; perhaps they had enforced respect by their superiority. We were alone together in the carriage, and he kept eyeing me askance. I was conscious of this and took some pains to avoid any seeming scrutiny of him. He was seated on the opposite side to me, but diagonally, in the far corner.

[1] Copyright, 1930, by Allan N. Monkhouse.

Suddenly he said in a high-pitched tone: "Oh, yes. Quite in good taste, I'm sure. But don't overdo it."

"What are you talking about?" I said. And I confess that I had some apprehension that he might be a criminal lunatic who ought not to have been at large. He gave a sniggering laugh. "Don't hurt the poor fellow's feelings by staring at him," he said. "Oh, no. But if you won't look at him that's just as bad, isn't it?"

"Hard for me to do right," I said.

"I dare say, I dare say."

"And if I talk to you it will be impertinence," I said, "and if I don't it'll be nasty pride."

"Can't get it right anyhow," he said. "My fault."

The way he said it intrigued me. He was a sinister-looking fellow—so he struck me then, at least—but that "my fault" had a droop of humility that seemed very close to the real thing. What was he? He might have been a clerk or some kind of agent on a small scale; perhaps he had some dubious employment as a cover for nefarious activities; he was more likely to have been an embezzler than a robber with violence. I wondered whether he would resent a question, but it seemed that he was the one to ask questions.

He said: "D'y think I look like one of the criminal classes?"

He came and sat opposite to me, and I met his eyes. I said "No." And yet——

"Look again," he said, "and tell the truth."

"What are you driving at?" I said.

"Did you ever see anybody with eyes nearer together than I have?"

That was it. That was what gave him that furtive look. I said: "What of it?"

"Does it give me a fair chance? I ask you. Have I got a fair chance in the world?"

"What are you talking about?" I said.

"D'you mean t'say you don't know that all the villains have got their eyes close together?"

"Rubbish," I said. "Where did you learn that?"

"Ah!" said he. "Every story I read when I was a boy—well, that put it into my head. And, begod, I looked at myself in the glass one day, and there—why! I knew then why everyone looked at me. An' I got into the way of coming up to people sideways when I could. I wasn't so different from anyone else, but they seemed to find out, and I could sort of hear them say: Look at him. And so at last I said to myself: Begod, y' shall have it, then. And what jury'd give me a chance? I can't keep profile-like all the time. Is it fair, now? Is it?"

"My dear fellow," I said, "it's all nonsense."

"What's nonsense?"

"Your eyes being close together have nothing in the world to do with your moral character."

"Eh?"

"It's an absurdity," I said. "It's a popular delusion. It's what you might call a physiological mare's nest."

"What's that?"

"These associations of physical peculiarities with moral characteristics are quite illogical," I said.

"Talk a bit plainer an' I might understand," he said.

"I beg your pardon," said I. "What I mean is that eyes near together have nothing to do with it. You're just as good as anyone else if you make up your mind to it. Why, man! There's that other superstition that you're a wonder of firmness if you have a square jaw. But there are lots of men with tremendous jaws who are bullied by their wives. Your mind isn't in your jaw. And it certainly isn't between your eyes."

He burst out: "D'y' mean to tell me I needn't have—that I've been making a mistake all this time?"

"Of course you have," I said; "and there's no reason why you shouldn't be an honest man." And then I added: "Yes, and a thoroughly good fellow."

He looked bewildered. He was disconcerted. "Devil take it," he said; and I recalled that man who thought he was eternally damned and became very much annoyed when

George Borrow argued him out of his position. My friend, however, was not entirely ungrateful. "Y' mean well by me," he said. "I see that."

"I'm only trying to put some sense into you," I said.

"It's a caution," he said, "a fair caution. I'm much obliged, of course."

The train was slowing. "I'll tell y' this," he said. "When I got into this carriage I said to myself: How can I worm a pound note out of this chap? And then it came on me to tell y' about this. I said what I meant, though. Don't make any mistake about that."

We got out of the carriage and I was fumbling for a pound note, but he put out a negative hand with "No, not now." He turned away and then looked back at me. "I'm all in a muddle," he said. "Damn them!" He shook his fist in the air and hurried away.

MISS NASEBY'S LIFE [1]

By FLORIDA PIER

From *The Fortnightly Review*

Mr. Richard Naseby had crossed over from London at great inconvenience to himself. He was a busy man and he did not like breaking into his routine in this way, but a letter from his sister Harriet had made him feel that not only was she quite possibly in a predicament, but that the probability of her money being in danger was even greater. Harriet was a competent woman in many ways, very like their able father, Johnathan Naseby, but money was a fragile thing apt to attract to itself all sorts of dangerous, wasting diseases, and it was his concern for Harriet's money that had brought him on this hurried visit to Paris.

He drew up at the address she had given him, and after he had rung the bell he stood fuming at the impressiveness of the door that was about to open. He had expected to find Harriet comfortably installed, she had all her life been that; but in an advantageously priced flat, a small house even if she preferred, her income could cover any sort of reasonable preference: but this—Mr. Naseby's eyes went from window to window, each curtained with that secret formality that indicates a rich interior, and bending his head back uncomfortably, a neck that is very plump bends badly—his eyes climbed the front of the house until, congested and dizzy, he saw that the house had four stories, all that ornate stone work at the top might conceal a fifth, nothing was more obvious than that Harriet was in the sort of house Parisians called a hotel. He was so impressed with its size that he saw his

[1] Copyright, 1930, by Florida Pier.

sister's money as something very small and weak whose peril made it a wise move for him to have come.

The door finally opened and disclosed an interior so suavely blending panelled walls, parquet floors, delicately patterned brocades, and a strict placing of fine metals, mirrors, and porcelaines, that Mr. Naseby closed his lips as tightly as though he had bitten them off, and advanced into the drawing room where he met his sister with no indulgent eye.

Harriet rose from where she had been seated at a desk. Her brother did not notice that the desk was a fine example of a fine period, but he sharply observed that she had been employed with her cheque book, and that his arrival had mercifully interrupted her activities. "How are you Richard?" she said. "What brought you over?" She held out a stiff white hand which he took. Anyone else might have been struck by her heavy white mask of a face, and even been distressed by how little work time or life had done on it, so that it was both massive and rudimentary, justifying any beholder in feeling it to be high time that some plan was at least indicated on it if not actually outlined, and yet with the fleshy spaces so oppressively blank one felt concern for whoever it might be that would eventually undertake its marking. Her brother naturally felt none of this. It merely passed through his mind that Harriet looked capable of managing anything, and was, as he had always thought, remarkably like their late father.

They both sat, and when he had announced that it was a slow, uncomfortable thing crossing the Channel, his sister made no comment, though she remarked when silence seemed to be settling down between them, "Your coming is a surprise."

"I don't know why it should be, after your letter," retorted Mr. Naseby, and as she said nothing he added, "asking me to reinvest your money so that you would get a larger income!" Mr. Naseby breathed heavily, and he seemed somehow like a child's bank that had been stuffed and stuffed with pennies until its eyes had begun to protrude and its windpipe was

perhaps uncomfortably jammed with a threepenny bit, so that it would almost have seemed a kindness to have tapped Mr. Naseby till money ran from him. But this was not at all the way in which Mr. Naseby saw himself. As head of the Naseby family he saw himself being bled, and the fact that it was his sister who was threatening the family fortune brought no change into her face or prevented her asking, "Well, couldn't you reinvest it?"

"Good God, Harriet!" Mr. Naseby rolled his eye at her, then looked at the fire, then continuing to look at it said, "What do you live in a house this size for, anyway?"

Miss Naseby glanced at the rings on her fingers but with no flicker of interest. Nor was she interested in her reply, she just let it come out, "I told you in my last letter."

"You told me you were taking care of a young sculptor, but you didn't tell me that you, a single woman, were living in a house big enough for a family!" Mr. Naseby's eyes went up to the ceiling as though he was aware of the rooms and rooms that ceiling upheld and had no sympathy whatever with any strain the ceiling might be under.

"But my sculptor has a family," Miss Naseby explained with her lifeless calm.

"A family! Here?" Mr. Naseby screwed round in his chair to look at her more directly. "You don't mean you have the fellow living in the same house with you!" His sister inclined her head gravely. "But is that all right? Does it look all right to these Parisians?" Mr. Naseby gave a jerk of his head as though a little group of Parisians were huddled together just outside staring, and making up their minds as to how it did look.

Miss Naseby dropped her heavy lids which drew down blinds effectively on any indiscretion that might have seemed to have shown. "He is here with his wife and his—two children," she hesitated a little over the word two. "They have the two top floors, and I have the two bottom ones."

Two floors each did not seem so bad, yet if that fellow lived here, and had his family with him, it showed the extent to

which his sister was being fleeced. How could anyone be such a fool as to let anyone else be so successfully sharp? A sculptor! Mr. Naseby did not know much about sculping, had no idea how it was done, but in his eye he saw clearly a keen-eyed fellow with a sculping tool like a very big knife cutting and slicing his way to where he naturally wanted to be. After this momentary vision Mr. Naseby felt there was not much that he had to be told in the matter of sculping. His anger rose and burst from him—"I shouldn't have thought," he said, "It's a surprise to me that a sculptor needs all this!" And Mr. Naseby's eyes widened until you might have thought they were trying to take in the size of the statues that needed such dimensions to house them.

"Richard," Miss Naseby looked at her brother and the heaviness of her countenance was such that it oppressed even him, "it is desirable that you should know how seriously I take this. For a long time it has been a very pressing matter with me as to what I could do with my life. As I travelled I kept seeking a use for my time, my money. I wanted to use my life so that it would be of benefit to others." Again Miss Naseby's eyes caught those of her brother and the weight of Miss Naseby's need of counting was so unleavened, so granite-like in composition, that her brother took the merest darting glance at it, then looked away again. "I've tried to exert a good influence with my money, but it's very difficult. I never can feel quite sure that it does not do harm. When I began to lose faith in the missions I thought perhaps my life had been a failure, and then I knew I must make another attempt to employ it usefully. It was just at this time I heard of Julian, and he was so young, so talented and improvident, that I saw that Art was a field I had not thought of." Mr. Naseby was so little accustomed to anyone speaking at such length, and in such a tenor, that he moved uncomfortably in his chair, but Miss Naseby again cast her eye upon him and Mr. Naseby quieted down. "You have probably never considered Art, Richard?" Mr. Naseby had not, there was no use in denying it, it held him very still.

"Art in its great periods," continued Miss Naseby immutably, "was patronized by Princes, Art needs patronage. I am not sure that it is not the sphere where money does least harm and most good, so it is to Art that I am giving my life."

A silence followed this announcement and Mr. Naseby's eyes went ceilingward, but furtively as though he trusted he did not disturb his sister's life by letting them do so. "But —but why does it cost such a lot?" This much he had to say.

Miss Naseby was quite willing to explain. "Julian is a genius. That is admitted. But he needs to be known. I am planning an exhibition of his work in London and New York, perhaps afterwards in Chicago and San Francisco. Bronze casting is expensive, transport, advertising, it all costs. I had hoped to do it last year, but I have had to wait. Quite unaccountably Julian is going through an unproductive period." Miss Naseby brushed lightly at an invisible speck on her gown as though there were few things that a flick of her finger could not put right.

"Unproductive, eh?" Mr. Naseby gave a single quick nod to his head.

"For that reason I have taken this house that Julian might feel about him the liberating influence of wealth and beauty. I am showing him what life can do for him. I want his Art to feel the absolute sense of security that only money brings."

Miss Naseby came to a full stop. Her silence implied that to have stated her plans was to have disclosed their monumental solidity and that one did not comment on their weight, but in silence took it in.

Mr. Naseby took it in, or took in Harriet until, as one fearing paralysis moves to be sure they still can, he rose suddenly to his feet. "I—I must be going along," he said, though he did not say where to, whether right back across the channel, or just outside for a breath of air. His sister's large blankness of expression remaining unchanged. She perhaps thought as she had demonstrated her need of an increased income her brother would naturally "go along" to achieve it the more quickly.

She glanced up at a small enamelled clock that with dulcet elegance was striking the hour. "You may go up and see Julian if you would care to. I have arranged that he is always ready at this hour to mingle with the world. Unfortunately I cannot come with you. I have an appointment with one of the big dealers. She rose and locked her desk.

Mr. Naseby was relieved to see that she locked her cheque book inside. It relaxed him enough to let him ask—"Doesn't your—your sculptor—your Julian, see his own dealers?"

"He knows nothing of business," answered Miss Naseby, drawing the key from the lock. "Go straight up the staircase and the studio lies before you on the third floor." Miss Naseby gave the directions, rang a bell, and as a servant entered Mr. Naseby felt himself all unhabitually overridden, squeezed out, ousted from the room and his disapproving attitude, until there was nothing for it but a lame mounting of the stairs. He bore with him the conviction that he did not know what to think, and the conviction that his sister was undeniably a very dominant woman; having had it driven home roused him to something very like revolt.

If the house diminished slightly in impressiveness as he went higher, it did it very little. It continued to look like the interior of a severely elaborate jewel box. Its ceilings, floors and walls equally sharing in careful arrangement and all uniting in their discreet mission to make themselves subservient to the jewels who were privileged to roll along the corridors and richly ascend and descend the stairs. Mr. Naseby felt disturbed. His own solid English home gave him no such sense as this. He was as disgruntled as any serviceable button might have been, stamped with a good trade name, but still metal and utilitarian, on finding itself in so precious a casket. Mr. Naseby, with each step he mounted felt less a Naseby and more a natural man, and by the time he had reached the third floor he was wondering how that sculptor chap liked living here, and willing to bet a good deal it wasn't much.

A door did lie just ahead of him and there was a hubbub

of voices going on behind it. It was obvious that his first knock was not heard. Mr. Naseby hated the idea of going in among all these people and yet there was, after his talk with Harriet, something excitingly rowdy about the speed and key in which they were talking. After knocking for the third time Mr. Naseby thought, but was not sure, that some of the voices he heard said, "Come in." Anyway he opened the door. To his surprise only two people were before him. A strong muscular young man who struggled frantically into a morning coat and then pulled himself violently out of it, and a young woman in what Mr. Naseby thought might be a chemise, though perhaps it was more. She kept trying to brush the morning coat, but as it was always half on or half off she seemed to accomplish very little. They were either both furiously angry or else they were just talking. Mr. Naseby felt quite unequal to saying which, but their distraught condition was so evident that he had entered, closed the door behind him, and stood absorbed in watching them, before they were aware of his presence.

When they did see him they gazed like two children interrupted while crying, who looked at him because he was there, but who had every intention of going on crying from the exact spot at which they had stopped. "Something bothering you?" said Mr. Naseby to the four brown eyes.

It released both the young people. The young man flung the morning coat from him, the young woman caught it and began brushing it, and they both began talking at once. Mr. Naseby did his utmost to take in what both were saying, and he managed to the extent of understanding that the young man was explaining—"Rose says there is clay on my hands and that I must wash, but she never told me to wash, she told me to dress, and I did dress, and now I will have to undress. This is the absolute end of everything." He flung himself on a wooden platform and ran his hands through his hair.

While he had been saying this, Rose had been saying with equal vehemence—"Of course I meant he was to wash before

he dressed, I tell him every day, and I thought he understood. What is the use of brushing him when he has not washed the clay off himself, and it gets all over this horrible black coat. It will not come off. I do my best, but I keep crying and that makes spots!"

Mr. Naseby listened to these two outbursts and his concern so melted him that he forgot the young man. He forgot that he must be the sculptor who was living on Naseby money, he even forgot that the young woman was wearing an appealingly lovely garment, and wearing it all unconsciously, and he only remembered that he had never seen anyone cry before with wide opened eyes and face undistorted. He watched this girl who contrived to work busily and with a most touching reasonableness while the tears rolled like little round diamonds down her firm cheeks.

Both the young people seemed so occupied, she with her brushing, and he with his despair, that Mr. Naseby began to feel shy, and by way of drawing attention to himself, and of getting a little nearer to them in the only way he knew how, he said tentatively—"My name is Naseby."

The young man sprang to his feet and caught Mr. Naseby by the arm. "You are her brother!" he said accusingly. Mr. Naseby nodded his head. It had never before been incriminating to be a Naseby. The young man appealed to his wife. "Now everything is simple," he said, "I will tell him, and then I will go."

The wife hugged the coat to her, her eyes bigger than ever. Again they spoke simultaneously, the words bursting from her in a torrent of distress. "You cannot tell a woman's brother that you cannot stand her another minute. Think what you are doing! He is of her family! You have not wanted to hurt her and now you are hurting all her connections. You are mad, Julian, think!"

The young man inundated her with his words—"He is her brother, he will know how I feel, he has lived with her. There is no other man in the world to whom I could speak. I can thank him, I can explain, and then I can go."

Mr. Naseby looked from one to the other. No one was trying to impress him, no one was even paying any especial attention to him, which was so unusual as to be disarming. This young couple had taken possession of him in the simplest possible way. Their unhappiness seemed to indicate to them somehow that he was the very person who would understand everything. While he glanced doubtfully and sympathetically at them he was approached by the young wife. Having finished brushing the morning coat and apparently feeling cold she had slipped her arms into it, and now looked more droll than ever. She raised her face to his and confided in the most gentle and intimate way—"Julian is much distraught, you must not think he is always like this, but Miss Naseby has just made him take a big dose of medicine, and what can you expect? He is most miserable." She rolled her great eyes towards Julian, and Mr. Naseby had not the least idea in the world what he ought to do with his. All the Nasebys were dominant but it was clear that Harriet was going too far.

"No one has a right—" he murmured and could go no further.

"It is not a question of Julian's rights," she said, "Miss Naseby is devoting her life to him, and he has no rights."

Julian looked up. "I ask you—" he demanded, "is it possible to lead the life of someone else? Is it to be supported? How am I to endure it?"

Mr. Naseby was drawn down to the models stand by Rose's appealing hands, and there they sat, a tight little trio, Mr. Naseby in the middle. "He cannot work, you see," she explained, "it is that that is so bad."

"But how could one work," Julian asked, "is it conceivable that anyone could work in a state like mine? She arranges everything for me, she has boxed me up in this house, she tells me when to work and when to dress myself to receive people, and when I tell her I can do nothing, she— Ah, but this too frightful!" Mr. Naseby was not sure whether he referred to any explicit interference of his sister's, or to the degree of her combined interferences.

Rose sat shaking her head miserably, "He would run away, but you see Miss Naseby saved his life and that makes everything very difficult."

"Saved his life did she?" Mr. Naseby had not known.

Rose continued to explain. "He was so ill he was very nearly dead. We had no money for doctors, for nothing at all. The son of Miss Naseby's French teacher had the studio next to ours. Julian had just won the prize for his figure of Love, that was me. Miss Naseby heard of us by her teacher. She came. She had Julian taken to a so good hospital. He did not die just because of her. You imagine what we feel!" She nodded at Mr. Naseby and Mr. Naseby nodded at her.

Then Julian on the other side claimed his attention, "But because she did not let me die, have I got to let her kill me now? I ask you, is that what I must do?" Mr. Naseby had only time to look his distress because Rose on the other side explained further— "She takes us so seriously. Julian is Art she says, she is devoting her life to Art, but that really means she is devoting her life to Jul—"

"Don't say life again!" exclaimed Julian, "I can't stand it! Before I met Miss Naseby I was not sure what the word life meant, but at least it was so big it took in the universe. Now 'Life' is nothing but the awful emptiness of Miss Naseby herself!"

"Julian! You mustn't, her brother!"

"Is it not because he is her brother that alone in him can I confide?" These two sentences came like sharp explosions in Mr. Naseby's right and left ear. "She keeps saying to me what she needs to do with her 'life,' until now it seems to me to say 'my life,' and to mean yourself is indecent, shocking! I am now at the end of two years so shocked when she speaks of her 'life,' that I think I shall go mad!" He buried his face in his hands, and Mr. Naseby with all honesty felt that the Nasebys were in the wrong.

Rose, her hand on his sleeve and tears again in her eyes, looked laden with woe for Julian, yet not unmindful of what proper feelings were if only one could feel them. "It is not

that he is ungrateful," she murmured, "but if he had known it was to be so, he wishes he had died."

Mr. Naseby did want to put in just one word for Naseby money. It had never been so disregarded before and it hardly seemed right. "The comfort—the—the luxury—" he stammered, wondering why all value had gone from words he had always uttered with such unction, "doesn't it mean anything to you?" He rapped this last out more surely, for hang it all, no one could tell him that money was not money. There was no answer to his demand so he looked from one to the other, and on each side of him was a figure so limp, so woebegonely uninterested in money, that Mr. Naseby had to believe his eyes. Rose wriggled one foot and gazing down at it said disconsolately—"The food's been nice."

Mr. Naseby cheered up a little. The solid things he had trusted all his life had dispersed to nothingness in the presence of these young people, and it solaced him that Rose had at least enjoyed the food.

"Poor food agrees with me much better," came savagely from Julian. Rose and Mr. Naseby glanced at him and glanced away. A silence fell upon them. Mr. Naseby sat thinking of the house, the big, perfect house. He thought of his sister down stairs, no longer as one who needed protection, but instead she loomed in his mind as portentous, ominous. He remembered that as he left the room a servant had brought her outdoor things, so she had gone out to see her dealer. The coast was clear. Mr. Naseby felt this thought boom with awful daring through his mind. It made his eyes open very wide so that as he looked at the young people sitting close to him they saw him expand with an idea and they watched him fixedly.

"Why don't you run away! Now!" he asked.

"Run away?" Rose echoed.

"From Miss Naseby?" gasped Julian.

Mr. Naseby nodded "yes" to them both.

"You will let us?" Julian clasped his arm.

"How can I stop you?" queried the bewildered gentleman.

"But if you say it is right that we go then it cannot be wrong! You are her brother. You permit it. You make me clear with myself?" Julian's conception of the rôle of a brother baffled Mr. Naseby somewhat, but he did very much feel like opening the door for these two if their honour prevented their opening it for themselves.

"She is out of the house this very minute," he said.

They both rose and looked wildly about. "You think we should just—just fly?" Julian asked. They both hung on his words.

"Well, is there any other way?" said Mr. Naseby. "Talking won't help. You don't want to explain do you?"

"No, no, no talking, do not for anything make me talk!" Julian took hurried but uncertain steps first in one direction then in another, then he stood still.

"Where shall we go?" asked Rose.

"Yes, where shall we go?" demanded Julian.

"Where would you like to go?" asked Mr. Naseby.

"Right back to the studio where I was before. I will go right back there and start again!"

"Yes," Rose agreed, "that will be best." They gazed at each other, on tiptoe to leave, uncertain how one began leaving.

"What had we better take?" Julian asked his wife. "My bronzes! I must have my casts! How is that possible?"

Mr. Naseby rose to reassure him, "I will try to arrange that with my sister. Just take anything you can carry. The main thing is that you get away."

Rose eyed Mr. Naseby. "But this will be dreadful for you!" she exclaimed. "How ever will you do it? Should I stay so that I can comfort you, or Miss Naseby, or if she wants to scold anybody, should I stay for that?" Mr. Naseby melted the more at such a gentle offer of service. He stood speechless, she stepped close to his side, and together they represented hostage for Julian.

He in his turn had dashed about the studio and now, having a collection of sketches under his arm and his pockets full of

tools he was ready to say good-bye. His wife rushed out and returned with an overcoat which she hung over his arm. Quivering with speed they all three looked at each other, hardly sure they dared take time to say more. "I go," said Julian.

"I will follow soon," said Rose, "in an hour, when I can."

Then a great apprehension came into Julian's eyes, "The children!" he said.

"Oh!" breathed Rose, and she seemed to fade with despair, then she rallied. "Them too I bring." She turned in a spirit of reasonable protest to Mr. Naseby. "I did not want to have those children, though I did not know they would be twins, but Miss Naseby—she said the Renaissance had been so fecund, it was the best atmosphere for Julian. I seemed to be helping so little, I—but now you see it is most inconvenient!"

Julian, at this reminder, flung down his bundle of sketches crying—"A woman who has never been in love is immodest. I have been outraged!"

"No, no," his wife soothed him, "all will be well, you will see, wait—wait." She hurried to a table, pulled open a drawer and taking out a tiny purse gave it to her husband. "You will need it for the taxi," she said, "now go."

"You will not tell Miss Naseby where I am?" Julian insisted.

"No, no, she shall never know, only go!"

He opened the door, they all listened, the house was silent. He started down the stairs and they strained their ears till they heard the soft sound of the outer door closing.

They tiptoed back to the studio and shut themselves in that they might sigh with relief. "Your husband got away all right," breathed Mr. Naseby heavily.

"He got away, but he is not my husband. Miss Naseby thought we were married and we did not like to tell her we were not, and since we have been here, we have never been alone long enough to go and get married. Such a pity!" She gave Mr. Naseby no time to express surprise as she did

not know he would have any to express, but went on—"I will get myself ready and I will get the children ready and then I will wait beside you for the worst!" She patted his shoulder to bid him rely on her, and Mr. Naseby, completely dazed, was only aware that if Rose helped him through the next hour as he was sure she would, he in turn would help her to any extent she permitted.

Out in the street Julian was running blindly. When he had put three blocks between himself and Miss Naseby's house he stopped and, panting for breath, looked about him. A taxi approaching he hailed it and tumbled in. "Never," he thought, "never will I see that good, dreadful woman again. She can never find me. I am absolutely free. I am safe for ever!" He sat on the edge of his seat, unable to relax, peering from side to side as once across the river his eye caught glimpses of places he knew. Now he sat even further forward out of delight and alertness. Every turn reassured him. As the taxi swung round corners and took the turnings he knew it must and should take, it gave him a sense of physical satisfaction as though each turn took him deeper in, made him safer, carried him to the very heart of a labyrinth in which nothing could ever find him and above all from which nothing could ever drag him out.

He leapt from the taxi impatient of paying, so anxious was he to reach the concierge to discover if the little studio at the top was vacant. He tore open the door into the dark stuffy room and on hearing his name spoken, his voice broke with joy. "I am here," he exlaimed. "I have returned. Tell me quickly, can I have my old room?"

The woman blinked, she nodded "no," she touched his arm to make him see she was nodding "yes." "The next one to it," she reiterated, "the difference between them is nothing. Go, go and see, you will be content!"

He fled up the stairs and when she had waited for him to return and he did not, she made her way slowly up to see what could be the matter. She found him, his coat lying on the floor, pinning sketches on the wall, and one sketch of a

foot affecting him as unsatisfactory, he was absorbed in changing it as she entered. He looked up, then went on with his work.

"You will be very well here, will you not?" she said, looking at the bare walls as though they afforded every comfort.

"I shall need wire netting!" he announced tersely and went on with his drawing.

"Heavens! But why?" she asked.

"For my children. This is the studio with the balcony. I cannot have my children falling through the bars!"

The concierge screamed at him—"You cannot have children here!"

Julian's stocky figure stiffened. "I will have my wife, and my two children, and I will not leave this studio for you, or for the President of the Republic, or for all the Saints in Heaven!"

She protested, she insisted, she had never been flouted in all the years of her life as concierge, but there was that in Julian that frightened her. Her wits were addled by his passion, her throat was hurt by the passing of her unheeded words. At last, muttering, vanquished, planning to revenge her ignominy on someone else less tempestuous she left him alone.

When she had gone, Julian laid out his tools on the window ledge and raked out the stove. Then, borrowing a brush from the painter next door who knew him and welcomed him and offered him a chair as well as the floor brush, he swept the room and soon had all the dust flying over the balcony edge, and with a final tap of the brush on the railing and a burst of song, Julian was established and ready for Rose.

He was about to await her on their happily borrowed chair, when he heard a step on the stair. He listened. It came on slowly, too slowly to be the step of Rose. His heart flagged, a little cold wave swept over his flesh. The step was accompanied by the rustle of silk and a slight sound of laboured breathing. He stood immovable in the centre of the room. The door open, he knew in all his alert nerves what figure

would presently confront him in the doorway. He closed his eyes just as he knew he was about to see it. Then, opening them slowly, he first saw the floor, then on the door sill he saw the correctly shod feet of Miss Naseby, then the hem of her skirt. In an agony of unwillingness his gaze rose until it was directed straight at the white mask confronting him.

Her eyes were glazed with bewildered frustration, her mouth a little relaxed in uncertainty, yet a leaden determination hardened the dull white of her face. Julian's glance fell for a moment under it, his small stalwart body gave a twitch like that of a nervous horse, and then he stood motionless.

Miss Naseby advanced into the room. "Julian, what does this mean?" she asked in deep, outraged tones. She came to within a few feet of him and her towering presence had its effect. Again his eyes fell and this time they did not rise. "Answer me Julian, are you mad that you act in this way?" There was no answer to her question. "Do you realize that I have just arranged for the exhibition of your work in New York?"

Julian remained immovable, his eyes down, his fists clenched at his side, nerves in his cheek giving slight nervous tremors. Miss Naseby's voice gained in volume and rolled out sonorously—"Is all this nothing to you? Does the security, the advancement, the liberation I have offered you mean nothing?"

"Don't!" Julian's cry checked Miss Naseby's speech and she looked like a child so startled that it stiffens and cannot cry. "I can't come back," cried Julian gazing down at the floor, and shaking his head to convince the very boards in the flooring. "You shouldn't have come here, I've left you, run away. I can't take anything you give me. It's not the slightest use your telling me these things—"

Miss Naseby put out a hand to steady herself, found the back of the solitary chair and slowly sank into it. She remained there, monument like. Julian stood beside her, his eyes held wildly by a single spot on the floor. A long shud-

dering gasp ran through her. In a lifeless voice she said—"But I've offered you luxury, social prestige, fame!"

Julian made no move, as though he were deaf or had been rendered more vibrantly silent by her words. She gazed at him. Minutes seemed to pass. The situation was to each so flagrant that nothing could express it. Then the silence, the uselessness of words brought to Miss Naseby a sense of disintegration so profound that for her everything crumbled and fell apart.

"So my money can do no good after all—my life must be useless, pointless—"

Julian glanced sharply at her, and down the expanse of her cheeks tears were falling. Her hands folded with dignity on her ample lap, her breast rose and fell in painful, silent sobs. "This is unbearable," cried Julian, and wrung his hands in an agony of distress. He shut his eyes tightly and gave a fling to his head as though to throw off from his sight the recollection of Miss Naseby's blank suffering.

"If you won't let me help you—" she went on in her dumb voice, "what am I to do with my life?"

"Don't, don't!" pleaded Julian, lacerated by this face more heartrending in its numbness than all the tortured expressions his sculptor's eye had studied. "Surely," he said, "surely you have sinned enough at some time to give you some little arrow of understanding—"

"Sinned—" echoed Miss Naseby, and her chin trembled.

"Don't you see," cried Julian leaning towards her, his clasped hands beseeching her to some sort of comprehension—"women like you forego everything when they are young, you don't love so you don't know what lies beyond yourselves, you don't sin so you never learn understanding, you don't suffer so you never have a reverent oneness with others, and then—" his words emptied out of him—"when you are older you say what are you to do with your life. But your life isn't something you can use as though it were a hammer. Life is what comes to us if we let it—" Julian stopped, sobs choking him. He covered his face with his hands, and Miss

Naseby sat in her chair inflexible, without sound or colour. Then little fissures of despair seemed to show in her face as though her solidity was breaking up, and a map of sorrow was appearing where before there had been nothing. She made a munching movement with her mouth, but no words came, then she gave a convulsive shudder of deep, integral distaste and relaxed in her chair.

Julian turned his back on her and going to the window stood rubbing his eyes, brushing back his hair, stroking from his sight and mind the violence of the emotion caused in him by the woman whose suffering was still a few feet from his back.

She rose so silently that he did not hear her. When she reached the door she spoke and he wheeled about, his face calmed with sympathy, "Good-bye, Julian," she said, her lips hardly moving, "I see now that it was you who were helping me, and I—I—" her voice trailed away and, looking at him for a long moment, her eyes asked him what there could be to say about vacuity such as hers.

He strode across the room and caught her hand, his eyes staring with a comprehension of her she did not have herself. He pressed kisses on her hand murmuring—"Thank you, thank you—"

Smiling wryly, she said—"It is I who thank you, Julian," and turning, started down the stair.

Inside the studio he listened as her heavy step went down, down, down.

THE CORSICAN INN [1]

By V. S. PRITCHETT

From *The Fortnightly Review*

I had walked an odd twenty miles out of the heated gulf of Ajaccio and climbed into the ranges of the interior. I suppose that when I started out I was singing or whistling or humming to myself or gritting my teeth together, pretending they were drums and drum sticks. I was, no doubt, an exultant army marching to war and even when I had begun to climb my head must have been full of these noises. But there came a time when they all ceased and I went up mile after mile mechanically, scarcely aware of anyone or anything that I passed; the invisible army had vanished into silence. Now I was mounting not only from ridge to ridge wondering how it was possible for mortal road to go higher, but from silence to silence too; just as when one walks in a cathedral dead anthems of deepening stillness seem to come down from the walls to numb body and mind. These mountains were like cathedrals. At first they had seemed tumultuous in their confusion; then, as the road disposed valley and massif on either side, the summits were established with the majesty of towers. There were naves and aisles of granite, and a transept of fine magnitude appeared upon which the rain gleamed like windows. There were buttresses of out-flying spurs, and round green hills were put at their feet like chapels, Then I entered the silence of a dark moonless night.

After some hours I came upon what I supposed to be a scattered mountain village. The few houses that I could see

[1] From "The Spanish Virgin" by V. S. Pritchett. By arrangement with Messrs. Benn Brothers Limited.

were dark and shut up. They were made of huge loose stones and were boarded up at the doors and windows. I groped up the road past the silent stone houses and there was not a light anywhere, not the bark of a dog, not the sound of a step. Everything seemed to stand in isolation as though there were no audible communication between one thing and another, not even a thin, intermediary wind. I stopped at one of the houses and walked all round it, then at another and another. At last I saw a glimmer of light through a boarded door and I knocked. There was no answer; I knocked again. That old stillness. Once more. This time my heart began to thump for a small living man appeared. I asked him to direct me to the inn.

I could not see his face, but his voice was discreet and courteous and without feeling. Nothing could dissuade him from conducting me to the inn. He walked tepidly beside me in the cold, up alleys cut in the rock, down wet lanes and we did not meet a soul. We came to a small piazza and in it were three trees and a tall white thing that seemed to fill the piazza with ice.

"The War Memorial," said my guide. "And there is the church and there the inn. Together. It is convenient."

Gripping me by the arm he led to a bulging wall rimed with mist. I looked up and saw a building which could have accommodated five storeys but which, in the Corsican fashion, had only three. There was no light in any of the four small windows. We felt our way to a cavernous door and there entered, first into a kind of cellar or stable, and then to a ladder up which we climbed, he leading and shouting the way. At this a door opened above and a square of yellow light came upon the wall. A woman's voice spoke and we heard her trudging towards us. A woman's head, an enormous head tied up in something, looked over the bannisters. She greeted us softly and absently, and held up a lamp which shone on her face. It was big and fair and old, with a hanging, downy chin. A black silk scarf was tied about her head and under her chin like a bonnet. She smiled in a meek, won-

dering way. Her sheepish eyes only half looked at us. Her heavy body stood there as though the mind had gone from it. She said nothing until a door at the end of the passage blew open and let out a clangour of oaths and a current of smoke. This startled her into motion and she trapsed before us into the room whence the oaths had come. She said,

"Enter into the salon. Sit down. Rest yourself. Enter, monsieur."

I stood aside to let the little guide pass.

"I beg of you," he said, standing back. So I went in. The woman said:

"Sit down. Rest yourself. Ah, you came on foot."

She stood looking at me with her slow eyes. Again, as if it were a prayer for herself as well as for me, she repeated:

"Rest yourself."

I walked across the room to a chair by an empty fireplace. It was a large room with two beds in it, two iron tables, a wardrobe and a dresser. It was as though I had brought all the silences of the day into the room with me, for everyone stopped talking.

There were two men eating their dinner at one of the tables and they held their knives and forks in the air as they stared. So as not to meet their stare I looked hurriedly about the room. . . . I cricked my neck to study a photograph on the wall beside me. It was an enlargement, foggy, cocoa-coloured, the portrait of a glum young soldier with frightened sheepish eyes. But below was a certificate for the Croix de Guerre; and another, signed by the President of the Republic, on which I read the words, "Mort pour la France."

As I turned in my chair I saw the stooping woman watching me; those were her eyes that had looked at me from the photograph and the soldier's eyes that looked at me from her.

Suddenly, as when music breaks out, everything in the room became alive and significant. All things and persons were bound by the invisible signals of life. We all watched one another and read one another's eyes. We were caught in a

web. The two men who were dining began to fidget and talk until one bawled out,

"Teresa, bring me some bread! Name of God!"

We all started. I saw a red faced, burly man, dressed in wrinkled black velvet, with his legs sprawled like great roots under the table. He ate loudly with every bit of his body moving, feeding, breathing, gulping, getting down to it. He was a shaggy haired fellow and had a ragged bush of moustache under a solid, humid nose. His foody teeth shone. He had a cindery beard of two or three days' growth, and he lolled there crushing walnuts in his teeth and swearing, blaspheming, guffawing and drinking.

"Holy Virgin!" he suddenly called out and banged the table till the plates jumped. For no reason.

This woke up the woman. She had been staring at me with her son's frightened eyes. Her mouth had hung limply down agape. She winced at the oath like a struck animal, and scraped out of the room into the kitchen beyond.

I looked over at the rowdy table and caught the man staring at me again. He had a walnut between his jaws and in his confusion he unthinkingly crushed the nut, swore and spluttered bits of shell out of his mouth. His companion, a young man who had finished his meal and was silently adding up bills on bits of paper, looked up and said, nervously,

"A bad one?"

and laughed in a high forced way as though trying to keep the man in a good humour.

Then I saw my guide almost for the first time. He sat with thin legs crossed, staring with his little black button eyes. He was very short and his head was too large for his body, and he wagged his head from side to side casually, as much as he could. But he was obliged to hold his chin very high, and an air of polite indifference had been screwed into his face by the fact that he wore a vivid red, yellow and blue scarf pulled tightly round his neck and puffed out well beyond his ears like a poodle's bow. His curly black hair stood up on end. At any moment his eyes might have dropped out

or he might have broken into tears, because of the pressure of his politeness upon his consternation.

"Brandy, Teresa! Holy Virgin, bring the bottle. Stingy woman, bring the whole dirty bottle!" shouted the rowdy man. "And water for his holiness! Holy water for the blessed babe!" giving his young companion a gay punch. The young man laughed a half filled laugh, with no heart in it. In his confusion he began counting his bills aloud.

"Twenty, twenty-five sixty, twenty-six thirty. . . ."

He had a sickly sort of handsomeness. The guide wagged his head twice and affected a nervous tolerant smile.

The woman had come in and was standing at the door. She shuddered and glanced helplessly at the rowdy man and looked vaguely about the room for something she could not remember, a refuge in some little object. Wisps of her fair hair fell from her scarf. Her bowed neck was freckled like buttery milk.

"Water, bread and wine!" roared the man, banging the table as the woman came over to me to set the table, the oaths falling on her weak back. Her clothes flopped listlessly about her. She repeated, fingering her blouse,

"Rest yourself. . . ."

and half closed her eyes as if she felt another blow coming. It fell.

"Hey, Teresa, I'm a great boy for the church. Am I not—for the church!" And began ludicrously to chant prayers. The woman was in agony and her lips moved. "But I say, to hell with priests and churches. Burn the lot! Burn them all!"

His eyes were bloodshot, and his face swollen with shouting.

The appalled woman stuck her chin out and bitterly stretched her mouth. She could not stop her mouth from pulling and stretching. She trudged out again to the kitchen where fish was being fried. The little guide was watching the rowdy man, listening to his absurd songs. Catching my enquiring glance, the little man smiled, protested another

smile, pushed out his lips, raised his eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders.

She came in again through the smoky air. A bit of paper had caught on her sweeping skirt and was squeaking over the floor behind her. It caught on a splinter, let go and was left deserted on the floor. She brought two plates and a knife and fork. She smiled at me and said, looking at me from her slow head,

"That's right. You came from Ajaccio, on foot!"

"Yes, on foot."

"From Ajaccio . . ." and nodded her head as though she were counting the miles with a sweet, laborious content.

But seeing the woman talking to me happily the rowdy man remembered another torture. He finished his glass of brandy, taking his time about it, and then filled another one.

"What a price old father Nivaggioni paid for his funeral! He was one of the holy ones! God, he was pious! He might have spent a bit more down below and now the dirty priest's got the money! And you, too, sacred name of God, how many masses have you paid, eh?"

The contented look waned quickly out of the woman's face. Her lips shifted as if she would cry out but her voice was dumb. She went to the dresser to get me a glass. The little pensive guide smoothed his brow, swallowed and, shrugging his shoulders and pulling down the corners of his mouth, appealed to me.

"Qu'est ce que vous voulez?" and he nodded to the rowdy man, from whom came continuous rumblings of blasphemy which gradually diminished to some minutes of quietness after the storm. The guide and I breathed deeply, sighing together. This tired interval was nearly gay. In came the woman with a dish of trout and I drew my chair to the table. The little guide's mouth moved as I helped myself. His eye followed my hand reaching for the salt. He watched me put it back, saw me take the bread and rolled his eyes as my fork went upwards. But in that room we were all watching one another. Then, just as I was breaking a piece of bread, there

was a roar and a crash of glass from the other table. The bread dropped from my hand, the little guide nearly fell off his chair. The woman appeared at the door, looking.

"Blood," sniggered the drunken man, staring stupidly at the floor.

He had knocked over a bottle of red wine.

"Blood of the Lamb!" he cried, and looked defiantly at everyone. Then he saw the woman, and his lips, like two damp red slugs, moved into an artful smile. She had her hand on her heart; unknowingly she made the sign of the Cross. He was to reach his zenith. He kicked the bits of broken glass, set the remains of the bottle rolling and, with a snigger, and a gesture indicating first the photograph of her son and the pool of red wine on the floor, shouted in mock heroic tones:

"Mort pour la France!"

and spat.

The woman stopped. I saw her still eyes. She gathered light and strength into them like the flashing of a hundred spear heads. Into her face a pallid obstinacy set, a loaded gaze that would not move. She went up towards him, head lowered like a bull's, never taking her eyes off him. She dropped her cloth. She stood there. I have never seen anything more terrible than her stillness. Her eyes, like knives, cut through all those silences that I had seemed to bring with me into the room, cut through to this awful silence, to the ultimate bone. We, who had been caught in this web of furtive gazing, were about to be cut apart with violence. She would kill him, I thought.

Dimly, the rowdy man seemed to realise this. His fingers groped along the edge of the table. He pulled the napkin out of his neck. He looked recklessly round the room, rapidly in a whirl, trying not to see her but he was caught between her eyes and those other eyes of hers in the photograph. There was no safe spot for his gaze to hide in. His bluster had gone like the air out of a pricked balloon.

The son was gripping the side of the table. The little guide

was on the edge of his chair, half on his feet. *She* seemed to grow to the stature of a wall, a hill, a mountain.

"Giacomo," at last murmured the rowdy man sullenly, emptily. "Giacomo, I say, it's late. And it's dark. I am going. I am going home."

He got up from the table and, fumbling, put on his hat, examining it and pretending he did not know she was still there. He went out heavily through the doorway, and his swollen tongue was wordless. We all stood stiffly listening to the blundering of his feet step by step on the ladder that led to the cellar. We heard him muttering as he groped into the dark street where the Memorial stood like an obelisk of ice. We dared not move because still *she* had not moved. At last, to break the tension my little guide said in a high unnatural voice,

"Madame . . . that's funny, I was just going to ask you and that is why I came with this gentleman . . . My saw. Have you by chance seen my saw, the little one that I left?"

The pupils of his eyes were nearly bursting. She turned very slowly round and went into the kitchen. She came back with the saw in her hand and stood helplessly, not knowing what to do with it. There was no more light in her face.

THE WIND BLOWETH WHERE IT LISTETH [1]

By LORNA REA

From *Nash's-Pall Mall Magazine*

Outside the nursing home the Roman trams whined harshly along the lines. Each driver at short, perfectly regular intervals, rang his plangent bell; not so much to warn off pedestrians and traffic as to satisfy that same strange need for gesture that makes the Neapolitan donkey-driver mechanically crack his whip and beat the labouring beast that has already put forth all its strength.

The sky was covered with thin clouds through which the February sun shone bright without warmth. It glittered on the metal work of the doctors' cars—a Lancia, a little Ford Coupé and a jaunty yellow Fiat—drawn up outside the door.

In the waiting-room, the heating apparatus made the air oppressive and stifling. The roughcast walls looked as if they were sweating. No one had ever loved this room; no one ever touched the furniture with a gentle, carefree hand; no bowl of flowers stood on the formal desk. The room was unresponsive; a mere receptacle in which people might for a moment sit, but could never rest.

Three Americans were sitting in one corner: a middle-aged couple with strained intensity on both their faces, and with them a young man whose expression of sheer abandoned wretchedness made the other people in the room turn away in embarrassment.

A sister, turned into a brisk automaton by her starched

[1] Copyright, 1929, by Lorna Rea.

unnatural uniform, came in and addressed a young girl who was sprawling in the only comfortable armchair.

"Mrs. Waters is *quite* ready to see you now," she said. "And what lovely flowers you've brought her; she *will* be pleased."

"Is she better to-day?" asked the girl, as she followed Sister out, a huge bunch of bright mimosa dangling from her careless hand.

"*Much* better this morning. You'll soon be having her home again. She's been a *wonderful* patient."

Sister's voice died away and the gates of the lift clanged loudly as she and the visitor were carried up to the unknown Mrs. Waters.

I was left speculating vaguely on the reason why nurses emphasise so freely such unimportant words, and had just decided that on the whole the effect was soothing, when there was a sudden stealthy rush across the room. A prim elderly woman with something unmistakably Scotch about her cheek-bones and jaw, had swept over from a small hard chair against the wall to the armchair vacated by Mrs. Waters's daughter, niece or friend. She glared at us all in open hostility for a moment, but when nobody disputed her claim she parted her lips, relaxed, leaned back and looked less like a stuffed museum exhibit, and more as if she inhabited a pliable, human body.

Suddenly the older American cleared his throat and said in an uncontrollably loud voice:

"It can't be long now, Mother; it can't be long now."

As every eye in the room turned on him, he fumbled self-consciously with his watch, and his wife answered in a whisper.

I hoped that silence would again fall over the room, but the American had opened the floodgates of his wife's emotion. Her hurried whispers broke every now and again on a clear note of combined anguish and resentment, and at last she got up and walked restlessly about the room.

"You must excuse me," she said, turning apologetically in

my direction, "but I'm so anxious, that I just must walk and talk."

It numbed me to listen to her high voice and her immensely lengthened vowels. "Waaalking" seemed a more frenzied action than mere ordinary walking. "Taaalking" conveyed an especial poignancy.

"I'm ever so anxious," she explained again. "My daughter's in the theatre; she's on the table right now; they took her up half an hour ago; and we're just naturally worried, her father and I. We've come over from New York specially to be with this girl and I've been so upset I couldn't eat or drink but a little charged water all the way across. This boy here and my daughter, they were only married last October. I've never been separated from her before and now he's let her get in this state and not called in the doctor at the right time. Don't argue with me, Eddie," she turned fiercely on the boy who was making no attempt to answer her. "There's no use saying Elsa didn't want a doctor. A great boy like you should know how to manage his wife."

She looked at him with anger and contempt, and I felt the short hairs at the back of my neck quiver a little in anticipation of a painful quarrel.

"There, dear, don't distress yourself," said the husband apathetically, "Eddie did just right to cable for us as soon as he knew."

She blew her nose, carefully powdered it, brushed a little pink on to her cheeks, and immediately wept again, destroying the recent repairs.

"You're quite right, Father," she said. "Eddie's a good boy. There isn't a woman in New York that has a dearer son-in-law than me. I guess I've just lost my poise."

She looked at Eddie with love and approval, and I found myself bowing and smiling nervously. Then she subsided into a small chair which seemed hardly big enough to contain her voluminous figure in its ample satin coat.

A bell rang and an irritated English voice answered the telephone in the office which was opposite our open door.

"Pronto, Pronto——" the voice repeated. "Pronto, Pronto ——" and at each futile repetition the intonation deepened into a hatred of the instrument, the operator, and all things Italian. The note was so stark as to be a little indelicate.

A small quietly dressed Italian, obviously a doctor, slipped into the room, gave meticulous attention to the turning of the handle as he closed the door, and stepped softly over to a sombre woman who was sitting upright in a high backed chair. He began a long explanation in an undertone. The soft voice flowed on evenly, one hand serving to elucidate the more difficult points. Sometimes it was held out palm upwards, and I registered futility and disappointment; sometimes it pressed palm downwards against the resistant air, and I took part in his satisfaction and content; sometimes the uplifted forefinger emphasised the need for care, and I, too, shared in the warning.

When I looked at his face and noted the saurian droop of the quick eyelid, the small, dull eye, the whole face inanimate as a mask, I marvelled at the sensibility of his expressive hand. The woman rose, said a few words, and walked out with him. She seemed pleased.

The American mother sighed and moved restlessly in her chair. As the gates of the lift clanged again she seized her husband's hand and spoke passionately.

"Father, they're bringing her down now. That's my Elsa in the lift coming from the theatre now, this minute. Father, I just can't sit here and wait when my girl may be lying dead this instant."

She heaved herself with difficulty from her chair and tottered out of the room, her bulging little feet in their high-heeled shoes slipping perilously on the over-polished floor. The husband followed, abashed and a little mortified at this public expression of his dear anxiety. The boy drooped sadly in their wake. As they closed the door a sudden buzz of conversation broke out in the hall. Her voice was perfectly clear saying hysterically, "Thank God! Thank God!"—and then as a polite afterthought—"And you too, Professor,

for all you've done." A loud kiss echoed through the surprised building, and then her explanatory voice: "Yes, Father, I know it's a public place, but I'm just so happy, dear. And Eddie, you too."

Another kiss resounded and presently the three walked in again. Father looked proud and satisfied as if he, alone, were responsible for this better state of affairs. Mother was again powdering her nose. Eddie's chest measurement seemed to have expanded; his hair which had straggled so inadequately about his brow, now curled tightly over his head. They sat down in their corner and talked naturally for a moment. Suddenly Mother spoke authoritatively: "Father, dear, we should remember that these poor souls haven't all——" She dropped her voice to an inaudible whisper, but as her comprehensive glance swept the room with a touch of pity and patronage, we were able to fill in the context for ourselves.

Another doctor came in. His white coat had the effect of a shrill note in this muffled room, and everyone was struck into silence.

He went up to a man who had been standing beside the radiator so quietly and unobtrusively that he had almost succeeded in withdrawing himself from our attention and my casual glance had merely flickered over him as if he were a piece of furniture.

Now, he leapt into radiance. He gesticulated, his eyes shone, his teeth flashed, words poured out. The whole effect was of a shining fluid vitality. Even a laugh, quickly suppressed, but a laugh none the less, stirred the heavy air, and presently the two strolled out in ardent conversation, every cell of their bodies responsive and communicative.

It was all very reassuring. Two sets of people had obviously had good news. Why not a third? The atmosphere had lightened; two sets of anxieties had been allayed. Why not a third?

Two young girls came in, one laden with books on which the yellow *Mudie's* label twanged a familiar chord in my mind, the other carrying an exaggeratedly big bunch of lilac which

almost concealed her squirrel collar, her small bright face and her scarlet hat.

"Don't you think we might go straight up? What do you want to come in here for?" asked the first.

"Oh surely," answered the second, "I only want to dump these parcels here. No use tracking them up to her room."

She dumped the parcels. A bag burst open and a marron glacé rolled helplessly out, hung on the edge of the table and then fell on the floor.

"Oh, damn," said the first girl impatiently. "Leave it now, and let's go up for a few minutes. We really can't spend the whole morning hanging about here. As it is, we've only got about three-quarters of an hour for the Forum."

"We can easily give it a miss and read it up in *Baedeker*. I don't feel particularly drawn to it anyhow."

They drifted out, insouciant, untroubled.

The atmosphere lightened again. Surely they could only be going to visit a convalescent, these callous, careless young things. My mind lingered softly on the word "convalescent." I repeated it silently, and each time it gave a lovely lift to my heart, until by mischance I dropped my eyes, and in the sight of my own hands twisting in my lap shattered my moment of confidence.

My eyes swept round the room again, and quite near to me I found a nun was sitting. Whether she had been there all the time or had just come in, I could not judge, but she was there now, stolidly established, telling her rosary, and her bleached conventional face was quite impassive.

Desperately irritated, I turned away and concentrated my gaze on the American trio. They were buoyant and self-assertive, their moment of anxiety already relegated to a dim, half-forgotten nightmarish past. I felt that although tragedy had swooped down within a few feet of them, subconsciously they had been assured that the ultimate horror of death would not fall on their family. I could almost hear Mother back in New York saying confidently: "Of course we

were very anxious, but we called in the best specialists and we knew the child would pull through all right."

An English Church clergyman wavered into the room. His coat was too long. He stood in the doorway glancing uncertainly around, until, seeing no familiar face, he made a movement to withdraw. His smile was so unexpectedly sweet and refreshing that my mouth which felt so stiff responded. His bow to the whole roomful of people was an act of grace, and involuntarily we all bowed in response. He stepped backward and closed the door, and I felt that he had taken with him something of sanity and ease.

A sister came in with the coy expression of a nurse about to yield a favour to a child. She spoke to the American mother.

"Well now, Mrs. Maitland, I think you could see your daughter just for a moment; only a tiny moment though, and very quietly, please."

She looked doubtfully at the young husband whose face was now scarlet.

"Unless perhaps Mr. Temple had better come in first," she suggested. "Mrs. Temple can only see one person until this evening."

But Mother had heaved herself from her chair.

"Eddie'll wait till evening," she said emotionally. "He's not the boy to keep my Elsa from her mother on a day like this. We've never been separated but this once, and her Mommer is the first person she'll be wanting now."

Father looked uncomfortable again. He infused into his voice a note of spurious heartiness and patted Eddie on the shoulder.

"Well, boy," he said, "I guess it's a time when Mother must have her way. We men can just stand back and leave her to it."

I thought of Elsa, sick and tired by the long journey back to consciousness, and wondered if, when the door opened to admit her visitor, she would be sorry not to see her tender,

awkward, young husband shambling over to her bedside. Perhaps Mother was right. Perhaps Elsa was really longing for the maternal bosom and the shrill familiar tones. But I doubted it.

For a long time nothing happened. No one spoke. No clock ticked. The past dropped from me; the future seemed null and void. Then once more Mother was with us, ecstatic, ejaculatory.

"I've seen her, Father. I've seen our Elsa. Just lying there so sweetly like a little tired flower. My! she does look pale and ill. What the poor child has gone through. How true it is that if we knew what was coming to us, we wouldn't do the things we do. Not that I'm blaming you, Eddie dear"—— She beamed on Eddie. "And Elsa remembered you too. She said 'Poor Eddie!' Just like that. So sweet and gentle and never a girl to think of herself. But when I saw her thin little face on the pillow and all her beautiful hair cut so short, I just broke down. I couldn't have helped myself. I just broke down."

She stopped complacently as if waiting for applause, and caught my inattentive eye. Immediately she addressed me.

"You'll excuse me, I know. We mothers can understand what it is to be in terrible anxiety about a child."

Unable to assent, unable to deny her facile assumption that I too was a mother, I merely nodded slightly. Disappointed, she turned again to her two men.

"Well, now, Father and Eddie, we'll just go right away and have the best lunch that money can buy in Rome. We ought to celebrate. This is a great Thanksgiving Day for us."

On this exalted motif they surged out, colliding with a sister whom I suddenly heard addressing me.

"Mrs. Martyn, will you come with me at once, please."

Her voice was calm, even in its urgency, but I looked at her face. Its expression was unmistakable.

Then I, too, left the room.

FIRST BLOOD [1]

By HERBERT READ

From *This Quarter*

Snow falling all night: in the morning the world will be white. The earth will be covered with a nice new coat of paint, to hide the scars and pockmarks. For the earth is in a bad way—a battered old scarecrow, blackened, ragged, her fingers and toes all splintered. Oh such a mess!

Sanctuary Wood: the god of this sacred place is Moloch, and he is a very fierce old god, and people say that to seek sanctuary in his arms is to say good-bye to your beloved's. His sanctuary a wood, a dark gloomy glade, full of caves and ditches. If you wait till daylight you will find that the trees have no branches, but are whiskered with splinters. Tatterdemalion trees, you might say; all higgledy-piggledy, like darts in a target. An acre of frenzied brushwood. It is the worst place in the Salient (*the* Salient, not *a* salient: just as we say the Cross when we mean a cross on which mankind is crucified).

A salient is a secret symbol. As the war stiffened its hold on men's imaginations and became, not a controllable event but a ravage that must mount the scale of fever and slowly fall, the Salient became a fixed idea. To maintain this thrust in the enemy's side was the insane will of a whole army. It was not justified in a strategic sense. It was a blind impulse, to which hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed.

If you are established at the point of a salient, it means that you can be fired on from almost every direction. On both

[1] From "Ambush" by Herbert Read. By arrangement with Messrs. Faber and Faber Limited.

flanks the enemy stretches behind you, and from rising ground can shoot into your back. The ordinary defences of trench warfare are useless: there is no distinction between parados and parapet; none between front and flank. You must make the best of a circle. The circle will in effect become a moated mound, with deep-set caves in its sides. But it is futile to dig down into this flat spongey earth; that is only worth while if you want wells to drown rats in. The water is everywhere.

The mound is therefore pierced with low caverns just above the level of the ground. These caverns are about three feet high: it is impossible to sit up in them. You can crawl in to sleep and to suffocate, but when your lungs are bursting, or the desire for food or the needs of nature draw you out, then you must walk into an ambush of snipers. Naturally whatever possible is done by night; in the day the sentries crawl out like snakes over the duckboards to relieve one another. And now and then an officer slides out on his rounds to see that all is well and to make observations.

But naturally the enemy has concentrated his best snipers in this area. It offers the best sport on the Western Front, and it is a poor day on which each rifle cannot be credited with a couple of men.

When the earth is white, the dugout entrances show up like black holes, and when a man crawls out over the white duckboards, he is as clearly visible as a hare in the snow. White overalls are requisitioned: they will make the chances more even.

But it is nervy business for a raw subaltern. The first time he goes out in the daylight, a shot from the front cracks like a whip in his ear. He draws in his breath and the blood deserts his face. Immediately the air cracks behind him and a bullet ricochets from the bank he faces. Terror melts his limbs. He falls to the ground and grasps the rungs of the duckboard.

He had forgotten. He had not realised that death could be so imminent, waiting for him round the corner, his first day

in the front line. They had said to him: You must crawl. But it is not easy to remember to crawl; it is not an attitude that comes natural to a man.

He had reconnoitered the post with the Company Commander during the night. It was not complicated: an incomplete circle with four posts at intervals—sheltered coigns from which two men would be watching through a narrow slit in an armoured plate. Every three hours they must be visited and reports collected.

He crawled to the first one, and from the first to the second, and then from the second to the third. 'If you keep your head down you can walk along to the next post,' they told him at the third post. He would be glad to crouch for a change. Already his knees and arms were sodden with the snow. He paused and leant against the walls of the trench. The sky was grey above him; a few black shattered boles shone out of the white scene with negative intensity. The duckboards stretched in front of him in the wide shallow trench, leading to a dugout whose mounded roof made an almost perfect dome.

A tall figure emerged from the dugout.

Perhaps twenty yards away.

It was Corporal Costello. He recognised his red hatchet face and dark sloe eyes. He came from Cleveland and had been in the same company in the early days at the training camp.

He was holding a mess-tin in his hand and intent on some purpose or other. He looked up. Again that infernal crack in the still air. A cry. Corporal Costello lay on the duckboards.

He was shot through the neck. He was full-blooded and the blood sprang out in jets and stained the snow.

Tourniquet, tourniquet. The word went singing through the subaltern's head. Tourniquet, tourniquet. That's how you stop the flow of blood. Other men had emerged from the dugout and they were dragging the Corporal into the shelter of the parapet. One of them pressed his thumb be-

low the bleeding wound. It was no use. The blood would flow. They bandaged his neck, but whilst they worked the Corporal's face turned purple and the death rattle issued from his torn throat.

The subaltern could not stir. He was fascinated—fascinated and sick. He stayed rooted there until the men had laid their comrade softly in the snow, and covered his stiffening body with a waterproof sheet. Then he let his numb hands fall from the side of the frozen trench. His stomach retched. Opposite he noticed a piece of raw board, roughly lettered with the word 'Latrine.' He stumbled down the shallow trench and held his face over a bucket. The sickness passed. Perhaps one nausea cures another. Everywhere there was the stink of chloride of lime: they put it on excrement and dead alike.

Back in the line again he glanced down to where the dead Corporal lay. There was such a wide red stain on the white earth, and nothing merciful to cover it from the eyes of the Corporal's friends. His body lay stiff all that day under a waterproof sheet by the side of the trench. At night they would take it down the line to bury.

These were quiet days in the Salient. 'You are lucky,' said the Company Commander, later in the day, 'not to come in for a strafe. It is the quietest turn we've had for months.'

Snow fell again in the night. Will it cover all that blood? wondered the subaltern. Or will the stain spread?

You could tell, from the nervous lines that were now etched round his eyes, that youth had lost its innocence.

The snow fell all night and the following day. On his round, the new subaltern came to the spot where Costello had been killed. They had taken his body away in the night. But the blood was still there, staining the snow.

The subaltern was unreasonably angry. He went to the dugout entrance and shouted: 'You there!' A tousled head appeared. 'Why the hell can't you put some chloride of lime on this bloody mess?'

THE BATH [1]

AN AQUARELLE

By HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON

From *Harper's Magazine*

It was December and a scorching afternoon: a north wind blew; and the pale, wind-streaked sky, the little verandahed houses, the glaring roads, the very air itself, all were white with heat and dust. In comparison, the bathroom struck cool, being windowless, and lighted only by a raised skylight. A good-sized room, it was really made for bathing in, was made to get wet, a concrete floor sloping towards a drain in one corner. Except for a large hanging mirror and a wooden table, it held nothing but a huge old zinc bath, the sides of which were streaked rust-brown from the tidemarks of the many waters that had filled it. Over the broad end hung a shower-ring. This dripped without ceasing, drops forming continuously on its under-surface, gathering volume, depending perilously, then falling on the zinc with a toneless thud. The water that oozed out when the large old-fashioned cock was opened was not unlike muddied milk, and for the most part lukewarm. But it gushed freely, making up by abundance for its tepidness and want of clarity.

To-day it ran very red, for a storm overnight had churned up the mud bottom of the reservoir.

Four half-grown girls had come dancing into the room, and eight hands were busy; for all four had cried as one, "A bath! Let us have a bath!"

And while the water raced and sang, shoes were kicked off

[1] Copyright, 1929, by Harper & Brothers. Copyright, 1930, by Henry Handel Richardson.

and clothes fell, a bit here, an oddment there, in their owners' haste to be rid of encumbrance.

First ready was a fattish little blonde, though, as the eldest of the party, she had set to work more sedately than the rest. But, in the hurry to reach the water, one of the four had pulled a knot, and a brown and a red head were bent over it.

Meanwhile Blonde sat on the side of the bath, swinging one leg. Her skin was of a delicate transparency, through which the veins showed blue as forget-me-nots. A wonderful prong, running down the chest, forked and lost itself in the whiteness of the barely hinted breasts. Round her throat were two lines that might have been scored by a thumb-nail in wet clay; and below the ribs were two more—the lines of sitting beauty—deeply indented and wavy, like the lines carved by ripples on the sea-shore.

The knot unravelled, Red Head was out of her clothes in a twinkling and now advanced, shoulders hunched, arms crossed and hugging their uppers. While she stood waiting for the tide to rise, rubbing the sole of one foot up and down the other leg, she made her brown-haired little companion, the youngest of the four, and still skinny and straight as a boy, look very dark; for, in Red Hair, the promise of a pale face powdered with freckles was fulfilled: her skin was white as milk from top to toe and velvety as rose-petals to the touch.

Last came the knot-puller—a tall, slim, brown-eyed creature with a sallow face, flushed pink at the moment from heat and flurry, and a head of short golden curls. Against the others she stood out for the richness of her colouring; her skin was the shade of old, old ivory, tinting to amber, to a dusky gold, in all crevices: where her curls met her neck, and in the hollow of her armpits. Her young breasts—at this moment laid flat, for she was stretching with the abandon of a cat, both hands clasped behind her neck—ended in rings the colour of blue grapes dashed with sepia.

By now the bath was full to the brim. And while the four still lingered, chattering, twittering, exulting in their freedom, there was the sound of a heavy foot in the passage outside.

And the room had three doors, none of which locked! Whrr! Like a herd of startled wild things, all made for the water at once, a phalanx of cream, white, and dusky legs whisking over the side with incredible rapidity. Amber came off worst: she was too tall; crouching did not help her. So she lay at full length, the others half leaning, half sitting on her, to keep her down. But the threatened intrusion passed; and with a fresh run of giggles and trills the bathers rose to their feet. . . . The water that trickled down their skins left visible traces, like tears on a grimy face.

Then the shower was pulled. Amber and Brownie stood under it, holding their heads to the gush and hiss, Amber raising an arm to screen her eyes, the little one pressing her face against her companion's ribs. And, bristling and stinging, the shower flew off at right angles, squirting madly out into the room. Blonde and Red Head dodged and scuttled. Then it was their turn. Blonde would not wet her hair; she leaned her head and shoulders far back, stretching her lined throat, meeting the brunt of the water on her chest; or, stooping forward, let it hammer down the ridgeway of her spine.

Next, all tried to get under water at the same time. The result was wildest confusion; for the one below kicked and splashed and rolled over three slippery bodies, in her efforts to come to the surface. . . . Taking Blonde by the toes, the others floated her up and down.

An elderly woman looked in; the bathers gathered water in their joined palms and pelted her, in a perpendicular shower. Then they played at leaping. The game was to go to the end of the room and take a running jump over the side, to see who could splash highest. Red Head was awkward, slipped and fell face downwards, to be half-drowned by the one who came after. This led to a free fight. The weapons were a big and a little sponge; inflated to their fullest, they were hurled against any portion of a body that offered; and tireless hands, which scooped and flung, tweaked and slapped. The walls ran water, the concrete floor was a-swim with it.

In the midst of these gambols a clock struck five. Like ghosts surprised by the dawn, the four were out of the bath in a trice and a-scramble for the towels that hung behind a door. There was a hasty rubbing down of sides and fronts, towels seasawed over backs, knees bent, curly toes wriggled dry. Grasped in two hands, garments were poised for a moment high in air, then dropped into place, blotting out faces in the transit. And soon, of all that had lain bare no more was visible than four damp-ringed, motley-coloured heads. . . . Though the long glass had given back in full the madcap riot of the bath, none had troubled to cast so much as a look at her naked self. Clothed, it was otherwise: here a sodden mass of curls was twitched and fingered, there the set of a frock stroked into place.

Now a voice was heard calling—an urgent voice that brooked no delay. Without a further backward glance each in turn followed the summons, vanishing swiftly. Four times the door opened and shut, till the room was empty. The splashed walls and swimming floor drained dry; the bath water gurgled off; and the mirror's surface lay blank, no conjurer being at hand to call to life the lovely shapes that slumbered in its depth.

HELLMUT LIES IN THE SUN [1]

By EDWARD SACKVILLE-WEST

From *The London Mercury*

Enough! or too much.
Blake.

I

Hellmut lay in the sun, on the sand near the water. Was the latter moving or not? In the Spreewald it is often difficult to tell what is river and what merely standing water—lakes, small pools, runnels—a liquid maze which splits the huge forest of low firs into the appearance of a succession of plantations.

It was the beginning of August, and the weather was still and very hot. So Hellmut lay in the sun, naked save for a square of white linen. With one hand he shielded his eyes from the sun, with the other he dug about in the hot dry sand, which slipped through his fingers like some sort of tangible air. Occasionally he would come across the coarse threads of the brownish grass which grew sparsely everywhere around; these he pulled up and threw away without looking at them.

His body, long and thin, smooth and pale brown, looked uncomfortably stiff in the joints,—like a doll whose limbs, not adapted to a horizontal position, will not sink flat. A sultry breeze blew from time to time over it—a faint gust, then a stronger one—up from the feet to the body and on under the shading hand. Hellmut breathed in the hot smell of the firs.

"To dive upwards," he said aloud, and stretched his arm

[1] Copyright, 1930, by Edward Sackville-West.

above his head, freeing the whole of his face. His eyes were wide open, which gave to his face an artificial expression of terror; for the eyes were very prominent, with staring bluish-white round the brown iris. It was altogether a thin face, across which the strong-looking pale brown skin was drawn tightly like fine leather. The lips were bloodless, but not thin. In profile, Hellmut was an ageless and contemplative warrior: in full face a terrified, but determined and rather grasping, young man in the twenties.

After staring for a moment into the brilliant sky he half-closed his eyes, and digging his chin into his chest looked past the corner of a collection of firs across the water to where, on the opposite piece of land, stood a high, round tower. Hellmut wondered at it (not for the first time) and decided lazily that it was worth a visit in the near future. "We'll all three go," he said to himself. The inside of the tower was lighted by an ascending scale of round-topped glassless windows. The whole was of grey concrete, with a small dome on top, and looked as if it had been cast in a single piece. It was exceedingly simple and quite unornamented; Hellmut found it beautiful and rather strange. As he looked, two heads appeared one after another in neighbouring windows half way up the tower. The highest was that of a girl with dark, bushy, shingled hair; the lowest that of a young man whose face and hair seemed equally the colour of white bread crust.

Hellmut's mouth smiled and making a trumpet of his hands he shouted: "Gerda! Willibald!"

The heads perked attentively, looked at one another. Then two hands emerged and waved.

An unhasting bird with wide wings slanted down past the tower, like an outspread hand sketching a gesture, and disturbed the meaning of the waving couple, who now disappeared inside the tower.

"These treasures of earth . . ." whispered Hellmut, still looking across the water and making no endeavour, for once, to interrupt the natural rhetoric of his mind.

Suddenly a canoe appeared round the firs and came swiftly across the water towards him. Gerda and her brother Willibald paddled easily, with the effortless rhythm of concerted practice. Both were dressed only in bathing suits, he in dark blue, she in pale green. When they got near to the shore, where the water was very shallow, they sprang out and walked to land, leaving the canoe rocking on the still, sun-locked water. Then, breaking into sudden, causeless laughter, they threw themselves down on the sand, one on each side of Hellmut's legs. Each took hold of one of his ankles and forced the leg up and down, as if for a physical exercise.

Hellmut sat up and yawned. "Energy itself!" he exclaimed, and laughed. But as he did so his eyes opened wide again and the expression of fear quite spoilt the effect of gaiety.

"I'm hungry," said Willibald.

"Yes, I'm ready to eat too." Gerda began to stroke Willibald's thick hair.

Hellmut put down his head and stared. *"Du Semmelblonder Mensch,"* he said slowly.

Willibald's face was triumphantly ugly, the features ill-assorted: his under-lip hung repulsively, his pale eyes were small and buried in the flesh, his nose turned up without charm, his forehead bulged unimpressively and seemed to have no connection with the upper part of his head, like the imitation skin which continues a cheap theatrical wig.

"What a happy life!" he exclaimed, and threw out his hands.

Escaping, for three whole weeks, from Berlin and the indoor life of students, the three young people had flung themselves without hesitation into the Spreewald—into the sun. They had taken with them a canoe, which could be folded up and carried whenever it became pleasanter to proceed by land to some other water. Food they bought in the various villages, which always seemed to occur conveniently without disturbing the wildness and loneliness of the country.

The instituter of the expedition was Gerda, and according

to her original plan it was to have consisted solely of herself and her brother. But at the last moment Willibald had insisted on including Hellmut. His insistence had been final and violent, as who should thrust his foot into a closing door. Gerda had hesitated, saying nothing. She had known Hellmut longer than had Willibald, and was aware of what a black cloud he was capable suddenly of becoming. But in the near end she gave in and Hellmut came. Willibald had explained himself, speaking impatiently fast with lips whose looseness did not look moral. "He wants taking out of himself even more than we do, Gerda. I've seen more of him lately than you have, and I know . . . I feel responsible. Something might happen. After all, neither of us dislikes him?" Gerda had had to admit that they didn't. And yet . . .

She found that her thoughts could never go straight to Hellmut. They swung out first to her brother and then, obliquely, down to Hellmut; he stood below them, as on a lower step of a great shallow staircase—in the shadow, while they were in the light. Conventionally speaking, she knew Hellmut very well; but her knowledge was tempered by the feeling that he and Willibald had shared one experience in which she had had no part—not because it was outside her range, but adventitiously. Their life in Berlin, shared to an extent which all felt to be uncomfortable, morbid and cramping, was almost entirely hateful to Gerda; but she could not avoid it. Her family, comfortably off before the War, had lost everything during the Inflation, and she had to make her own living in secretarial work in order that Willibald might be able to pursue his studies as an architect. She did not resent this arrangement in the least, or even feel that she was unnecessarily sacrificing herself; it was the social adjuncts to her life—the way in which the young men and women of her age chose to treat one another, and the dubious spiritual capital thus amassed—that caused her constant uneasiness and misgiving and a sense of undifferentiated fear. For she had kept her head during the Inflation and the unrest which had attended

it, and so had not been left with the inevitable, passionate egotism produced by a sudden sharp struggle for existence, and therefore characteristic of the young people in her position in Berlin. Her brother had not kept his head and Hellmut had definitely lost his: this she knew. But she had not been able to judge of the extent to which either had abandoned himself to spiritual bankruptcy, or yet the exact nature of the despair she divined in both of them.

Despair in itself did not surprise her: she had felt it more than once, while wondering if so many billion marks would be enough to buy her evening meal and had then heard shooting in the street outside, which made it impossible to attempt to go and buy anything. But even then—even at the worst time of all, when she had seen her elder brother killed by a flying bullet during the Kapp *Putsch*—she had called her soul her own, firmly and precisely reckoning up her accounts with existence, to preserve her sense of values for the better times to come. Those around her had not thought that things would ever improve and they had tried obstinately to drag Gerda down into their own slough of despond. But she refused to go with them: she felt that she knew better. She watched her brother Willibald industriously throwing everything to the winds day by day, strewing his youth broadcast among the ruined stones of post-War Germany; she watched and said little, knowing that he would not listen if she spoke.

Then things did eventually improve and the stabilisation of the mark made it possible for Gerda and Willibald to live at least without anxiety.

The first sigh of relief caught in her throat when she realised that the spiritual balance of her brother and her friends had been irretrievably lost. Their souls continued to dither hysterically, unanchored and given over to opposing demons, as if their bodies had received a series of terrible blows. They rushed hither and thither in a fever of work, passionate weeping hanging like a cloud behind their eyes and implied in the very forms of their speech. There was a horrible serious intentness in their pleasures, too, which frightened Gerda even

more. She could not imagine why it was that she alone seemed to have escaped infection, and, horrified as she was, she almost wished that she were unable to see the life so clearly.

But, above all else, it was the continual sharing and lack of privacy that nearly drove Gerda mad. Those about her seemed never for an instant to be able to bear solitude of any kind; they shared everything—meals, lovers, emotions of the meanest as well as of the noblest order. Personal contacts were conducted on the model of those gardens in Berlin which have but a single place of ingress and egress, so that no one who does not intend to use the garden as such may simply use it as a short cut to somewhere else. But of course any number of people may enter such a garden at once, and the attempt at privacy results in a mere farce.

Now she knew what Willibald had meant when he suggested that Hellmut "wanted taking out of himself"; it meant simply "cannot be left alone." Gerda might have retorted: "Why should we be responsible? Why must I have my holiday spoilt by this gloomy, neurotic man?" But she did not. She felt—and the hard times had impressed this lesson upon her—that she was perhaps even more responsible for those she did not love than for those she did; that she had no right to independent peace, but must throw herself continually into the midst of every turmoil, to prevent any further snapping of threads.

During the first few days of the holiday Gerda felt that she would never be able to carry it through to the end. The effort of comprehending Hellmut in her scheme—across to Willibald, then away downwards, always *downwards,* with a sudden heart-leap at the jerk—tried her strength too highly. This wiry dark man with the senselessly terrified eyes made a single, continuous demand upon her help; the whole of him appealed to her for protection against despair. And here lay one of the chief causes of her vexation: she did not feel the despair to be properly his own. To allow oneself to be possessed by neurosis which did not really wear the figure of

one's difficulties seemed to Gerda gratuitously weak, and this was what she conceived to be Hellmut's state. His own private life (as far as it could be called private) was, she knew, averagely free from entanglements of every kind: he had enough money, he had a job and quite a good one. Why, then, this cold terror, this passion for self-extinction which walked beside him like a faithful animal? There was danger in him—danger for herself, for Willibald, who could scarcely ever be prevailed upon to discuss anything seriously. The danger persisted, irritatingly. It seemed to Gerda always present—even when all three were apparently in the lightest and gayest of moods, swimming or paddling the canoe or lying in the sun. For Hellmut could, and did, seem happy; his talk was more flowing and spontaneous than theirs and full of a fantastic humour. Gerda watched and listened and wondered—and feared. But she also resented this fear; and her resolution to sacrifice herself, if necessary, for Hellmut left room in her soul for a shrinking hatred, which stooped away from the plaintive terror that cried out to her for mercy.

II

Having put on a few more clothes, Willibald and Hellmut tunnelled slowly into the afternoon, unaccompanied by Gerda, who said she was tired and went to sleep under the shade of some firs.

Hellmut moved forward in rapid jerks, his very square, sharp-pointed shoulders looking as if they were joined on to the rest of his body by wire springs. Willibald, lagging a little behind as they walked, felt the tremendous stores of energy in the man, as it were a stationary engine vibrating at a great speed. And he felt something of Gerda's fear, knowing that such energy must one day burst into violent action; but, unlike his sister, he would not examine his fear or look at it for what it was, but thrust it away behind a curtain of care-free independence.

"Hellmut!" he said; "a bit slower, please."

Hellmut stopped and looked round. Willibald stopped too. They had rounded the belt of firs on the other side of which was their camping ground. Across a maze of sand and water they could see the beginnings of a village, the buildings very low but not huddled, as dark as the firs against the pale sand and the water which made patches of brilliant, cloudless sky on the earth. At the edge of the trees was a high, square stone and on it sat a young woman. She was dressed in the local costume, her chest and waist tightly constricted by a black alpaca bodice, with a row of buttons down the front, and an elaborate headdress with flapping sides, like a sort of sunbonnet; on her knees was a closed wicker basket. She looked like some kind of black bird perched on the stone. But her eyes were quite unbirdlike, colourless and dull, as if insensitive to the outside world. She sat crouched over the basket, brooding upon it, and her eyes looked without fear or curiosity at the two men.

"Good-day," said Hellmut.

"Good-day," answered the woman. Then, without altering her tone of voice, and as if she had been asked a question, she told them the name of the village.

The two men exchanged glances. "We weren't going there," said Willibald gently.

"*So?*" said the woman. "I thought you might be." She clasped her fingers over the basket. It seemed as if she were protecting something, sitting agelessly in calm collectedness by the side of the wood. Her eyelids rose and fell almost rhythmically and the stiff linen wings at the sides of her head swung a little in the breeze. Her feet, in square-toed boots, were set closely side by side on the sandy path.

The two men did not wish to go on standing there, talking thus aimlessly, yet they did not move.

"Are you on your way somewhere?" asked Willibald.

The woman raised her head. "I'm going to the railway station. I'm going to Elsterwerda, to be a nurse."

"Are you leaving home for the first time?"

"Yes—oh yes." She spoke as if nothing could disturb her

calm. Yet her being was not passive; it lived, evidently and frankly, from the momentary contact she was sustaining with the two men. Willibald, looking at Hellmut, could almost see the engine slowing down under the pressure of the woman's heavy, tranquil presence. Her body swelled out under the tight, metallic alpaca, which glittered in the sun like a kind of armour, with points of light on the buttons.

"We're used to it, in our part of the world," she went on. "Lots of us go out, all over the place, as nurses. We're said to be famous for it." She spoke with naïve garrulity, as if slightly out of breath; and all the time her fingers bent over and stroked the basket on her knees.

Still Willibald and Hellmut did not move. They were bored, but fascinated and soothed at the same time, by this large and sumptuous bird. Hellmut's eyes were hardly open and his thin, dark face was covered with a look of sickly peace; a smile twisted one side of his mouth and his pointed body hung inside his clothes like the stick-bones of a scarecrow.

Willibald rejoiced, with bloodhound eyes and a hanging lower lip. The understanding of his heart was brief and perfunctory, but, in its way, violently sincere. He was capable of devoting himself seriously to an infinitely remote and uninteresting end. And now he observed the tranquillising of Hellmut and, remembering Gerda, rejoiced.

Suddenly the woman moved her feet—shuffled them in the sand.

Hellmut opened his eyes, and the terror—unreal and masklike—returned. "She's moving her feet," he muttered in a staccato whisper.

Then: *"Alles gute in Elsterwerda,"* and *"Guten Tag,"* they said, and walked on.

"What you really want is a nurse like that," said Willibald, after a moment.

"Even with you and Gerda?"

"Ech!" Willibald jerked his head like a chicken. "What use are we in Berlin? When you get on your own . . ."

"You *have* been of great use."

Their souls swung together, clashed and swung apart again—pendulums suspended from the zenith of a sky.

They returned home talking of practical things—of the length of time they could still remain in the Spreewald, of the autumn and winter in Berlin, of money, of lodging, of friends. They came upon Gerda awake, boiling water for tea.

She looked up at them, intending to make some vague, joking remark. But as she looked the afternoon turned to evening between their three faces, and her heart went heavy within her.

III

Later on it was discovered that there was no food left for supper. Someone must go to the village for it.

"Who's going to fetch food?" said Gerda. She did not care which of the two men went; she did not wish to have to go herself.

Hellmut and Willibald were doing something to the canoe. The former's shirt flickered with heroic whiteness against the darkening motionless water.

Suddenly Willibald sprang up. "I'll go," he said; then, more firmly, as if he had made a decision about something quite else: "Yes, I'll go." He went.

Hellmut remained by the canoe, tying some strings intricately inside the stern. Gerda came down to the water's edge and stood looking across the landscape, over which evening had settled, as it were the soft white palm of a hand. Though there was no wind to blow them, the long grasses seemed all to be bent away from her; she took from sight of them her final submission to a difficult sacrifice. With Hellmut there at her feet, it would surely not be hard to discover what it was she must do—or if not do, at least witness and thus complete. It seemed to her as if the three of them were at the very centre of the world, where all

was an endless tract of sand and grass and chains of water and fir-trees, stretching round the earth in a belt of monotonously similar links, like a wall-paper in which the same tiny landscape is repeated again and again. And, in the centre of the centre, Hellmut, opening terrified eyes upon a visionless emptiness, outside which she, Gerda, was privileged to keep watch.

"*Please* give me your profile," she cried suddenly; "I can't bear your eyes. I'm sorry, but they frighten me. They make you yourself look afraid—as if you foresaw sudden death for us both."

Hellmut's face went a dark red. Gerda looked at the thin cheek rigidly turned to her, and thought how beautiful he was, and wondered why he had never prompted her to the smallest impulse of physical love. Then she remembered his eyes.

"I know it," he said, virulently. "You have always made me feel it, without actually saying anything. Do you think I don't know that I'm a kind of Gorgon?" He laughed.

"Can you feel unoffended by what I said?"

"Perfectly well. I would accept anything from you."

Yes, thought Gerda, that's just it. Yours is the attitude that I find so difficult to deal with. Nothing but take, take, take. And your gratitude is more intolerable than the rest.

Aloud, she said: "You are prepared to accept too much. Everything you do is a kind of acceptance. You talk about sacrificing yourself—yes, you do; I've heard you and your friends talk that way—but all you do is to take. Any sacrifice you made would eventually take the form of accepting back with a concealed left hand what you gave with the right. There is no truth to be found in performances of that sort."

Then, in spite of her request, he looked full at her once more; but his eyes were not wide open. "However all that may be," he said, "the fact remains that you want to give—to help me. You always have wanted to, ever since I have known you. Do you remember that time, three years ago

now, when I wanted to marry Else Reuss, and you saw what she was going to become like and prevented me. Why did you take all that trouble—and it *was* trouble and no mistake!—if you did not want to help me—to give me something?"

"I know," answered Gerda unwillingly. "But my wanting to give doesn't alter your wanting to take and the unpleasantness of it."

"How like a woman to argue like that! Women always want to eat their cake and have it, however emancipated they may pretend to be."

"Well, and aren't you grateful that I did get you away from the Else? It wasn't for myself I wanted you. That you know."

She spoke sharply and Hellmut blushed again. He opened his mouth, then shut it without speaking. The light had almost gone and the sky overhead was a very dark blue, without stars or moon, like an uncut jewel, paler at the edges. The water lay before them, a gloved hand on the pale sandy earth. In spite of the sultry air everything had a cold, dead look—the water, the grass, the firs—as if it were a landscape on the moon—on the very centre of a monotonous dead planet.

Suddenly Hellmut started and looked behind him into the firs. "Someone is coming," he said, sharply.

Gerda looked too. "It wouldn't be Willibald yet," she said, almost whispering.

They waited, their heads strained round, a slight tremulousness awake in their bodies. There was no sound. Yet, though Gerda had heard nothing, she felt as if the scene round her had altered—sprung into a consciousness that watched. She looked at the hair above the back of Hellmut's neck and her thoughts changed direction.

"What did you hear?" she asked.

"I don't know what it was. I thought I heard something among the trees." Hellmut faced round and took his head between his hands. He muttered something.

"What d'you say?" Gerda bent forward.

Then Hellmut threw up his head and stared rigidly in front of him into the stark centre of the blue jewel, his lips stretched tight over his teeth—to Gerda again a contemplative warrior.

"Oh!" he cried in agony. "I have stumbled forward into a dark day. I stumbled because I was so tired—so fearfully tired. You know what our work is like—how it wears one out. One's feet carry one where they like; one is too tired to care. And now they have landed me in a dark day. I don't care if I take everything you offer me, if I feel it might get me out." He put up one hand, very strongly and beautifully made, some distance from his face and looked at it as if it were some kind of flag. Then he went on speaking, in a quieter tone, but with the same accent of urgent pain.

"I suffer from visions of myself—myself looking on at scenes in which I long to take part and feel to be outside my range. The simple, slow ritual of lovers, in their recognition of each other's hands on the table in their room—coming and going month after month below the lamp which will in time light up their withering. And the silent, casual look, weighted by years of knowledge, but balanced away from solemnity by the wisdom of use. To achieve contacts which should be light without being trivial. . . . Do you see?"

"Perhaps. And the contacts which you do achieve—what about them?"

"They are either heavy or trivial. It is the besetting fault of us Germans: we can only manage the serious without losing our dignity. When we attempt the light, we forfeit respect. Else, for instance . . ." He dropped the hand over his bent knee.

"It isn't always in attempting lightness that we forfeit respect. Some of the things we have done in the last few years, in deadly seriousness and pretension to good, have been even worse. I'm only speaking of private relation-

ships—I don't mean politics—they have been beyond criticism of that kind." She laughed. "But when you think of the numbers of people of our age who kill themselves every year in Berlin. . . . *Do* you ever think of them?"

Hellmut hesitated. Then: "I nearly was one of them," he said quietly.

Gerda subsided, taken aback by finding to be true what she had always suspected. "When?"

"Three months ago."

"Three months . . . ?"

"Yes. And I wasn't alone in my decision. You remember Viebig and Sternberg?"

Gerda remembered. The case had made a small sensation in the Berlin press. Two students had shot one another by mutual arrangement; it was a case of a Suicide Pact, by no means an uncommon thing in the world into which she had grown up. She had known both of the young men slightly: she knew that Hellmut and Willibald had known them intimately. The whole thing had been a horrible shock at the time, but she had forgotten it quickly, having had so much of that kind of thing to forget in the years since the War. Now her interest and apprehension were revived, from a different angle. It had never occurred to her that Hellmut could have known any more about the affair than she had herself. Now she saw what a fool she had been not to suspect something of the kind, knowing Hellmut as she did. Then, suddenly, another part of her mind clicked into position, like a railway signal, and her heart leapt, and she felt sick.

She grasped Hellmut's arm, on the bare flesh, where the unbottoned sleeve lay open. "Willibald!" she said. "Did Willibald have anything to do with it?"

Hellmut looked down at her hand holding his arm. "You don't know that *I* had anything actually to do with it, so why do you ask about Willibald?"

"Tell me. Tell me." She shook his arm.

He looked up at her under his brows, and she saw the

whites of his eyes—as white as the sickly moon that was not in the sky above her, but all round her, forming the dead earth on which she sat. The sense of a watching presence, such as had followed Hellmut's whispered "Someone is coming," had quite left the air. It seemed to Gerda as if an invisible wall, which had closed silently in round them, had as silently retreated, having missed its opportunity. She let go of Helmut's arm. He seemed to fall into a decision, his thin face less rigid than before.

"Very well, then. I'll tell you. As a matter of fact, we were both in it, Willibald and I. The idea of the Suicide Pact was originally mine—I mean, as between us four. We had been coming to it bit by bit. We were tired of everything, what with the difficulty of living and the horror of life as it seemed to us. We were all of us overworked, as you know. We saw too much of one another, talking and talking for hours on end every evening, instead of sleeping or resting our minds in some way. I think, really, that we *wanted* to make it worse for ourselves, out of hatred for happiness on such an earth as this; we *wanted* to be permanently overtired and hysterical; we *wanted* to bring ourselves to a desperate pass. And we succeeded, we——"

He paused suddenly, listening. "Someone is coming," he said again, in the same voice as before, like the refrain of a song.

Gerda listened too. The walls were back around her, pressing in. Yet she could hear nothing—not the smallest sound.

"Willibald!" she called softly.

No answer.

"Willibald!"

Slowly, in the silence, the walls receded again. There was nothing there—nothing but the whitish moon-sand, and the dull water, and the spiked tops of the firs, black and motionless like an army frozen to death against the starless sky.

Suddenly Hellmut's voice cut down without warning and

the silence fell apart before it. "We brought ourselves to the point where we seemed to ourselves important enough to take a violent line and to achieve something by it. 'Let us give ourselves,' we said, 'to fulfil the despair of our generation.' In this way we proposed to exorcise it for others." Pause. "Those were days of great excitement—of intense joy, too, in a way. We concentrated upon each other, shutting out the rest of the world, as if we were engaged in some kind of mystery—as, of course, we were. Each time we saw one another we seemed to be haloed off from the crowd, whether in the street or in a restaurant or in a room. We had gone too far to question anything that we thought or did. Unreason would have been merely an irrelevant word (like 'butter' or 'toadstool') in our context; absurdity had long been abolished by the passionate sorrow which filled our hearts—for ourselves, for everyone else. We used to meet together at night, in Sternberg's rooms, to discuss it all and to arrange how and when it was to happen; even then, I at least knew that when it came to the point I should have difficulty in bringing it off. This was the one piece of realist thought which assailed me. But of course I also felt sure that I should surmount the difficulty in the end."

Hellmut paused again. He seemed to have been talking to himself, and to have forgotten Gerda altogether. She, feeling this, put in words for her present existence.

"I want you to go on."

So on he went, but still as if talking to himself.

"I remember well the meeting before what was to have been the final one. I met you in the Budapester Strasse about half-past six—do you remember? You said I looked ill and tried to get me to dine with you. And I refused, and you insisted, and I was rude. I remember that you were unreal to me then—a tiresome ghost. I felt more real than anyone alive. . . . Well, we met in my rooms that night, to decide finally how it was to be done. We sat in a row on a sofa and two chairs—so as not to meet each other's

eyes, I think—and we talked straight in front of us, out into the horrid little room, as if each one of us were alone. . . ."

He stopped, his voice trailing away, his body rigid. Though his profile was towards her, Gerda could see that he was staring wildly into a darker night than that which surrounded them.

Suddenly he began again, with a convulsion, evidently forcing himself to speak. "Viebig wanted poison. Sternberg agreed. Willibald said nothing. But I wouldn't agree at any price. Ah! that would be awful, I thought. I saw my contorted body, twisted away out of life, the soul abandoned for ever to that terrible pain. I shouted my refusal. They seemed angry, but at last Viebig gave in and Sternberg suggested revolvers. We only had two between us—mine and Sternberg's. I had mine locked up in Willibald's room—I've forgotten why. I offered my room for the final meeting. We were to make ourselves drunk and then do the shooting. It was suggested that we should draw lots as to who should shoot another before himself; but Viebig and Sternberg said it wasn't necessary—they would undertake the job. That gave me a shock. It had never occurred to me that any one of us would be willing to kill the other—even under the Pact. That shows you how far from reality I had come. For the first time I felt a specific fear of the whole thing. I looked at Viebig and Sternberg and saw them as murderers. And then, suddenly, I thought of what it all meant to me and the fear disappeared completely—for the moment. I thought of what had always been my vision of a self-imposed death: I called it 'diving upwards.' The moment when you dive upwards would be as the moment when two bodies contract together for the first time in common knowledge of physical love. 'I am not sure . . . I am not sure even yet . . . I *am* sure.' The thunder follows the lightning so closely that the two seem almost instantaneous—as when one watches from a distance a man chopping a tree and hears the sound just after one has seen the axe meet the trunk."

Gerda's eyes looked at Hellmut with the intensity of longed-for discovery. " 'Common knowledge of love,' " she repeated. "Have you had that? Have you?"

He looked at her, his eyes almost closed. "Oh, yes," he said, as if indifferently. The softness of his tone sounded false—a *quasi piano.*

"When? Where?"

Hellmut's eyes opened again, giving to him that look of assumed fear. "I shall not tell you."

Gerda hesitated a moment and then said, as if the words were being forced out of her against her will: "You would never have it with me." She had not wanted to say it; but all that he had told her had thrust weapons into her hands and urged her to use them like this—pointlessly.

Hellmut's body quivered, as under an electric shock, and went awry under the dark night—became a stiff, pale blot on the colourless earth.

"That is unnecessary—terrible," he exclaimed, mispronouncing the words like one who speaks with his mouth full of food.

For a moment they remained flung back, like two arrows stuck into the ground and leaning away from one another; their taut quivering made concentric rings in the air.

Little by little the arrows quivered to rest; the air-rings shut into a centre—petals closing upon themselves. The souls of Hellmut and Gerda were at rest; they were healed, could rise up again and take their several ways. But they had dealt mutual blows and were damaged: what now remained to be said between them must take the form of a commentary long after the event; as when old people discuss the loves of their youth.

"Finish the rest," said Gerda.

"That night, when the others had gone, I heard the bell ring. It was Willibald. He had pretended to the others that he had gone home and had then come back by another way. The moment I saw his face I knew what he had come for. I've never seen another pair of eyes like his, which can

droop purposefully. I knew he had come to make me do something. He had. He wanted me to give it all up, together with him. I think the readiness of the other two to do the shooting had given him as much of a shock as it had given me. At first I wouldn't listen; but he persisted and ended by making me feel a fool. I broke down and cried. The fire in the room had gone out and it had got very cold; the air was stale with tobacco. I noticed all this and felt very miserable; but it was like my former misery turned inside out: it did not make me feel like killing myself. Willibald was quite hard and self-possessed—or appeared to be. He took no notice when I wept—turned his head away from me. But I knew he did not despise me for it." Pause. "So I gave in. When the night came, on which it was to happen, Willibald came and took me to your house—you remember?—and we stayed there until the early morning. Then we found that Viebig and Sternberg had done it without us. But they had not given us away first—by a letter or anything. That made us ashamed. I have been able to think of nothing ever since. All my despair came rushing back, directly the danger was over, and has stayed with me."

"And with Willibald?" Gerda's voice sounded like a glass cracking.

"I don't know." The words dropped like stones. "He won't speak of the affair at all. I think he is afraid. Anyhow he won't mention it—flies into a temper if I try to bring up the subject which obsesses me. I know that he brought me with him here to prevent me from killing myself; I suppose he knew that was about all he could prevent—if that."

He stopped and had evidently reached an end. He looked as if he would never move from where he sat, his dark head springing from the white shirt like a piece of the night.

Gerda watched him and tried to assemble the scattered pieces of her early resolution. To help—to sacrifice herself: this she had sworn to do. But now that the opportunity

had become urgent and clearly defined, she felt more futile than ever. What to say, what to do? "Morbid feelings are cured by fresh air, exercise and sunlight." This was the sort of thing brisk persons said, was it not? But was it true? Here was a man, living a life *in corpore sano,* bathing and paddling a canoe and lying in the sun and resting from work. He had escaped from the close, shut-up, student life. Had it changed his mind?

She was about to speak, to take this line with him; but, before she could do so, her heart told her, in accents that she recognised as authentic, that what she would say was wasteful and irrelevant, that neither physical exercise nor an atmosphere of *No Nonsense* nor anything else whatever could serve to prevent or cure despair in a soul to which it had gone, blindly, like a baby to a woman's breast.

Leaning forward, she stared into his face. Though it was so very dark, yet she could see the glaring whites of his eyes and the black pupils, the pale mouth drawn tight over the teeth. She could see that the expression was not willingly his own, that it somehow did not belong to him: he was given over to a worship beyond his own control, of a god which he did not rightly know. He had told her the truth, as far as he was able; but there was something more—something that made her body recoil from his, with the same quality of terror which she could see in his eyes. What she had said to him—that he would never know love with her—was a truth the intensity of which had forced her to proclaim it. It might be totally irrelevant, insulting, lowering to herself; but she had had to say it, almost as if it had been necessary to protect herself against a bodily assault. And so her desire to help this man was defeated by a repulsion which she despised and could not wholly explain, but which paralysed the fountain of useful sympathy and influence she might otherwise have made to play.

Suddenly he looked at her in quite an ordinary fashion. "You're an inquisitive woman," he said.

"Yes, but not *merely* inquisitive."

And this was all that her expression of sympathy came to.

There was a sound of footsteps in the grass and Willibald's tall figure appeared quite near them, his grotesque forehead shining bulbously as if by its own light. Under his arm was a packet of food for their supper.

Later, they stretched themselves in a row hard by the fir plantation. Lying side by side they talked desultorily, preparing for sleep.

"Twice we thought we heard you coming back," said Gerda to Willibald; "but it was a false alarm."

"There *was* someone, though, I'm sure," said Hellmut, from beyond Willibald.

Gerda did not reply to this.

After a long pause Willibald said softly: "Gerda, are you awake?"

He was answered by a little breeze, which pierced the firs behind him with a murmur. He slept. The darkness seemed to deepen, now that all the voices were still; it was as though a lamp beneath the horizon had been turned down and now burnt low, like a sullen protection.

The far sound of a cornet floated steadily from the village over the three sleepers, playing a slow tune.

IV

All three awoke very early, looked at their watches, turned over and went to sleep again.

Soon after eight Willibald awoke for the second time. He sat up and looked down on either side of him. On the right Gerda still slept, with her arm thrown across her eyes; on the left was an empty space where Hellmut had been. "He has gone to bathe," thought Willibald and stood up. "Hellmut!" he shouted.

At the sudden sound Gerda sprang up with a muttered cry of words. Then she became fully awake. "What's the matter?" she said, beginning to fiddle with her thick, obstinate hair.

Willibald looked back at her, with the bright yellow sun streaming on to her face from over the tops of the firs. "Hellmut's disappeared," he said. "I thought I heard him answer my shout from far away, but it may only have been you."

"I?"

"Yes—you woke up with a jump and cried out."

"Did I? Well, shout again and see what happens."

"Hellmut! Where have you got to?"

This time there was certainly no answer.

"Here's the canoe, so he can't have gone in it," said Willibald.

It was Gerda who said: "Never mind. He'll come back when he wants to."

By eleven o'clock the air was even hotter than on the preceding day. There was no breeze at all; the sun glared off the water and the bleached sand: it was stifling. Gerda and Willibald bathed lazily and wondered why Hellmut did not return. Once they shouted again, this time in concert; but there was no answer. They inquired of a passing peasant, but he shook his head. Gerda averred that he had not understood what they said. Even after her conversation with Hellmut she did not feel apprehensive, simply because Willibald appeared not to be so. But the joy of life had left her; she felt defeated—an egg-shell, whole to the eyes of others, but empty to herself. She had failed to carry out her principle on the one opportunity which had presented itself. It was in her mind to tell her brother of her knowledge, chiefly from curiosity to see how he would take it, but partly from an obscure sense that if she could make him face the matter she might shelve some of the responsibility which she felt toward Hellmut.

"Willi," she said, "I'm worried about Hellmut. You see . . . I know about it all."

Willibald looked at her, then away again. "Very well. You know. There's nothing to worry about."

Gerda was amazed at his indifference. She did not know what more to say. Then Willibald spoke again.

"We may as well go and look for him. He can't be far off." He spoke as if Hellmut were a thimble that had been dropped among the grass.

Suddenly Gerda's mind snapped into a definite point. She did not see why Willibald should not be forced to discuss the subject that tormented her.

"Wait a minute," she said. "You always have wanted to put aside words in favour of acts. Generally, you may be right: I don't know. But now I want you to talk to me."

Then Willibald flew at her in one of his sudden rages, his small blue eyes puffy and violent, one large vein swelling down the centre of his ridiculous forehead.

"What's the good of talking? If you're afraid that he's gone to do away with himself, I should have thought you'd have wanted action. And why discuss what's over and done with, anyhow? I hate that sort of maundering on, turning over rubbish. Just because you and Hellmut spent hours last night doing it, there's no reason why I should give in to your craving."

Gerda was prepared for this: she always knew when one of her brother's sudden bursts of temper was due to occur. She also knew how transitory they always were. Looking calmly at him she recognised the man who might for a moment have agreed to kill himself. She knew him for a fundamentally sane character, with a realist's point of view; but it was easy to forget the sudden violent emotions, which stood away from the rest of his soul, entering it unexpectedly with a swirl of wind. He was afraid of them himself and would not acknowledge them, even to her. He was indeed one of those in whom a healthy life may completely expunge the thoughts which bring despair. The tragic life had no permanent meaning for him; it could only be given as a spurious one by artificial stimulation (not necessarily from

without). So Gerda looked calmly at him, from underneath her eyelids, and the vein in his forehead subsided.

"What is it you want to know?" he said.

"I want to know: Have you ever, in your mind, gone back on the decision which kept you and Hellmut out of that house in the Dützow Strasse, the night when Viebig and Sternberg shot themselves? Have you?"

It seemed to Gerda that Willibald's face drooped suddenly with relief—a triumphant relief, as though he had just passed through some danger.

"Is that *all* you want to know?" he asked.

Gerda hesitated, because of the look on his face. Then she nodded.

"No, then, never," he answered her. "And never shall," he added.

Turning simultaneously from one another they looked across the water to the tower; its glassless windows were black as ink against the glaring concrete walls. It gave Gerda an idea.

"Let's go up the tower and look out for him," she said.

"All right, but we shall have to go in the canoe. It would take ages to get round by land."

They paddled quickly across the still water, which glittered on the paddles. As they came nearer to the opposite bank the tower seemed to rise higher and higher. It was, indeed, quite a high tower. Pulling the canoe on to the sand they ran up on to the fir-covered hillock behind the tower, where the doorway was. As they went in, a sudden wave of heat broke over Gerda's head and with it a strong smell of resin from the firs.

Gerda went first up the stairs. The interior of the tower was very skilfully constructed, two complete spiral staircases running one above the other round the walls; there was no communication between them except at the bottom and on a gallery which ran round the top of the tower, outside under the jutting edges of the little dome. Gerda and Willibald were on the lower of the two staircases.

Gerda was nearly at the top when she stopped, gave a cry and pointed across the well of the staircase. Willibald ran up close behind her and looked in the direction of her pointing. On the opposite side of the tower, and on the higher staircase, Hellmut was standing motionless, naked save for his white bathing drawers. His face was rigid and staring; his dusky body speckled with light from the many windows, he looked like an angry faun. In the overpowering, resinous silence a thin cloud came over the sun, darkening the whole of Hellmut's body into a leaden statue against the concrete wall; then the sun reappeared and blotched the body again in great washes from chin to hip, and lower across the thighs. This motion on the still figure gave it the semblance of death.

"Hellmut!" Willibald spoke low but clearly, as one who should seek to arouse a sleeper.

But Hellmut continued to stare at Gerda without answering, his face full of rage and hatred.

And she, for her part, would have wished to speak some word to him. But none rose to her lips; her soul had shut up shop. She looked fixedly back into the eyes which she hated, and tried to mitigate their hatred and her own.

Suddenly Hellmut ran up a few steps and stopped again under one of the windows. Then he climbed on to the sill, with a swift, resilient movement, not using his hands to assist him. His tall figure filled the embrasure, blotting out the brilliant sky with a thick, vivid tracery of darkness. He flung his arms up behind him, into the air outside the tower; then, like a dancer leaping from the wings on to the stage, he dived upwards, out into the sky.

Gerda screamed briefly and covered her mouth with the back of her hand. Her second thought was: "My God! Willibald will follow him." She turned, but what she saw was her brother running down the steps three at a time and bumping violently against the walls in his haste. The figure was that of one who rushes to a rescue.

Gerda hesitated; then, instead of following Willibald, she

collected herself and mounting the stairs very slowly, peeped out of one of the narrow windows, her bushy hair catching in the rough concrete.

Far below her Hellmut lay in the sun, his head crowned by water. The crown was wide, long and irregular in shape, and the head which had once made rings in the night air now made them in the water—for a crown. The face, which was turned towards Gerda, stared unflinchingly up into the blinding sky, and presented the mask of a determined and rather grasping, but terrified, young man.

Willibald came running down the slope, knelt and bent over the body, hiding it from Gerda's sight.

Then she withdrew her head and slowly, picking her way on each step, as if descending a regal staircase towards an expectant throng, she left the tower.

ORPHEUS [1]

By L. A. G. STRONG

From *John o' London's Weekly*

It could not have happened, for the dew had not yet dried from the grassy hollows in the sandhills, where she had let go his arm on their way down to bathe, to run and feel its coolness on her bare legs; rejoining him flushed and breathless, her white canvas shoes all flecked and stained with wet. On their way down to bathe—an hour ago.

He reached the top of the sandhills, and before him was the farm where they were staying. Its clean, whitewashed walls stood out boldly against the hill at its back, behind which, towering over all, Craig Colman rose clear and mighty in the morning air. All looked as yesterday, and as the day before. No: it could not have happened.

He stumbled on across the fields, instinctively seeking the room where they had slept.

How could disaster come so swiftly? She had gone into the water before him. They swam and laughed and splashed: then he climbed out, and stood towelling in the sun. She sat on a ledge below him, kicking her legs to and fro in the green water.

"Aren't you coming out?"

"Not *just* yet." She leaned her head back, and sent him up a kiss. "It is so lovely. Besides, I must wait till *that* boat goes, to dress."

She pointed with her toe at a boat, which had suddenly appeared round the end of their little rocky bay.

[1] Copyright, 1930, by L. A. G. Strong.

"Don't stay in too long, there's a darling."

"Rather not."

She was in again, turning over and over, lying on her back, splashing.

"Oh, lovely, lovely, lovely!" she cried.

He gazed adoringly down at her, and went on scrubbing his head, tingling with warmth and well-being. How glorious the world was. He began to sing, and the jerking of the towel gave his voice so ridiculous a tremolo that he laughed aloud. Oh, it was splendid to be alive.

"Dick!"

Her voice had a puzzled, anxious note.

"Dick!"

"Yes?"

He emerged from his towel. She was a few yards away, swimming towards him. Her face was upturned to him, and wore a strained expression: she was trying to smile.

"Dick—it's awfully silly—but I'm having rather hard work. I think——"

Her head jerked back, and she began to struggle. Quick as thought he was in the water, within a couple of strokes of her; but just as his hand shot out he somehow missed her. She had gone under. He dived at once, but could not see her. Up again. He looked quickly round, but there was no sign—she had not come up. Nonsense—he simply couldn't lose her, in that little space. Still cool, but with a cold dread growing at his heart, he took a long breath, and went under again, deeper down this time. Almost at once he felt the swift tug of a current, and yielded himself to it, in the hope that it might carry him to her: but in a few seconds he was fighting madly to break loose, and only reached the top in time. Sobbing, distraught, trying to get back his breath and dive again, he heard a hurried sound of row-locks, and the next instant he was clinging to the side of the boat, gasping out his story. There was still time, there was lots of time: she hadn't been under more than a minute. Lots of time.

Yet they were an age finding her, an age of struggling, slowly drowning hope: and another age trying to bring back her life on the warm sand. A boy from the boat ran to intercept the doctor, going his round from the nearest village, five miles off. His car had to pass along the road above the farm. He had come running over the sandhills, his worn leather bag in his hand. All that was possible had been done: an age of effort, but to no purpose. She was gone.

His feet stumbled on the weed-grown cobbles of the farmyard. Mary, their maid-of-all-work, who trudged two miles every morning to help the farmer's wife, was hanging out clothes to dry. She stared at him, and her mouth opened slowly. He didn't hear whether she spoke, but went slowly up the creaking stairs to their room.

The bed had been made, but the rest of the room was still in merry disarray. Her short red evening coat, a Moroccan affair, with little pieces of glass and metal set in bizarre embroidery, lay across a chair. A jumper, discarded at the last minute in favour of another, hung from the bedrail, one sleeve drooping forlornly to the floor. At the window the sun was streaming in, making an angular splash of brightness on the floor, lighting up mercilessly the grain in the boards, and the frayed edge of the mat under the dressing-table. It emphasized her row of shoes—she loved shoes—new shoes for the honeymoon; a pair of slim brogues for climbing the mountains, a pair of fat woolly bedroom slippers, made altogether of lambs-wool; and evening shoes, not meant for sunlight. A sob caught in his throat: he raised his eyes to the table, but for a moment he could see nothing. There were her brushes; her little powder-box.

"Don't laugh at me, Dick——" She would so often give her nose an unnecessary reassuring dab. For self-confidence, she explained. "You're *not* to laugh, you horrid creature!" and she would seize his arm, and rub her cheek against his sleeve, as they started off somewhere together.

"No, no, no—it couldn't be true. Here everything was as she had left it. It was a dream, a bad dream. Such things didn't happen—in the first week of a honeymoon.

Ah! He stood still in the middle of the room, frozen by a sudden thought. They would be bringing her up soon. A little, slow, mournful procession across the fields, in the sunlight. Someone would remember her clothes, and go back to get them: and he saw her again, eagerly stripping them off, standing up with the white heap around her feet, stretching up her arms, singing to herself. Solemn hands would retrieve them, fold them reverently, and bring them up after her.

No, no, never! Why should he believe it—why believe such nonsense, such cruelty, such blasphemy against the summer day and all that was good and happy in life? He would not stay to see anything at all. He would go away, for a long walk in the mountains, walk off this incubus, this nightmare. Then, when he came back in the evening, all would be normal and well again. She would be there to welcome him.

He blundered downstairs in a sort of panic, and ran for the woods at the back of the farm. Until he reached their cover he dared not look behind him, for fear he should see a little procession coming up slowly across the sandhills.

Of the time he spent walking the mountains, between the morning and the evening, he could give no clear account. Only vague memories of misery, with a few clear-cut pictures far apart, remained with him. It was as if his mind, in its fevered endeavour not to think of the early morning, had fogged itself as to the present also. Certainly he succeeded in not thinking articulately of her, and was not put in mind of death by his continual glimpses of the sea: but all his body knew that something terrible had confronted him, and he wandered unresting for many hours in the vague misery of a beast.

Once, soon after he had fled from the farm, he found

himself upon the railway line. Only two days before they had walked along it, stepping on the sleepers, laughing at the difficulty of making their steps fit the narrow intervals. He remembered the broken notice-board at the foot of the mountain path that they had seen upon the same excursion.

After that, maybe an hour later, he was on a steep slope, clawing his way upward through the bracken, tearing his hands, sweating, very thirsty. Then there was a loch: he must have knelt to drink, for he remembered feeling peevishly that the knees of his trousers were wet and cold.

There was a cottage on a queer projecting scar of rock, with the sea glittering beyond it, and in the field beside it a tethered goat, bleating incessantly.

Once, himself high up, he heard shots in a valley, and saw a tiny speck fussing about in answer to them. For a while this surprised him: he remembered only afterwards that it was the wrong time of year for shooting.

And then, once, he saw the farm, infinitely small below, and in a flash of apprehension had his one coherent memory. Oh, God, she is there, she is there, she is alive, let her be alive, she *must* live! He knelt, and his body strained, with agonized muscles, into one taut sinew of prayer that should move a mountain and alter the counsels of Heaven.

More hours, blind, weary, forgotten: then, without having decided to return, he found himself on the level ground, approaching the farm. The sky was sleepy and rich: it was evening. His legs ached terribly, and his knees were giving at every step. She would be there, to comfort him.

He crossed the cobbled yard, in front of the little hot bed of nasturtiums, and laboured painfully up the stair. The door of their room confronted him. He gripped the handle, shut his eyes, and prayed, affirming his passionate faith that she was there.

Then he opened the door, and there in very truth she was, sitting, brushing her hair in front of the looking-glass, wearing a bright silk dressing-gown. She turned and smiled at

him, but did not speak. The blessed relief flooded his soul, and with a great sigh of happiness he sank down on the edge of the bed, utterly exhausted, and sat watching her. The brush flowed up and down in long smooth strokes, rhythmically, fascinating him, almost sending his tired mind to sleep. How graceful her arms were—how soft!

For a long time he sat there in silence, content to watch her. Then he remembered the morning, clear in each detail. His heart began to beat cruelly: his breath came short: he passed his tongue over his lips, but it was parched and thick. Then, in torture, he rose to his feet, and tottered stiffly towards her with outstretched hands. She turned, and sent him a kiss over her shoulder. As she had done that morning in the water: the same gesture. Water. Her arms had been limp and motionless, her hair matted; when he had raised her head a thin trickle of water had run from her nostrils. Water. She had been drowned.

Terror seized him.

"Water!" he screamed suddenly at her. "Water! You're full of water! Oh, my God, you're drowned, you're drowned!"

She dropped her brush, turned round, and looked at him in an agony of pity and reproach. She stretched out her arms and parted her lips as if to speak: then she burst into a passion of tears, covered her face with her hands, and disappeared.

The light faded slowly from the room, and he lay still, perfectly conscious now defeated. She was gone—gone past recall. He made no more effort. He had prayed, and his prayer had been granted; but he had not the courage to accept his miracle. O ye of little faith!

Yet how could a man in his wits believe such a thing, so contrary to all experience? What about the others, the doctor, the men in the boat? They had all seen her—like that. Or was it because everyone accepted the fact of death, and no one believed——? He groaned, and put his

hand to his brow; then his mind went back on him, and he wondered if she had really been there when he came in. If her return, not her death, had been the dream. If the sun and his wanderings had so fevered him that he had seen a vision. He could swear to nothing: it was all now a part of the past, of the day's phantasmagoria. How could one ever know?

Yet—there was her brush on the floor, where she had let it fall. There seemed to be a faint radiance around it. Creeping forward towards the window on his hands and knees, he raised his eyes and saw that the moon had risen. He picked the brush up. It was still fragrant from her hair.

Then he heard voices at the foot of the stairs, whispering together. They were coming to look for him.

How could one ever be sure? Had she indeed come back? If he had only believed, would she be with him now? Was it all a dream, or had Orpheus once again lost his Eurydice?

"STAY, CORYDON, THOU SWAIN" [1]

By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

From *The Atlantic Monthly*

I

The moon was at her full, and the Choral Society of Wells in Somerset was holding a practice. Moonshine had to be consulted, for many of the singers lived outside the town and would not venture from their homes by night unless they could see the ruts and puddles. Mr. Mulready, however, was independent of the moon; he lived in the market place, and a gas lamp shone in at his bedroom window until 10.30 P. M., when all the street lamps gave a little jump and died.

Mr. Mulready was a draper. He lived above his shop, though he was sufficiently well-to-do to live, had he wished to do so, in a villa near the station; and this evidence of proper feeling made him much esteemed by the local gentry. He was a small, bald-headed, puggy man, and could sing both bass and alto. What was more, he could read music at sight. These good gifts he employed weekly at the Bethel Chapel, and it was said that Mr. Bulmer, a vicar-choral, had fervently attempted Mr. Mulready's conversion, in order that he might sing in the Cathedral, especially that alto solo in an anthem by Samuel Sebastian Wesley which declares that, "as for the gods of the heathen, they are, are, are but IDOLS"—a sneering chromatic phrase which would ring finely under the stone arches if delivered by the rescued

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Dissenter, but which that bleating old Philpot could never sing in tune.

But Mr. Mulready was faithful to Bethel, as much from social as from religious convictions; for, as he said, he was a Baptist born and dipped, and it never did for people to pretend to be what their neighbours knew full well they were not. The Choral Society was another matter: he had been a member of it for nearly twenty years, and he knew most of its repertory by heart.

The piece they practised this evening was a madrigal by John Wilbye: "Stay, Corydon, Thou Swain." He had sung in it many times before; he knew every note of it; but this did not lessen his pleasure—indeed, it increased it; for he was able to enjoy its beauty undistracted by the sheet of music which Mr. Fair, his neighbour bass, jerked up and down before him in time to the music.

Yet to-night he was destined to hear the old favourite with new ears.

"Thy nymph is light and shadowlike," sang the first sopranos, coming in on high G, and the second sopranos took up the phrase a fifth lower. All of a sudden Mr. Mulready found himself wondering about nymphs, and wondering, too, in a very serious and pertinacious way. He had never to his knowledge given a thought to these strange beings before, and yet it now seemed to him that he had an idea of them both clear and pleasant—as though perhaps in childhood he had been taken to see one as a treat.

He wished to see a nymph again: not from motives of curiosity, not because he thought a nymph would be a pretty sight to gaze at, not for any reasonable, pleasure-seeking reason—for how could anyone entertain a rational wish about a mythological fancy? What he felt was more than a whim; it was an earnest desire, a mental craving somehow to re-create a bright image that Time had once timelessly given, and then by course of time effaced.

Even as he sang he looked round on the lady members of the Choral Society to see if they could afford him any

clue as to the looks of a nymph. One by one he rejected them. Miss Fair was as pretty a girl as you could wish to see, young Mrs. Buckley had a complexion as red and white as the rosebud chintz in his shop, little Jenny Davy was as light as a feather and as ruthless as a kitten—yet none of these answered to his idea of a nymph. She would be quieter, somehow—more ladylike.

So next he studied the ladies, the real ladies who came from the Cathedral Close or from the country houses round about. They were no more helpful. The Reverend Miss Perceval (so he thought of her) had something rather promising about her small pale ears; but, poor young lady, how she did stoop! And as for Mrs. Hamlyn, whom there had been all that talk about, she was a highflyer, sure enough, but nothing like a nymph. Her nose was too large.

Not like any member of the Choral Society, not like his dead wife, not like his two daughters, not like any woman he had ever seen—how did it happen, then, that in his mind's eye there should be this image of a nymph which he was now trying to confirm by looks of flesh and blood? A picture? On an almanac, perhaps; some of the wholesale firms sent out very handsome ones to the trade. But a picture was flat, a picture was dead: no picture could have become so living to him as this projection of a nymph which he couldn't quite see, but which was none the less present in his thought; for otherwise how could he reject so certainly all these unnymphlike ladies?

"Thy nymph is light and shadowlike."

The words haunted him as he walked home, and he hummed the phrase over and over as he sat at supper, with a kind daughter on either hand. As he kissed Sophy goodnight, he thought how cool a nymph's forehead would be. "Light." Light-footed, that must mean, not light-complexioned; for his nymph was dark—at any rate, she had dark hair. The words ran into a new order: "Light-and-shadowlike"—wavering, rippling, as the light bubbles through the shadow of a bough that sways in a spring breeze.

As one has a word on the tip of one's tongue, so Mr. Mulready had a nymph on the tip of his imagination. And for one moment, just as he blew out the candle and resigned his senses to the bed, he thought he had caught her. Alas, she was gone again in a flash, and he was left with a new perplexity; for now it seemed to him that instead of having seen her long ago he had seen her quite recently, so that her image was indistinct and elusive not because Time had effaced it, but because Time had not yet enforced it, leaving it still a faint penciling, a sketch.

II

In the morning he had forgotten these thoughts; but he was soon to remember them again, for when he walked into the shop, there, behind the polished counter and laying out rolls of flannel and sarcenet, was his nymph. He recognized her as one recognizes a melody; her looks, her gestures, fulfilled everything he had sought for overnight, as though a tune which he had tried unavailingly to recall had come back into his head complete. With the recognition came the identification; his mind's nymph was Miss Edna Cave, the young lady who sold staylaces and suchlike female oddments in a dark secluded corner of his shop which in high-flown moments he referred to as the "haberdashery department." There she was, and, what was even stranger to him, there she had been for a couple of months. She was a very respectable, quiet-spoken girl, and a good worker, though she had somehow a rather languid air. He remembered wondering when he engaged her if she were anæmic, and if she would be strong enough to lift down the heavy boxes from the shelves. And from then till this moment he had scarcely given her a thought, perhaps because of her very merits as a satisfactory worker and respectable young person.

He wanted to think of her now, to examine her in this new and exciting aspect of a discovery. But it was market day, and the shop soon filled with customers. He was kept busy and could scarcely steal a glance at his nymph until the

moment came for him to put up the shutters and for her to put on her hat and gloves.

"You look a little tired, Miss Cave. It's been a busy day, I'm sure. There's more than twenty pounds in the till."

"I'm not tired, really," replied the nymph. "Only a little sleepy. It's the spring, I expect. These first warm days often make me feel a little queer."

"You should go out more," said Mr. Mulready. "Have you a bicycle?"

"Yes, I've got a bicycle."

"I'll tell you what you should do. To-morrow is early closing. Now, will you come out for a ride?"

"I must say that Annie will come too," he thought; but before he could utter the words the nymph had answered, "Thank you, Mr. Mulready. I should like to very much."

Even so, he fully intended to ask Annie, or, if not Annie, then Sophy. It would be nice for her to have the company of girls of her own age—bright, friendly girls like his two. But on the morrow he learned from their talk at breakfast that they proposed to go off early in the forenoon to shop in Bath, and would not be back till late. Apparently it had all been settled long ago, even to the hats they were going to buy: a pink chip for Annie, and for Sophy a leghorn with a wreath of white roses.

"You won't mind, will you, Pa? Mrs. Creak will see to your tea."

"I don't know whether I shall want tea, my dear. I was thinking of going out for a ride with—"

The shop bell rang. A little boy had been sent in a great hurry for some narrow black elastic, and Mr. Mulready did not have another chance of a word with his daughters. It seemed as though Fate had taken the affair in hand. It would be a pity to disappoint the poor thing, and on such a lovely day, too. But would it be right to ride with her alone? He tried to quiet his scruples by remembering the innocence of his intentions and the number of years that he had

been a respectable widower. Yet in a small town one cannot be too careful; and he would be sorry to compromise a nymph. Besides, it would be dull work for her, riding through the spring lanes with such an old fogy as he; she would enjoy herself more when the girls could come too.

Just before closing time Miss Cave approached him.

"Would it be as convenient, Mr. Mulready, if we don't start till about five? Mother wants me to help with the ironing."

He would have spoken then, but suddenly she raised her eyes and said, "I am looking forward to it so much."

No, he could not make difficulties now. After that stint of ironing, the hot room, the heavy sheets to handle and fold, a bicycle ride would be just what she needed.

It was after five when they set out.

"Where shall we go, Miss Cave? Is there anywhere you specially fancy?"

"I should like to go—" she had a low voice and spoke with a curious slight lisp, her speech seeming as it were to rustle—"I should like to go by Glastonbury to that wood called Merley Wood."

"It's rather a rough road, you know. Have you been there before?"

"No. But I've heard of it; and I have often wanted to go there."

He knew the wood she spoke of; that is, he had often passed below it, had heard it murmuring aloofly to itself, had seen the long shadow it stretched down to the road. He was not a fearful man; yet for some reason he did not much care to pass Merley Wood toward dusk. It gave him an uneasy feeling in his back, and he had once declared in the safety of jest that he wouldn't walk through it—no, not for a five-pound note. But if Miss Cave wanted to go there, that was another matter. When one has a nymph vouchsafed one for a whole evening one does not boggle over details. He was extremely happy and excited at the thought of such a shy and rare being becoming his compan-

ion. Now he would really be able to watch, to discover, to make sure of her—or, rather, of the nymph idea she represented for him. Whatever she did or said would be, he felt sure, the right, the revealing thing. He had already a general idea how a nymph would behave: she would be rather quiet, and take a great interest in flowers.

Yet when Miss Cave, riding ahead of him, suddenly jumped off her bicycle, he cried out, "Is it a puncture?"

She did not answer. It seemed that she had not heard him. She stood looking into the hedge and smiling at whatever it was she saw there.

"White violets," she said softly. And then she smiled again, and gently nodded her head, as though between them and her there were some especial understanding. Mr. Mulready also nodded—nodded in approval. Yes, it was just as it should be; a nymph would certainly behave thus. It was a pretty sight, and he hoped she would do it again.

She did, jumping off her bicycle, as other people jump off when they see a friend, to greet a flicker of wind-flowers in an ash coppice, a new growth of Queen Anne's lace,—very light and feathery, yet eminently vigorous with the thrusting strength of its sappy green stems,—a handful of wild white hyacinths which some child must have gathered and then thrown down in the road to die. But these she took up without any word at all, and for a moment she looked almost severe as she considered them, drooping limply and exhaling their heavy smell of sweetness and untimely death, before she laid them among the grasses at the side of the road.

"It's a thing I don't like at all," said Mr. Mulready; "picking flowers just to throw down."

"No more don't I!"

He was surprised at the passion in her voice. He had never heard her speak so vehemently—nor, it occurred to him, in such a rustic way. But in a moment she was her ordinary self again, had mounted her bicycle and was pedaling on before him with her white thread gloves on the handlebars. She rode very fast for a girl of her build. He

had quite an ado to keep up with her, and by the time they reached Merley Wood he was hot, and glad of a respite.

III

They ran their machines into the field below the wood and laid them down under a group of blossoming thorns. A blackthorn hedge straggled up the slope toward the wood; the blossom was beginning to go over, and drifts of tarnished snow lay under the bushes. But in the shadow of the wood, where the sun had not penetrated, the thorn trees were at the perfection of their bloom. They were very old trees, gnarled, and tufted with greenish-gray moss, dry and dead-coloured. It did not seem possible that those angular boughs should have put out the lace-work of milky blossoms, each a blunt star, each with its little pointed pink star within it. It seemed rather as though light had rested upon the dead boughs and turned into blossom.

Behind this flowery rampart the wood rose up—sycamore, and sad spruce, and larches sighing and swaying their young green overhead. It was certainly a mournful wood, but Mr. Mulready could not now imagine why he had thought it to be a frightening one. Now that he was within it, walking about with Miss Cave, he thought of it as a gentle place. Presently they sat down side by side, and, having sat a little while, lay back, as everyone does, sooner or later, in a wood, to stare up at the tree tops waving so high above them.

Mr. Mulready watched till he began to feel a trifle sick. He sat up again, and as he did so it occurred to him that he had come out this evening to watch, not larches, but a nymph. And this was a good moment to begin; for she lay staring upward as though she had forgotten his presence—he could look as much as he pleased without being ill-mannered.

First, then, how slender she was, and how supple; for she lay among the wood sorrel as though lying on the ground

could never make her stiff, could never give her rheumatism. And next? What struck him next? Her pallor—she was as white as the thorn blossom. But down here at the foot of the trees the light was dim and watery, as if it floated down to them through still, shadowed water. That was why she looked so pale. No real woman had naturally such a moonlight look.

And then? Her hair, which he saw now was not black, as he had believed, but the colour of very dark earth? Her eyes, which were a bright, spangled hazel? Her wide, thin mouth; the line of her jaw, travelling from the small chin to an ear which was quite as fine as Miss Percival's? He noticed all these things, but he knew that there was something else, something more significant than any of these. Of course. Her silence. For, except for that one outburst over the wild hyacinths, she had scarcely put two words together during the whole evening. Yet you wouldn't call her uncompanionable. When he had spoken she had answered him, though not in words, now he came to think of it; but assenting with sighs of contentment, and acquiescent murmurs, and even little grunts—matching her speech, as it were, to that of the whispering and faintly creaking trees around them.

How still she lay! He could hear her light breathing among the sounds of the breathing wood. Had it not been for her eyes, still open and fixed upon the tree tops, he would have said she slept.

Outside the wood, among the thorns, a blackbird had begun his vespers; and the rays of the sun slanted in and turned the larch stems pink. Time was getting on; they should soon be thinking of the ride home. When she woke, when she came out of her waking dream, he would take out his watch tactfully.

But suddenly she turned to him, saying, "I am so happy here."

One couldn't answer that by taking out one's watch: it wouldn't be manners.

He made a nice reply—hoped they might have another ride soon. A second blackbird was answering the first from the farther side of the wood. Their voices travelled through the solitary still dusk where these two sat, unguessed-at and secluded as though they lay at the bottom of a shadowy pool.

"Listen to those two chaps," said Mr. Mulready. "There's singing for you! Are you fond of music?"

"I'm afraid not. At least, I don't care for the piano."

He wondered if he should tell her how a phrase from a piece of music had brought them here together. But perhaps she wouldn't understand, for he was a poor hand at explanations; and perhaps it might wound her feelings if it came out that he had invited her for such a queer reason.

"Thy nymph is light and shadowlike." He began to hum to himself, softly and strayingly. Music has a different meaning, a different beauty, out of doors.

IV

The sun had faded out of the wood, the stems of the larches were grown silvery, the wood sorrel they lay upon lost all earthly colour, became gray, became almost black. The smell of the thorn blossom drifted into the wood. Every moment it became more intense and more searching, as though it were the smell of the moonlight.

The nymph sat up and looked about her. She put her hands to her forehead as though to wipe away a dream. Then, shaking her head, she rose and began to walk out of the wood. Mr. Mulready picked up her hat and gloves and followed her. When he came to the edge of the wood he caught his breath and started. The thorn blossom shone so in the moonlight that it looked unearthly. The landscape lay before him, undulating to the horizon in swaths of gray and silver like the swaths of mown hay. Down in the field he could see the two bicycles. Their spokes glittered in the moonlight. The dew was falling, and they would be rusted.

He began to descend the slope, but stopped again; for the nymph delayed. She had turned back toward the thorn trees at the edge of the wood. She stood beside them, quite still, gazing at them as she had gazed at the white violets, earlier in the day—gazing as though, rather than seeing them, she were listening to them. Now she began to walk toward them, very slowly. She put out her hands. He thought that she was going to break off a spray, and, remembering the country belief that whoever takes home blackthorn blossom carries death into the house, he had a confused idea that he must call to her, warn her, tell her not to. And then in a moment she had disappeared.

He saw it happen, but he could not believe his eyes. He told himself that she must have slipped round to the other side of the brake, and as he ran back across the dewy grass he kept on saying, "Oh no, oh no! It can't be! It can't!"

But though he called, and searched, and fought his way into the strong mass of the thorn thicket, frantically believing that she had got in somehow and fallen there in a faint, there was no sign of her. She was gone. With his own eyes he had seen her vanish.

Breathless, and scratched all over, trembling, at last he sat down on the grass; and, covering his eyes with his bleeding hands, he began to whimper like a lost child. But it was she—she who was lost! And as he abandoned his mind to an acceptance of what had happened he began to forecast in a confused terror all the things that would happen next: a scandal, nobody believing him; Edna's mother weeping and wailing, and perhaps bringing an action; his customers leaving him; his daughters disgraced and turning from him; misery, shame, ruin! The scent from the thorn trees flowed out over him. He caught hold of a branch and clasped it in his arms, awkwardly, as though he would embrace it. The thorns ran into his flesh and the petals slipped floating down on to the ground. "Oh, come back, come back!" he implored. But there was no answer, no sound, except the nightingales singing in the wood.

THE SECRET [1]

By MALACHI WHITAKER

From *The New Adelphi*

A girl was coming home from a friend's house. She was excited, her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks shone red. She had to run for the tram, and her breath came quickly. She wore a red coat and a red hat, and carried two or three small parcels dangling by their strings.

The tram filled with women returning from the mill. There was fog and frost outside, and some of the factory workers looked tired and dispirited. As a certain thought struck her, the glow faded from the face of the girl in red, and she sat huddled in a corner, looking at the glass opposite, scarcely breathing the close air, now tainted with the smell of wool and sweat.

For a fortnight, she had had a secret, the most happy thing that had ever happened to her. Each morning when she woke up, it seemed that the secret stood by her bedside and kissed her awake, with a kiss so light and gentle that she could never quite answer it. The secret was ethereal, elusive, and she had to lie back and shut her eyes in order to reach the full enjoyment of it. Slowly, everything to do with it would crystallize in her mind, from the first footfall to the moment of the long, long look.

It was strange, but she could not remember the sound of his voice. Suddenly a picture would come—of his dark suit, of his boots, of his attitude as he bent his head—not of

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himself completely; and she would be so grateful for each picture, waiting and waiting until she could exactly remember the exquisite moment. That was the hardest of all, and came so very seldom. She would look up, there would be the light resting like a thin knife blade on his black hair, and his eyes, never visualized except at this second, shining down into hers; and again she would be overcome with nervous trembling, and feel as she felt then, as if she were falling into a mass of clouds, which both held her up and sank downwards with her.

The fact that she had seen him but a few times did not trouble her. It was enough to know that he was alive, that he had looked at her and made her glad. She wanted nothing more than she had got; something to dream about; a memory to pursue, but too fragile ever to grasp. Ever since he had gone, love for him had risen out of her like a tree filled with pale blossom. For a whole fortnight, until today, this had been her secret.

The tram ground noisily over some points, and stopped. The mill workers trooped out, exchanging jokes in harsh, tired voices, giving exaggerated shivers as they met the cold air outside. The girl in red was left alone in her corner.

She had not noticed the people getting out, as she was thinking about a butterfly she had once seen crawling up a warm wall-side, years ago when she was a child, in another country. She had been tired, and had sat down in the shade to rest. It was hot. Over the wall, a field's length away, ran a broad river. She had sat down at the roadside, in the dust, not caring about anything, only waiting for the sun to become a little less hot. Then, from somewhere near the bottom of the wall, the butterfly had crept out.

She had never seen a butterfly just out of its chrysalis before. She did not know that it would be damp, and trembling, and weak, and that it would have to creep up painfully from the shade to the sunshine, and hang there fluttering and fluttering, a prey to any casual thing, until its wings were strong enough to bear it away.

She had sat and watched it for a long time. From looking like a piece of crumpled silk, or a bruised poppy petal, its wings grew broad and strong. It was a great red butterfly, covered with coloured rings, yellow and blue and black. She had never seen anything so beautiful in her life.

Just at the last, when it was ready to fly away, unable to restrain the impulse, she had put out a quick hand to hold it back. Yet, child as she was, one part of her had known that a thing so delicate should never be defiled by a coarse touch. As she whispered yearningly, "Don't go away, you lovely thing," the nail of her eager forefinger had caught one quivering wing, and torn it across.

Again she felt the thrill of horror and remorse that had struck through her as she watched the butterfly struggling along the wall-top striving to lift its broken wing. She had hurried away, and left it, but always the remembrance of it stayed in her mind. Here was this beautiful creature ready for life, and she had spoilt it.

After she left the tram, there was a long walk before she could reach home. The air was bitterly cold, and the mist wound about her head like a filmy scarf. Underfoot, the wet road was as smooth and slippery as glass. The silence pressed down heavily, like a weight.

The girl lowered her face into the warmth of her collar, and walked along the dark road. She tried to think about the secret. She listened for the footsteps, but they would not come; the dark hair did not shine for her, nor did those other eyes meet hers with the intent look in them.

All the happiness had fled from her secret since the afternoon, when, unable to bear its beauty, she had told it to her friend. It was a secret no longer. It was nothing, not even a handful of spilled blossom. So, as she neared home, she could only think of a broken-winged butterfly creeping despairingly along a wall-top away in another country.

I MET A MAN GOING TO ST. NEOTS [1]

By ROMER WILSON

One May day as I was walking north from London to York for nothing but the pleasures of pedestrianism, I met a man some two miles out of Cambridge who glared at me and stared at me so fixedly as I passed by that I turned round on him and said:

"What do you make out is wrong with me to-day after all that?"

"You walking for a wager?" he asked back.

"No," I said, and let him get alongside. "I am not. Are you?"

"No," he answered, and looked me through and through. "I am but going to Saint Newts. There is no hurry for me to be there, and if you an't walking for money you could slow down those long shanks of yours to my pace and take our time together."

"All right," I said, and put him down as a man whose wits and he had wandered some way apart in his youth and never quite come together again. However, the birds were busy singing in the hedgerows and over beyond Grantchaster the hills were deep blue, gleaming deep blue beyond green fields full of dandelions and daisies, behind orchards thick white with blossoms—it was a regular good day for the tenth of May, in fact, so I slackened my pace and set it by the tramp's. I usually set my watch by the town clock and let it go at that. Pubs don't keep Greenwich time. My trampish friend, I found soon, did not care for a man's

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company except he had ears. He was a lazy lout moreover and seemed aching to loll on the roadside banks whenever there was a bit of hill before him.

At last he said quite openly: "What you hurrying for to-day? St. Newts has good beds and there's other nights to lay at Stilton inn or Hunts or What's it's Stamford name in Rutlandshire, and damn bloody hot it is on this confounded road. I shall go in that field and lie till my sides are cool and you won't get to heaven any sooner for getting to York Monday. Don't be a squid, young man. Take your ease with me and draw dole Saturday. Honour them that works not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. I never worked of habit since I was bottle-washer at Burton-on-Trent time I married my first wife that came when I whistled and does so still in between whiles her fits of temper. She loves me, it's safe to say, she loves me more than money, more than temptation itself, and for six long years we lived together quiet and dull in the filthy town of Burton. But I was born of tramps in Bakewell workhouse and somehow six years was the longest time I could find to waste at one street corner ever since. This green grass fills in the hollows of your back like a down bed."

We were in the fields now on the upper side of Maddingly Wood, a place much used as a rendezvous by gypsies. My friend took off his boots and threw himself full length in the heavy green grass, and a morning laziness beginning to creep up my limbs, I sat down beside him, but well covered my ankles against the pestiferous May flies, and began to fill a pipe. My brain emptied itself of every kind of thought and I stared away at the horizon with a white blank mind. Bees droned, wind tickled the leaves overhead, the sound of an occasional motor bicycle now and again beat time and space up into a palpitation.

"Well, get on with your talk," said I, when I had got a good draw on my pipe. "Being a tramp, where did you learn English?"

"I never learnt English, and I don't answer questions,"

said he lazily, but soon, as I expected, his tongue began wagging of itself. "It was not my fault I ran truant from yond orphanage and sat whittling sticks in Carver Sough," he droned slowly, "not my fault at all. Nor that Lady Stoneybroke as she was called by us saw me one day and took me to Bakewell market to mind her butter while her ladyship goes into the bank. She was a marchioness, I say straight, and her husband a marquis. They were mad in their way, but no money for it. The marquis he gave me half a crown now and then to help shell the peas. They offered me no bed, being gentlefolk, but by night left the barn door ajar and by day left the long library windows open. The library was twice the size of the barn, mind you, and handsome with gilt and leather. A pair of steps was to be had for the top books and sometimes I'd be sat on the top step reading aloud some high old rubbish to my lord, Ancient Rome its Fall and Decline or what not, and he'd be sat on the bottom cleaning vegetables and shouting at me when I didn't speak like a scholar. I used to wash up dishes sometimes, and I even helped her ladyship tease the big featherbed and sieve two ton of feathers through a wire drum. But I came and went, and after I was secure of the local schoolmaster, having flicked my fourteenth year behind me, I took to going my own gait till at eighteen I fetched up at Burton-on-Trent, got scared of God and the devil, and married my first wife with ring and book in Wesley. For six years I slept beside her and worked for Basses. They said Jesus preferred bottlewashers to tramps, and I believed 'em. My wife bred four times, but two died. One is now in China at a school for heathen and the other fell for his country. I'm about forty-two, I should say, now. We were in the same regiment, he and me, and I never split he was only sixteen. I loved him and he had a mind to me, he being the first son I ever had. He never let on I was a married man nor he my son, and we took care to be tramps about the time our turn came in the Newcastle district. But that was all by the way. After he

went, the army didn't amuse me. But there, I'm ahead of myself.

"When six years of goody goodness had rolled over me and I going five-and-twenty, I told Bess I'd a fancy to change my ways, and as she had obliged nature four times and lost two, mayhap she'd like a single life for a while. 'No,' says she, 'I love you, and you can bring the other woman home with you. The parlour sofa will do for me.' 'It isn't a she, Bess,' I replied, 'my legs itch.' However, I washed bottles for six months more till spring began coming round again, and I got her work on bottle labels. Then I went to Wales, and the Welsh sing in a way I don't like. So I came over that summer to Manifold and got work on a farm. There was a girl took a fancy to me there and on Boxing Day she and I married in church, she being well on the way, under the name of Jones. I stayed two years in those parts off and on as the country pleased me. I don't know as there was ever much love lost between Clarry and me. I was a silent man and she flapped like a wind driven scarecrow weak about with being humble toward me beyond reason. I kept Bess in touch with my doings and she gave out I was dead.

"After Clarry lost hers, a girl, mind you, my only one of that sex so far, and our loss made me mad for a bit, I went off south for a time to ease my mind, and Bess joined me with our two boys at Warwick. She had risen herself with the minister's help at Burton, and came to Warwick as a cook to some people. That summer the boys slept with me under the hedge. It was a hell-hot year, but not a touch on '11 or '21, and she sometimes had evenings off, when she brought a pie or some other delicacy and a jug of beer, and we four sat on a hill top at evening eating and drinking together. But she knew I wasn't for long, and that winter boarded out the boys, and I went to Chatham after a low job. There I married again come the spring. I called myself Martin Day after the boot polish people. She was a nice fat girl that left me for a steward on the channel serv-

ice. She lived at Calais on the French side, and when the war broke out and I went over there, she and I took up with each other once or twice. A house collapsed on her one night, I heard, and she lies in the war cemetery over there as the steward's dead wife. Both him and me never minded her ways. She was a good fat lass. When she left me for her pal, I was glad, because Bess needed licking into shape. She earned more than thirty pounds a year now and had a parlourmaid woman for friend, and that set her proud toward me. So I called her from her cookpots and that summer we all tramped. 1911, that was, hot as tar on a blistered barge. Bess loved me, but we had some scenes, I got wild with her in a woodshed near Kings Lynn one moonlight night, may have been the heat made me rabid. She too cursed at me and said I'd ruined her life. I never ruined even a daisy willingly, but I gave her the length of my belt and Tom and I had to carry her to the infirmary. For caution's sake we left her on the doorstep, she first having forgiven me of her free will, and I lost sight of her for some while. I wanted to be alone, so I gave the boys their freedom and told them at a pinch to trust to the Salvation Army, but only if it was a hard winter. Salvation Army becomes a habit once gone after. Tom kept out of it, he told me later.

"I went my way by this road to York and harvested near Pickering that autumn. That winter was my first tramp's winter. I got my belly pinched. But early spring found me at Truro and with a few seafaring stories I became gardener to an old maid who lived for six cats. I see their twelve eyes stare up at me from the marigold bed even now. Great cats for that bed they were. My fancy then turned to a young woman at the Post Office who thought I was from the East Indies, whither her lover of some four years before had gone. I told her I knew him, and that he loved a black wench with flowers in her hair and had gotten twins of a coffee colour with fat little bellies such as I remembered from a book on blacks in my lord marquis's

book shelves. I won her, but before the summer was out found Truro too sultry and went to Newlyn. I never heard whether anything came of our bedding together or not. She was not up to marrying form. She had a whimpering habit, but did anything for a pair of trousers as they say. That kind of girl gets on when young till she turns twenty-one or so, and then falls off like a medlar, but she's better too like a medlar when she's bad, though some folk count it waste of a county scholarship.

"At Newlyn I fell among talking fools and ten young women painted my portrait at an art school in the open air. I looked like a sunset on a muddy day, I remember well. I earned my fee bathing naked a number of times, chiefly backways on to the chap with the brush, or he'd bring me a striped cotton towel. But I earned my winter's keep and went to London where I sat for the Gunpowder Plot arrest of Guy Fawkes half naked for the Academy. I grew my beard for it and so married a fourth time, at a registry this once, a young Lady Godiva that my man was working on alternate with me. She outearned me and had a filthy pride. The painter took her part. I loved that wench somehow and could not leave her alone till one spring evening I met Bess in a bad way in Leicester Square, and Bess and I went down to the embankment and sat hand in hand all one long warm night and next day I showed her I had twelve pounds in my pocket, enough for her and me till autumn. I treated her to a good fine feed in Walthamstowe, and by night we were far away in a dry barn on the road to Berkshire telling over the past. And so we lived till autumn when she had a miscarriage at Oxford Union, and I went east alone to seek winter quarters. I got a place in a boot factory of good people as carrier, and I had her over with me. Her kind face and clean ways found her in charwork and odd sewing, and I said she was my sister, for I'd taken up with another one whose cousin got me my place. My name was Robinson at that time, and I spent the winter becoming a Baptist. My fifth wife died in child-

bed, the only one ever I lost that way, and after that, May having come round again, Bess and I were free to move on. The Norwich folk are good and allow in their feelings for human nature. I have always been glad I did no wrong by Susie. Bess and I loved her very well. She was much more of a daughter to us than she was my wife. We cried when she died, though maybe it was in a way best for her. Bess carried the child in her arms to Newcastle and dearly loved it, but it was too frail and died of croup one night on her knee the night England spoke for war.

"What came the next five years but my finding Tom again, his death, and a foolish match I made with a widow publican at Folkestone when I was a corporal I cannot care much. Five years that went to Hell and two a-shillyshallying to get out of it. And so, sir, we grow old.

"Bess keeps a small shop she bought from her war savings, for she did more handsomely than I could ever believe in the war, and when my left leg will no longer follow my right, I daresay she'll let me sit in her chimney corner, though she married again herself in pique some three years since. But we're sister and brother now like Abram in Egypt. Why we settled it that way ask Mary Sowerby that lives at Rose Cottage, Pickering, and whose two children somewhat favour me. She might have been called by my right name still if she had not taken umbrage at Bess. Bess and she fought, and as I say Bess married a coal merchant and I swore we were born of one father, Bess and I. It was a sad time that, but Mary got me over that fat Folkestone bitch and two years in quod stiffen a man's nether limbs, so, sir, I like to lie while the weather is fine and rest back my strength."

My tramp friend, who looked by no means old, but had a queer battered greenness like a youngish tree that has stood bad weather, stopped talking now and drew a tin bottle from his pocket and wetted his whistle at it, having offered me first pull with a jerky gesture. He sat up to drink, and when he had finished, began putting on his boots.

"I shelled a lot of peas this morning, an't I?" he asked. "It came on me. I got mad to see your long kegs chewing up the miles like I used to. So I sat you down and told you all that. My lord marquis gave me half a crown for a quarter that lot. It's the truth, by God it is," he said and stood up. "I'll take a bob for it."

"It's the longest wind I ever had from a beggar," I said, not moving.

"I bet it is," he answered, and went into the hedge on his own business. At least, so I thought, but when I looked round he was no longer back of me, but twenty yards up the St. Neots road going steadily ahead.

And never to this day have I determined whether or not he was crazy nor whether he said all that for a shilling, nor whether even he needed money at all.

THE YEARBOOK OF
THE BRITISH, IRISH, AND COLONIAL
SHORT STORY
JUNE, 1929, TO APRIL, 1930

THE BEST BRITISH, IRISH, AND COLONIAL SHORT STORIES

JUNE 1, 1929, TO APRIL 30, 1930

NOTE. *Only stories by British, Irish, and Colonial authors are listed. American, British, Irish, and Colonial periodicals have been reviewed. Canadian stories are listed in the American yearbook. While every endeavour has been made to indicate the nationality of authors correctly, I assume no personal responsibility for the accuracy of my classification in this or in other lists.*

A., J.
Pepe Sees the Moon. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 17, '30.

ALDINGTON, RICHARD.
Meditation on a German Grave. Nash's-Pall Mall Magazine. Jan., '30.

ALLAN, D.
Fig Pudding. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 8, '30.

ANGLIN, NORMAN.
Kiff. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 19, '29.

ARCHIBALD, KATHLEEN M. (*Trinidad.*)
Answer. Trinidad. Easter, '30.

ARDEN, MARY.
Love to the Angels. New Adelphi. Jun.–Aug., '29.

ARMSTRONG, MARTIN.
Bachelor Dinner. Saturday Review (London.) Dec. 7, '29.

ATTENBOROUGH, G. M.
Stays. Cornhill Magazine. Dec., '29.
Vanity Fair. Mar., '30. (under title of "The Brief Début of Lucian Mallady.")

BANCROFT, F. (*South Africa.*)
Christmas Eve, 1820. Star. (Johannesburg.) Dec. 20, '29.

BARTLETT, ANGÈLE.
Solange. Life and Letters. Dec., '29.

BASHFORD, H. H.
September Night. Royal Magazine. Oct., '29.

BATES, H. E.
Comic Actor. New Statesman. Jun. 29, '29.
Love Story. Everyman. Apr. 3, '30.

Pensioned Off. New Adelphi. Sept.-Nov., '29.
Sheep. The Window. Jan., '30.

BENNETT, ARNOLD.
Cat and Cupid. Hutchinson's Story Magazine. Jul., '29.

BENSON, STELLA.
Dream. Saturday Review of Literature (New York.) Apr. 19, '30.
Hairy Carey's Son. Harper's Magazine. Jun., '29.
Out-Islander Comes In. Time and Tide. Jun. 21, '29.
Prank. Harper's Magazine. Jan., '30.
Submarine. Nation and Athenæum. Aug. 31, '29. Harper's Magazine. Sept., '29.

BERTRAM, ANTHONY.
Avenger. English Review. Dec., '29.

BESWICK, EARDLEY.
Gap in the Mind. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 20, '29.
Last Ride. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 28, '30.
Ridicule. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 12, '30.

BETHELL, L. SLINGSBY.
Rector of Stiller Florum. Cornhill Magazine. Aug., '29.

BOISSIÈRE, R. A. C. DE. (*Trinidad.*)
Trip to Town. Trinidad. Easter, '30.

BOTTOME, PHYLLIS.
Invasion. North American Review. Aug., '29.

BROOME, DORA M.
Drawing-Room Meeting. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 12, '29.
Man from Ballasalla. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 30, '30.
Nocturne. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 17, '29.
Old Danny. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 16, '29.
Tender Passion. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 12, '29.
Travel. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 28, '29.
Troggan. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 26, '30.

BROPHY, JOHN.
'Toinette. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 19, '29.

BROSTER, D. K.
Promised Land. Nash's Magazine. Jul., '29.

BURKE, THOMAS.
Bother at Drinsey Nook. T. P.'s Weekly. Jun. 29, '29.

BURROW, C. KENNETT.
Parcel. John o'London's Weekly. Jun. 1, '29.

BUTTS, MARY.
House Party. Pagany. Winter, '30.

CAROL, RICHARD.
Tam McWhirker's Elephant. Strand Magazine. Jan., '30.

CHESTERTON, G. K.
Crime of Gabriel Gale. Story-Teller. Sept., '29.

Doom of the Darnaways. North American Review. Oct., '29.
Ecstatic Thief. Cassell's Magazine. Sept., '29.
Honest Quack. Story-Teller. Jul., '29.

CLARKE, LAURENCE.
Lovely Lady. T.P.'s Weekly. Aug. 3, '29.

COLLIER, JOHN.
Thing Seen. Dial. Jul., '29.

COLUM, PADRAIC. (*Ireland.*)
Journey. Dial. Jun., '29.

COPPARD, A. E.
Gollan. Everyman. Dec. 26, '29.

COPPARD, LILY ANNE.
Miracle. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 15, '30.

CORNIER, VINCENT.
Evening of a Gentlewoman. Story-Teller. Dec., '29.

COTTON, HORACE.
Fathers. John o'London's Weekly. Nov. 16, '29.

COTTRELL, DOROTHY.
Snake. Time and Tide. Feb. 21, '30.

COYLE, KATHLEEN. (*Ireland.*)
Vocation. Bermondsey Book. Jun.–Aug., '29.

CROMPTON, RALPH.
Lady of the Tides. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 5, '29.

CROMPTON, RICHMAL.
Mother. Woman. Jun., '29.
On Pixie Hill. Windsor Magazine. Aug., '29.
Good Housekeeping (N. Y.) Aug., '29.

DAVIES, RHYS.
Ballad. English Review. Mar., '30.
Evelyn and Ivor. Window. Apr., '30. (42.)
Revelation. This Quarter. Oct.–Dec., '29.

DE LA MARE, WALTER.
Cape Race. Yale Review. Autumn, '29.
Good Housekeeping (London.) Dec., '29.
Crewe. London Mercury. Jul., '29.
Picnic. Criterion. Apr., '30.
Virginia Quarterly Review. Apr., '30.
Willows. Blackwood's Magazine. Sept., '29.
Virginia Quarterly Review. Oct., '29.

DINGLE, A. E.
Commissioner. Log of the Circumnavigator's Club. Nov.–Dec., '29.

DOBRÉE, VALENTINE.
Nearer God. Criterion. Oct., '29.

DORSET, F. H.
Black Astarte. Cornhill Magazine. Sept., '29.

"Doyle, Lynn." (*Ireland.*)
Napoleon. Strand Magazine. Mar., '30.
Sense and Sawdust. Strand Magazine. Jul., '29.
Will and a Way. Strand Magazine. Feb., '30.
Elstein, Noah.
Summer Morning. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 18, '29.
Evans, F. V. S. (*Trinidad.*)
Off Shore. Trinidad. Christmas, 1929.
Fane, Margaret, *and* Lofting, Hilary. (*Australia.*)
Dead Man's Shilling. Bulletin (Sydney.) Dec. 18, '29.
Rufus Escapes. Bulletin (Sydney.) Aug. 28, '29.
Satin Slippers. Sydney Mail. Oct. 23, '29.
Yellow. Sydney Mail. Apr. 9, '30.
Galsworthy, John.
Aunt Juley's Courtship. Nash's-Pall Mall Magazine. Dec., '29.
Delineator. Oct., '29.
Bargain. Story-Teller. Jan., '30.
Dog at Timothy's. Story-Teller. Dec., '29.
Forsyte Encounters the People. Delineator. Mar., '30.
Francie's Fourpenny Foreigner. Delineator. Apr., '30.
Midsummer Madness. Delineator. Jul., '29.
Revolt at Roger's. Nash's-Pall Mall Magazine. Jan., '30.
Delineator. Jan., '30.
Sad Affair. Story-Teller. Feb. '30.
Soames and the Flag. Story-Teller. Aug., '29.
Liberty. Jun. 15, '29.
Gay, H. E. W.
Like Any Other Night. English Review. Nov., '29.
Gaye, Phoebe Fenwick.
Painted Lady. Time and Tide. Jul. 12, '29.
Gere, Margaret.
Wynlayne. New Statesman. Apr. 19, '30.
Gerhardi, William.
Horse Affair. Time and Tide. Jan. 24, '30.
Gibbs, H. A. Venting.
Song. New Statesman. Nov. 23, '29.
Violin. New Statesman. Jul. 6, '29.
Gillman, Eleanor. (*Ireland.*)
"Hay." Irish Statesman. Jul. 13, '29.
Golding, Louis.
Happy Ending in Tiberias. Jewish Tribune. Jun. 7, '29.
Griff, Alan.
Horn. Colour. Apr., '30.
Tavern. Colour. Dec., '29.

GUINAN, JOHN. (*Ireland.*)
Watcher of the Dead. Cornhill Magazine. Jun., '29.
H., E. F. G.
River. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 20, '29.
H., H. J.
Fugitive. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 20, '29.
HERBERTSON, AGNES GROZIER.
In the Cottage. John o'London's Weekly. Oct. 12, '29.
HILCOT, DAVID.
Quixote del Cine. London Mercury. Sept., '29.
HILTON, JAMES.
Mallet. Hutchinson's Story Magazine. Jul., '29.
HOLTBY, WINIFRED.
Escape-Three-and-Sixpence. Time and Tide. Mar. 28, '30.
HOULT, NORAH.
Way He Went. This Quarter. Jan.–Mar., '30.
HUGHES, RICHARD.
Ghost in Rope Street. Vanity Fair. Oct., '29.
HUTCHINSON, RAY CORYTON.
Last Page. Bermondsey Book. Mar.–May, '30.
HUXLEY, ALDOUS.
Chawdron. Life and Letters. Apr., '30.
Claxtons. London Mercury. Aug., '29.
Bookman. (N. Y.) Sept., '29.
Rest Cure. Nash's-Pall Mall Magazine. Dec., '29.
Cosmopolitan. Mar., '30. (under title of "Dangerous Game.")
JACKSON, P. HOOLE.
Pratt and Peters. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 16, '30.
JAMES, C. L. R. (*Trinidad.*)
Triumph. Trinidad. Christmas, '29.
JOYCE, MICHAEL.
Next Ship. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 9, '29.
KAYE-SMITH, SHEILA.
Old Farmhouse-New Style. Story-Teller. Nov., '29.
Picture of Thirty Years Ago. Story-Teller. Apr., '30.
KELLY, THOMAS. (*Ireland.*)
Dilettante. Irish Statesman. Sept. 21, '29.
KENNEDY, MARGARET.
Parish Magazine. Nash's Magazine. Sept., '29.
KERSHAW, FAY.
Shadows Before. New Statesman. Apr. 12, '30.
KIPLING, RUDYARD.
Church that Was at Antioch. London Magazine. Aug., '29.
Debt. Liberty. Apr. 26, '30.

Satisfaction of a Gentleman. London Magazine. Sept., '29.
McCall's Magazine. Sept., '29.
Tender Achilles. London Magazine. Dec., '29.

KYLE, ELISABETH.
Model. London Magazine. Feb., '30.

L.
Green. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 4, '29.

L., K.
In the 'Bus. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 8, '30.

LESLIE, JOHN.
Lone Man. English Review. Aug., '29.

LOCKER-LAMPSON, GODFREY.
Fog. London Mercury. Mar., '30.

LOFTING, HILARY. *See* FANE, MARGARET, *and* LOFTING, HILARY.

LOWTHER, ALICE.
Kill-Joys. English Review. Nov., '29.

LYND, SYLVIA.
This Difficult World. Time and Tide. Dec. 13, '29.

MCCALLUM, G. R. (*Australia.*)
Blister. John o'London's Weekly. Jan. 18, '30.

MACCARTHY, DESMOND.
Smile. Life and Letters. Mar., '30.

MACGILL, PATRICK. (*Ireland.*)
Empty Cradle. Good Housekeeping (London.) Jan., '30.
Delineator, Apr., '30.

MACKENZIE, ORGILL.
Common Sense. Everyman. Aug. 8, '29.

MACMUNN, SIR GEORGE.
Hundred Names of God. Britannia and Eve. Dec., '29.
King's Daughter. Fortnightly Review. Sept., '29.

MANHOOD, H. A.
Saint Henri. London Mercury. Mar., '30.

MANNERS-SUTTON, D. (*South Africa.*)
Dwaal-Licht. Outspan. Jan. 17, '30.
Farther Fields. Outspan. Jan. 10, '30.

MANNING-SANDERS, GEORGE.
Counsellor. Everyman. Jul. 18, '29.
Cravings. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 8, '29.
Gift. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 23, '30.
Old Man Under the Hill. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 20, '29.
Youngest Son. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 24, '29.

MARSHALL, ARCHIBALD.
Cavendish Dent. Windsor Magazine. Dec., '29.

MARSHALL, ARTHUR CALDER.
Gaspard is Dead. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 9, '29.
Rain. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 25, '29.

MAUGHAM, W. SOMERSET.
Extraordinary Sex. Nash's Magazine. Jun., '29.
Man Who Made His Mark. Nash's Magazine. Aug., '29.
Cosmopolitan. Jun., '29.
Marriage of Convenience. Strand Magazine. Dec., '29.
Cosmopolitan. Jan., '30.
Mirage. Strand Magazine. Nov., '29.
Straight Flush. Nash's Magazine. Jul., '29.

MÉGROZ, PHYLLIS.
Ear-rings. Colour. Mar., '30.

MELDRUM, ROY.
Proud-for-Nothing-Giles. London Mercury. Dec., '29.

MENDES, ALFRED H. (*Trinidad.*)
Her Chinaman's Way. Trinidad. Christmas, 1929.

MERRICK, LEONARD.
Surgeon Was Right. Britannia and Eve. Jan., '30.
Collier's Weekly. Jan. 25, '30. (under title of "The Unmentionable Ghost.")

MILLIN, SARAH GERTRUDE. (*South Africa.*)
Why Adonis Laughed. New Adelphi. Jun.–Aug., '29.
Forum. Jul., '29.

MITCHISON, NAOMI.
Happy Ending? Cornhill Magazine. Apr., '30.
I'm a Business Man. Time and Tide. Jun. 14, '29.
Little Girl Lost. Time and Tide. Jul. 19, '29.
Nothing Over Much. Time and Tide. Nov. 22, '29.

MONKHOUSE, ALLAN N.
Culpability. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 15, '30.
Not Guilty. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 30, '29.

MORDAUNT, ELINOR.
Dream. London Mercury. Apr., '30.
Infamous Black Widow. Britannia and Eve. Dec., '29.

MORROUGH, E. R.
Fifth of November. Nash's-Pall Mall Magazine. Nov., '29.

MORTON, J. B.
One Fine Day. John o'London's Weekly. Jun. 22, '29.

MOTTRAM, R. H.
How Convenient! Hutchinson's Story Magazine. Nov., '29.

MUIR, DAPHNE.
Henderson's. Life and Letters. Oct., '29.

MUIR, EDWIN.
Legerdemain. Time and Tide. Dec. 6, '29.

O., J. C.
Off Duty. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 28, '30.

O'Connor, Frank. (*Ireland.*)
September Dawn. Dublin Magazine. Jul.–Sept., '29.
Soldiers Are We. Irish Statesman. Mar. 8, '30.
O'Flaherty, Liam. (*Ireland.*)
Mermaid. John o'London's Weekly. Oct. 26, '29.
Parker, M. E. Frances.
Nocturne. Bermondsey Book. Sept.–Nov., '29.
Pember, Evelyn.
"For All that Travel. . . ." Manchester Guardian. Apr. 7, '30.
Phillpotts, Eden.
Bill Parker's Legacy. Story-Teller. Mar., '30.
Jilt. Story-Teller. Oct., '29.
King Henry. Britannia and Eve. Nov., '29.
No Laurels for Abel. Pearson's Magazine. Jul., '29.
R., S. M.
Waiting. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 31, '30.
Pier, Florida.
Miss Naseby's Life. Fortnightly Review. Oct., '29.
Darkness. New Adelphi. Sept.–Nov., '29.
Powys, T. F.
Gold. Criterion. Oct., '29.
Mr. Dottery's Trousers. This Quarter. Jul.–Sept., '29.
Mrs. Hockey's Cross. New World Monthly. Jan., '30.
Rosie Plum. Window. Apr., '30. (7.)
Preedy, George.
Traveller's True Tale. Nash's Magazine. Jun., '29.
Preston, M. A.
Caleb Goes Home. Fortnightly Review. Dec., '29.
Pritchett, V. S.
Corsican Inn. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '30.
Cuckoo Clock. Everyman. Apr. 10, '30.
White Rabbit. Fortnightly Review. Mar., '30.
Rea, Lorna.
Wind Bloweth Where it Listeth. Nash's-Pall Mall Magazine. Dec., '29.
Read, Herbert.
First Blood. This Quarter. Jul.–Sept., '29.
Richardson, Antony.
Secret Glade. Everyman. Jun. 6, '29.
Richardson, Henry Handel. (*Australia.*)
Bath. Harper's Magazine. Oct., '29.
Sackville-West, Edward.
Hellmut Lies in the Sun. London Mercury. Jun., '29.
Salfeld, Frederick.
Walk Home. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 29, '30.

SHARP, MARGERY.
Doll Dance. Piccadilly. Jun. 22, '29.
SHEPPARD, ALFRED TRESIDDER.
End of the Sermon. Argosy (London.) Jun., '29.
SIBSON, FRANCIS H. (*South Africa.*)
Captain of the "Wanderer." John o'London's Weekly. Jul. 6, '29.
Wonders Thereof. Outspan. Dec. 27, '29.
SITWELL, EDITH.
Charwoman. Time and Tide. Oct. 18, '29.
SITWELL, OSBERT.
Love-Bird. Life and Letters. Jan., '30.
SMITH, PAULINE. (*South Africa.*)
Obsession. Nash's-Pall Mall Magazine. Jan., '30.
Outspan. Mar. 7, '30.
STOKES, MAUDE VEVERS.
Three Blind Mice. Queen. Jul. 10, '29.
STRONG, L. A. G.
Breakdown. Forum. Sept., '29.
Fear. Irish Statesman. Jun. 1, '29.
Innocence: A Nocturne. Dial. Jun., '29.
Mr. Barside's Guest. John o'London's Weekly. Jun. 29, '29.
Mr. Kennedy in Charge. Fortnightly Review. Aug., '29.
Mrs. Bennett. English Review. Jun., '29.
Old Michael. Commonweal. Nov. 27, '29.
Orpheus. John o'London's Weekly. Aug. 24, '29.
T., C.
Accident. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 29, '29.
Name. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 13, '29.
T., E.
Red Cock. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 4, '30.
TOMLINSON, H. M.
Gaffer. Nash's-Pall Mall Magazine. Mar., '30.
WALPOLE, HUGH.
Tarnhelm. Graphic. Christmas Number, '29.
Liberty. Dec. 28, '29.
WARE, HARRY FABIAN.
Ladder to the Moon. Manchester Guardian. Jun. 4, '29.
WAREING, E. VINCENT.
Brother Ugolino's Ladder. Everyman. Oct. 10, '29.
WARNER, R. E.
Holiday. New Statesman. Mar. 29, '30.
WARNER, SYLVIA TOWNSEND.
Best Bed. Time and Tide. Dec. 13, '29.
"Stay, Corydon, Thou Swain." Atlantic Monthly. Jul., '29.

WESTRUP, WILLIAM. (*South Africa.*)
Outcasts. Outspan. Jul. 19, '29.
Repayment. Outspan. Feb. 21, '30.

WHITAKER, MALACHI.
Blackberry Day. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 1, '30.
Comedian. New Statesman. Mar. 15, '30.
Faint Prestige. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 17, '29.
Old Abraham. John o'London's Weekly. Dec. 7, '29.
Secret. New Adelphi. Jun.–Aug., '29.
Triumph! John o'London's Weekly. Mar. 15, '30.
Wife. New Adelphi. Mar.–May, '30.

WILLCOCKS, M. P.
Attainment. Fortnightly Review. Jan., '30.

WILLIAMS, HARCOURT.
Experience of Mr. Wetherby. Bermondsey Book. Dec., '29–Feb., '30.

WILLIAMS, MARGERY.
Gracious Lady. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 11, '29.

WILLIAMSON, HENRY.
Swagdagger Crosses a Field. Atlantic Monthly. Jul., '29.
Zeale Brothers. London Mercury. Jul., '29.

WILLIAMSON, IRENE. (*Australia.*)
Mary the Maternal. Bulletin (Sydney.) Jan. 1, '30.

WINCHESTER, CLARENCE.
Bell of Ste. Marie. Daily Mail. Oct. 22, '29.

WOOLF, VIRGINIA.
In the Looking Glass. Harper's Bazaar. (London.) Jan., '30. Harper's Magazine. Dec., '29. (under title of "The Lady in the Looking-Glass.")

WRIGHT, DAVID MCKEE. (*Australia.*)
Step More. Bulletin (Sydney.) Oct. 30, '29.

YOUNG, FRANCIS BRETT.
Shellis's Reef. Story-Teller. Sept., '29.

ARTICLES ON THE SHORT STORY IN BRITISH AND IRISH PERIODICALS

JUNE 1, 1929, TO APRIL 30, 1930

Alarcón, Pedro Antonio de.
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 29, '29. (7.)
American Short Story.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 16, '30. (29:33.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 22, '29. (7.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 22, '29. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Dec. 14, '29. (148:731.)
Andersen, Hans Christian.
By Winifred Holtby. Nation and Athenæum. Apr. 12, '30. (47:46.)
Anderson, Sherwood.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jan. 18, '30. (46:545.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:536.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 2, '30. (29:10.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 3, '30. (5.)
Andreyev, Leonid.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 20, '29. (7.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 10, '29. (28:796.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
Arlen, Michael.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 31, '29. (28: 868.)
By Ivor Brown. Observer. Nov. 3, '29. (8.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 29, '29. (7.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Nov. 2, '29. (148:518.)
By H. L. Morrow. Daily News. Oct. 16, '29. (4.)
By B. E. Todd. Spectator. Nov. 2, '29. (641.)
Armstead, Abbie S.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 14, '29. (28: 929.)
Armstrong, Martin.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 24, '29. (28: 842.)

By J. E. S. Arrowsmith. London Mercury. Jan., '30. (21:269.)
By John Freeman. Bookman (London.) Sept., '29. (76:286.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Nov. 2, '29. (148:518.)
By V. S. Pritchett. Spectator. Oct. 19, '29. (553.) Fortnightly Review. Dec., '29. (126:868.)
By F. R. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 18, '29. (7.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. Oct. 28, '29. (4.)
By E. S. New Statesman. Oct. 19, '29. (34:56.)
By T. Earle Welby. Observer. Oct. 13, '29. (8.)

Arnold, Vertessy.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jun. 6, '29. (28:458.)

Aumonier, Stacy.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 16, '30. (29:33.)
By F. H. Bermondsey Book. Dec., '29–Feb., '30. (7:102.)
By I. H. Irish Statesman. Jan. 4, '30. (13:361.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 15, '29. (7.)
By V. S. Pritchett. Fortnightly Review. Dec., '29. (126:868.)

Azorín.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 24, '29. (28:845.)

Babel, Isaac.
By C. A. Dawson Scott. Bookman (London.) Jun., '29. (76:173.)
By John Hallett. Fortnightly Review. Mar., '30. (127:362.)

Bacchelli, Riccardo.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 28, '29. (28:999.) Mar. 20, '30. (29:275.)

Balzac, Honoré de.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Feb. 15, '30. (46:680.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 13, '30. (29:212.)
By Francis Gribble. English Review. Jun., '29. (48:685.)
By H. L. Morrow. Daily News. Jan. 24, '30. (4.)
By Mary F. Sandars. Life and Letters. Jun., '29. (2:426.)
By Henry C. Shelley. Bookman (London.) Aug., '29. (76:264.)

Barcynska, Countess.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 27, '30. (29:168.)

Bates, H. E.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Dec. 28, '29. (34:398.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 14, '29. (28:920.) Mar. 27, '30. (29:268.)

By Vera Brittain. Time and Tide. Dec. 6, '29. (10:1480.)
By Gerald Bullett. Fortnightly Review. Jan., '30. (127:141.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Nov. 17, '29. (8.) Daily News. Nov. 18, '29. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Nov. 23, '29. (148:618.)
By Lyn Ll. Irvine. Nation and Athenæum. Nov. 30, '29. (46:319.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 13, '29. (9.) Mar. 7, '30. (9.)
By B. E. Todd. Spectator. Nov. 16, '29. (727.)

Beerbohm, Max.
By Ella Hepworth Dixon. Queen. Oct. 30, '29. (27.)

Beltramelli, Antonio.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 28, '29. (28: 999.)

Bennett, Arnold.
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
By Robert Lynd. John o'London's Weekly. Jul. 13, '29. (21: 468.)
By Geoffrey West. Everyman. Jul. 4, '29. (10.)

Benson, E. F.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jan. 18, '30. (46:545.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:536.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 24, '29. (28: 842.) Jan. 2, '30. (29:10.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 3, '30. (5.)

Benson, Stella.
By Robert Lynd. John o'London's Weekly. Apr. 10, '30. (23: 44.)
By Geoffrey West. Everyman. Oct. 10, '29. (2:260.)

Beresford, J. D.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 12, '29. (28: 700.)
By B. I. E. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 27, '29. (7.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Sept. 23, '29. (4.) Observer. Oct. 6, '29. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Sept. 28, '29. (148:355.)
By Alan Porter. Spectator. Sept. 14, '29. (344.)
By E. S. New Statesman. Sept. 21, '29. (33:712.)

Blackwood, Algernon.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jan. 18, '30. (46:545.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:536.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 2, '30. (29:10.)

By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Dec. 30, '29. (4.) Observer. Jan. 12, '30. (6.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Dec. 7, '29. (148:684.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 3, '30. (5.)

Borchardt, Rudolf.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 7, '29. (28: 890.)

Borden, Mary.
By Vera Brittain. Time and Tide. Dec. 20, '29. (10:1548.)
By Janet E. Courtney. Fortnightly Review. Jan., '30. (127: 142.)
By M. J. S. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 3, '30. (5.)

Bowen, Elizabeth.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 1, '29. (28: 606.)
By G. F. Bookman (London.) Sept., '29. (76:310.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jul. 28, '29. (6.)
By I. H. Irish Statesman. Aug. 3, '29. (12:438.)
By N. M. H. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 23, '29. (5.)
By the Hon. Mrs. Robert Hamilton. Sunday Times. Jul. 28, '29. (9.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Jul. 27, '29. (148:708.)
By E. B. C. Jones. Time and Tide. Aug. 2, '29. (10:939.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. Aug. 20, '29. (4.)
By E. S. New Statesman. Jul. 27, '29. (33:500.)
By B. E. Todd. Spectator. Jul. 20, '29. (104.)

Bowen, Marjorie.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 13, '30. (29: 212.)

Bradford, Roark.
By J. E. S. Arrowsmith. London Mercury. Apr., '30. (21:562.)

Bramah, Ernest.
By B. I. E. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 3, '30. (5.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Dec. 9, '29. (4.) Observer. Dec. 15, '29. (5.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Dec. 28, '29. (148:786.)

British Short Story.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Oct. 12, '29. (34:20.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London.) Dec. 21, '29. (148: 758.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 10, '29. (28:

786.) Dec. 26, '29. (28:1096.) Jan. 16, '30. (29:33.) Jan. 30, '30. (29:80.)

By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 22, '29. (7.)

By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Dec. 16, '29. (4) Observer. Dec. 22, '29. (4.)

By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Dec. 14, '29. (148:731.) Dec. 21, '29. (148:760.)

By Lyn Ll. Irvine. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 14, '29. (46: 403.)

By Alan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 11, '29. (7.) Dec. 27, '29. (5.)

By Frank O'Connor. Irish Statesman. Oct. 26, '29. (13:158.)

By C. S. Time and Tide. Nov. 15, '29. (10:1374.)

By T. Earle Welby. Observer. Oct. 13, '29. (8.)

Bromfield, Louis.

By H. C. H. Manchester Guardian. Jun. 14, '29. (7.)

Bullett, Gerald.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 16, '30. (29: 33.)

By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Jan. 4, '30. (149: 22.)

By T. Earle Welby. Observer. Oct. 13, '29. (8.)

Burdett, Osbert.

Anonymous. New Statesman. Jun. 8, '29. (33:280.)

By Thomas Moult. Bookman (London.) Oct., '29. (77:48.)

By Ralph Straus. Sunday Times. Jun. 16, '29. (9.)

Burke, Thomas.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 5, '29. (28: 1036.)

By Norman R. Collins. Daily News. Jan. 21, '30. (4.)

Byrne, Donn.

Anonymous. Spectator. Mar. 15, '30. (437.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 27, '30. (29: 162.)

Cabell, James Branch.

By Thomas Moult. Bookman (London.) Jun., '29. (76:176.)

By P. S. O'H. Irish Statesman. Jun. 22, '29. (12:317.)

Cankar, Ivan.

Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 8, '30. (34:578.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 10, '30. (29: 316.)

By Winifred Holtby. Daily News. Feb. 25, '30. (4.)

By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 7, '30. (7.)

By V. S. Pritchett. Spectator. Feb. 15, '30. (244.)

Čapek, Karel.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 12, '29. (28: 700.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Sept. 9, '29. (4.) Observer. Sept. 8, '29. (6.)
By Alan Porter. Spectator. Sept. 14, '29. (344.)
Carroll, K. M.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 19, '29. (28: 1084.)
By R. B. L. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 20, '29. (7.)
Chekhov, Anton.
By E. H. Carr. Spectator. Jul. 20, '29. (72.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 15, '29. (7.)
Chesterton, G. K.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jul. 25, '29. (28: 590.)
By E. C. Bentley. G. K.'s Weekly. Oct. 26, '29. (10:106.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jul. 28, '29. (6.)
By P. J. M. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 9, '29. (5.)
By Ralph Straus. Sunday Times. Jul. 28, '29. (9.)
By S. Paull Tabb. Daily News. Jul. 25, '29. (4.)
By Gilbert Thomas. Spectator. Jul. 27, '29. (134.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Observer. Oct. 27, '29. (6.)
Chiesa, Francesco.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 28, '29. (28: 999.)
Clements, Rex.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 6, '30. (29: 193.)
Cobb, Irvin S.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 19, '29. (28: 1083.)
By N. M. H. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 20, '29. (7.)
By V. S. Pritchett. Spectator. Nov. 9, '29. (691.)
Cohen, Octavus Roy.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 6, '30. (29: 192.)
Conrad, Joseph.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 27, '30. (29: 268.)
By Edward Garnett. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 2, '30. (8.)
By Eleanor Palffy. Fortnightly Review. Oct., '29. (126:534.)
Coppard, A. E.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 27, '30. (29: 268.)

By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 7, '30. (9.)
Corkery, Daniel.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 7, '29. (28: 894.)
By Mary Crosbie. Observer. Oct. 20, '29. (8.)
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 15, '29. (7.)
By Frank O'Connor. Irish Statesman. Oct. 26, '29. (13:158.)
By Con O'Leary. T. P.'s Weekly. Oct. 26, '29. (13:21.)
Courteline, Georges.
By "Affable Hawk." New Statesman. Jul. 27, '29. (33:499.)
By Vincent O'Sullivan. Dublin Magazine. Oct.–Dec., '29. (48.)
Crompton, Richmal.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jun. 27, '29. (28:516.) Dec. 5, '29. (28:1036.)
Crowley, Aleister.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 31, '29. (28: 876.)
By M. J. New Age. Nov. 14, '29. (46:23.)
Cunninghame Graham, R. B.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Nov. 2, '29. (46:178.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London.) Nov. 2, '29. (148: 514.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 7, '29. (28: 893.)
By I. B. Observer. Oct. 20, '29. (16.)
By B. S. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 15, '29. (9.)
Dane, Clemence.
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
Danish Short Story.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jun. 15, '29. (45:374.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Sept. 7, '29. (312.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 14, '29. (28: 918.)
By A. R. R. Manchester Guardian. Jun. 7, '29. (7.)
Davies, Rhys.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jul. 18, '29. (28: 578.) Mar. 27, '30. (29:268.)
By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 26, '29. (7.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 7, '30. (9.)
De La Mare, Walter.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jun. 22, '29. (45:402.)
By Osbert Burdett. London Mercury. Jul., '29. (20:322.)

By J. P. de Fonseka. G. K.'s Weekly. Jun. 15, '29. (9:219.)
By R. L. Mégroz. Bookman (London.) Jul., '29. (76:219.)
By H. L. Morrow. John o'London's Weekly. Jun. 22, '29. (21:343.)
By Max Plowman. Everyman. Jun. 13, '29. (10.)
By Alan Porter. T. P.'s Weekly. Jun. 1, '29. (12:143.)
By Naomi Royde-Smith. Time and Tide. Jun. 7, '29. (10:688.)

Dearden, R. L.
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London.) Apr. 12, '30. (149:462.)

Delmar, Viña.
By H. B. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 13, '29. (5.)

Desmond, Shaw.
By I. H. Irish Statesman. Jan. 25, '30. (13:422.)
By C. F. K. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 28, '30. (7.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Dec. 27, '29. (10:1577.)

Detective Story.
Anonymous. Spectator. Jun. 29, '29. (1022.)
By Dorothy L. Sayers. Life and Letters. Jan., '30. (4:41.)

Devaney, James.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 14, '29. (28:928.)

Dostoevsky, Fyodor.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Jan. 25, '30. (34:504.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London.) Feb. 8, '30. (149:170.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 3, '29. (28:764.)
By E. H. Carr. Slavonic Review. Jun., '29. (8:156.) Fortnightly Review. Oct., '29. (126:525.)
By Richard Church. Spectator. Jan. 18, '30. (95.)
By Sigmund Freud. Realist. Jul., '29. (18.)
By Barrington Gates. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 15, '30. (46:808.)
By Winifred Holtby. Time and Tide. Feb. 14, '30. (11:213.)
By Sylvia Lynd. John o'London's Weekly. Jan. 25, '30. (22:644.)
By N. M. New Age. Oct. 24, '29. (45:310.)
By Clennell Wilkinson. London Mercury. Feb., '30. (21:376.)
By Leonard Woolf. Nation and Athenæum. Nov. 30, '29. (46:318.)

Douglas, Norman.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 3, '30. (29:296.)
By Sylva Norman. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 8, '30. (46:768.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Mar. 14, '30. (11:346.)

Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 31, '29. (28: 876.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Aug. 23, '29. (5.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jul. 14, '29. (6.)
By Raymond Mortimer. Nation and Athenæum. Aug. 17, '29. (45:655.)
Dreiser, Theodore.
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London.) Apr. 19, '30. (149: 492.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. Apr. 18, '30. (11: 511.)
By L. P. Hartley. Week-end Review. Apr. 19, '30. (1:210.)
By H. J. B. Lintott. Nation and Athenæum. Apr. 12, '30. (47: 58.)
By I. M. Parsons. Spectator. Apr. 12, '30. (634.)
By "Proteus." New Statesman. Apr. 26, '30. (35:84.)
By G. R. Stirling Taylor. Fortnightly Review. Dec., '29. (126: 871.)
By Orlo Williams. Criterion. Jan., '30. (9:327.)
Duhamel, Georges.
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Jan. 4, '30. (149:22.)
Dunsany, Lord.
By George Buchanan. Everyman. Nov. 14, '29. (2:421.)
Erskine of Mar, The Hon. Ruaraidh.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 7, '29. (28: 902.)
Ertz, Susan.
By Sewell Stokes. Bookman (London.) Aug., '29. (76:240.)
Forbes-Mosse, Irene.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 23, '30. (29:57.)
By Phyllis Bentley. Fortnightly Review. Feb., '30. (127:287.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 14, '30. (7.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Feb. 3, '30. (4.)
Forster, E. M.
By Robert Lynd. John o'London's Weekly. Nov. 2, '29. (22: 144.)
France, Anatole.
By W. S. Irish Statesman. Jul. 20, '29. (12:394.)
Frank, Bruno.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 20, '30. (29: 243.)
Frank, Leonhard.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jun. 6, '29. (28:452.)

By I. H. Irish Statesman. Jun. 1, '29. (12:257.)
By Ralph Straus. Sunday Times. Jun. 30, '29. (9.)

Frankau, Pamela.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 1, '29. (28: 609.)

Galsworthy, John.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jul. 27, '29. (45:569.)
By Osbert Burdett. London Mercury. Jul., '29. (20:322.)
By R. M. F. Irish Statesman. Jun. 22, '29. (12:318.)
By Nathaniel Gubbins. John o'London's Weekly. Jun. 22, '29. (12:225.)
By Leon Schalit. Bookman (London.) Jun., '29. (76:149.)

Gide, André.
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 17, '30. (7.)

Gissing, George.
By A. C. Gissing. National Review. Aug., '29.

Gogol, Nikolai.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 27, '30. (29: 161.)

Gold, Michael.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 6, '30. (29:107.)

Goodchild, George.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 29, '29. (28: 669.)

Gorky, Maxim.
By Alexander Kavn. Slavonic Review. Mar., '30. (8:636.)

Graves, Robert.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:536.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Dec. 21, '29. (955.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 2, '30. (29:10.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
By Lyn Ll. Irvine. Nation and Athenæum. Nov. 30, '29. (46: 319.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 22, '29. (7.)

Gray, Ruth.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 12, '29. (28: 1060.)

Grazzini, A. F.
By A. M. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 10, '30. (5.)

Greene, L. Patrick.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 3, '29. (28: 770.)

Gunn, Neil M.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 29, '29. (28: 670.)
By George Blake. Daily News. Aug. 15, '29. (4.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. Aug. 16, '29. (10: 991.)
By R. B. L. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 6, '29. (7.)
Hallock, Grace Taber.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 19, '29. (28: 1080.)
Hamilton, Cosmo.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jun. 3, '29. (28:476.)
Hardy, Thomas.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Jun. 22, '29. (33:344.)
By S. L. Bensusan. Quarterly Review. Oct., '29.
By H. B. C. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 29, '30. (7.)
By Norman R. Collins. Daily News. Apr. 29, '30. (4.)
Heath-Stubbs, Mary.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 14, '29. (28: 920.)
By Vera Brittain. Time and Tide. Dec. 6, '29. (10:1480.)
By I. H. Irish Statesman. Oct. 19, '29. (13:138.)
Helman, Albert.
By A. Den Doolaard. Criterion. Oct., '29. (9:110.)
Hemingway, Ernest.
By Philip Jordan. Everyman. Dec. 12, '29. (2:541.)
Hendry, F. C. *See* "Shalimar."
"Henry, O."
By Matthew Paxton. Bookman (London.) Jul., '29. (76:204.)
Hergesheimer, Joseph.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jan. 18, '30. (46:545.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:536.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Dec. 21, '29. (955.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 2, '30. (29:10.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 3, '30. (5.)
By Geoffrey West. Everyman. Jun. 6, '29. (14.)
Herring, Robert.
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Mar. 1, '30. (149: 274.)
Heyward, Du Bose.
By Francis Lloyd. London Mercury. Jan., '30. (21:272.)
Hichens, Robert.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 17, '30. (29: 334.)

By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 20, '30. (5.)
Hurst, Fannie.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. July. 18, '29. (28: 578.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jun. 30, '29. (8.) Daily News. Jul. 1, '29. (4.)
By I. H. Irish Statesman. Jul. 27, '29. (12:417.)
By Barbara Maxwell. Bookman (London.) Oct., '29. (77: 34.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 19, '29. (9.)
By E. S. New Statesman. Jul. 27, '29. (33:500.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Jul. 12, '29. (10:854.)
Huxley, Aldous.
By C. H. Henshaw. Everyman. Jul. 11, '29. (11.)
By Edward Ingram Watkin. Dublin Review. Jan., '30.
Irish Short Story.
By Frank O'Connor. Irish Statesman. Oct. 26, '29. (13:158.)
James, Henry.
By Ella Hepworth Dixon. Queen. Sept. 25, '29. (9.)
Janzé, Le Comte de.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 21, '29. (28: 980.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Nov. 18, '29. (4.)
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 3, '30. (5.)
Japanese Short Story.
By B. E. Todd. Spectator. Jul. 20, '29. (104.)
Johnson, E., and Palmer, Gretta.
By S. Paull Tabb. Daily News. Jun. 25, '29. (4.)
Jordan, Humfrey.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 5, '29. (28: 1036.)
Joyce, James.
Anonymous. Spectator. Aug. 3, '29. (162.)
By Frank O'Connor. Irish Statesman. Apr. 12, '30. (14:114.)
Kallas, Aino.
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Mar. 16, '30. (6.)
By M. A. L. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 11, '30. (7.)
By V. S. Pritchett. Spectator. Mar. 15, '30. (442.)
By "Proteus." New Statesman. Mar. 22, '30. (34:776.)
Kaye-Smith, Sheila.
By Louis J. McQuilland. Queen. Feb. 5, '30. (13.)
Keene, Faraday.
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 20, '30. (5.)

Keller, Gottfried.
By G. I.-C. Manchester Guardian. Jun. 14, '29. (7.)
By M. Lyster. Irish Statesman. Jul. 6, '29. (12:357.)
Kipling, Rudyard.
By Robert Lynd. John o'London's Weekly. Jun. 29, '29. (21: 376.)
By W. J. Makin. T. P.'s Weekly. Aug. 17, '29. (12:461.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Observer. Oct. 27, '29. (6.)
Knowles, Vernon.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 16, '30. (29:46.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
Kulye, Albert.
By A. Ben Doolaard. Criterion. Oct., '29. (9:110.)
Langbridge, Rosamond.
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London.) Sept., '29. (76: 313.)
Lawrence, D. H.
By Richard Aldington. Everyman. Mar. 13, '30. (3:193.)
Anonymous. Obituary notices in all British newspapers. Mar. 4, '30.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 6, '30. (6.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London.) Apr. 12, '30. (149: 458.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 13, '30. (29: 208.) Apr. 10, '30. (29:215.)
By Catherine Carswell. Time and Tide. Mar. 14, '30. (11: 342.)
By Roger Chance. Fortnightly Review. Oct., '29. (126:500.)
By Richard Church. Spectator. Apr. 19, '30. (670.)
By E. M. Forster. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 29, '30. (46: 888.) Apr. 26, '30. (47:109.)
By W. H. Time and Tide. Apr. 4, '30. (11:449.)
By R. H. Hellyar. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 22, '30. (46: 858.)
By Walter Lowenfels. Irish Statesman. Apr. 12, '30. (14:112.)
By Robert Lynd. Daily News. Mar. 4, '30. (5.)
By A. M. Manchester Guardian. Jun. 7, '29. (7.)
By O. M. Nation and Athenæum. Mar. 22, '30. (46:859.)
By H. J. Masingham. Nation and Athenæum. Apr. 5, '30. (47: 12.)
By P. S. O'H. Irish Statesman. Mar. 29, '30. (14:73.)
By Dilys Powell. Life and Letters. Apr., '30. (4:303.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. New Statesman. Mar. 8, '30. (34:701.)
By Edward Shanks. John o'London's Weekly. Mar. 22, '30. (22:969.)

By J. C. Squire. Observer. Mar. 9, '30. (6.)
By Robert Tunstill. London Mercury. Apr., '30. (21:538.)
By R. E. Warner. Saturday Review (London.) Apr. 26, '30. (149:514.)
Le Fanu, J. Sheridan.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Nov. 30, '29. (34:274.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 21, '29. (28: 955.)
By Henry Fraser. Everyman. Nov. 21, '29. (2:451.)
Leslie, Shane.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:536.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 2, '30. (29:10.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 22, '29. (7.)
Locke, W. J.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 10, '30. (29: 321.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Mar. 30, '30. (8.)
Lowndes, Mrs. Belloc.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 15, '29. (28: 636.)
By the Hon. Mrs. Robert Hamilton. Sunday Times. July 28, '29. (9.)
By E. S. New Statesman. July 27, '29. (33:500.)
Lyons, A. Neil.
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Aug. 18, '29. (5.)
Macdonald, George A.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 29, '29. (28: 671.)
Machen, Arthur.
By Geoffrey West. Everyman. Oct. 3, '29. (2:228.)
Mackail, Denis.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 3, '29. (28: 764.)
By Ashley Gibson. Bookman (London.) Jun., '29. (76:160.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Sept. 30, '29. (4.) Observer. Oct. 6, '29. (8.)
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 9, '29. (7.)
By V. S. Pritchett. Fortnightly Review. Dec., '29. (126:868.)
By E. S. New Statesman. Oct. 19, '29. (34:56.)
By B. E. Todd. Spectator. Oct. 5, '29. (469.)
Mackenzie, Orgill.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Apr. 12, '30. (35:22.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 3, '30. (29: 294.)
By Herbert Palmer. Daily News. Apr. 24, '30. (4.)
McLaren, Jack.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 24, '29. (28:848.)
By M. J. New Age. Nov. 14, '29. (46:23.)
MacNamara, Brinsley.
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
Mann, Heinrich.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 20, '30. (29: 243.)
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 22, '29. (7.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 26, '29. (28: 1096.)
By Hunter Diack. John o'London's Weekly. Nov. 30, '29. (22: 327.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Nov. 16, '29. (148:587.)
By Lyn Ll. Irvine. Nation and Athenæum. Nov. 30, '29. (46: 319.)
By V. S. Pritchett. Spectator. Nov. 23, '29. (783.)
By Peter Quennell. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:535.)
By William Rose. Everyman. Nov. 28, '29. (2:478.)
Mansfield, Katherine.
Anonymous. Spectator. Mar. 8, '30. (400.)
By George McLean Harper. Quarterly Review. Oct., '29.
By Lyn Ll. Irvine. Nation and Athenæum. Feb. 22, '30. (46: 707.)
Martyr, Weston.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 17, '29. (28: 824.)
By R. B. L. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 18, '29. (7.)
Maupassant, Guy de.
Anonymous. John o'London's Weekly. Mar. 29, '30. (22:1013.)
Anonymous. T. P.'s Weekly. Jul. 27, '29. (12:389.)
Melville, Herman.
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London.) Aug. 10, '29. (148: 161.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 8, '29. (28: 621.)
By E. A. Blair. New Adelphi. Mar.–May, '30. (3:206.)
By Bonamy Dobrée. Observer. Jul. 14, '29. (7.)
By R. M. Fox. Irish Statesman. Nov. 2, '29. (13:170.)

By Winifred Holtby. Time and Tide. Aug. 16, '29. (10:989.)
By William Plomer. Nation and Athenæum. Jul. 27, '29. (45:570.)
By Peter Quennell. New Statesman. Aug. 24, '29. (33:604.)

Merejkowsky, Dmitri.

By L. C. L. Time and Tide. Apr. 18, '30. (11:512.)

Middleton, Richard.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 28, '29. (28:1000.)
By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 15, '30. (7.)

Mitchison, Naomi.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jun. 6, '29. (28:452.)
By I. O. E. New Age. Jul. 25, '29. (45:155.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jun. 2, '29. (8.) Daily News. Jun. 3, '29. (4.)
By I. H. Irish Statesman. Jun. 1, '29. (12:257.)
By N. M. H. Manchester Guardian. Jun. 28, '29. (7.)
By W. H. Time and Tide. Jun. 28, '29. (10:791.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Jun. 8, '29. (147:774.)
By Raymond Mortimer. Nation and Athenæum. Jun. 8, '29. (45:340.)
By C. R. Bookman (London.) Jul., '29. (76:215.)
By E. S. New Statesman. Jun. 15, '29. (33:307.)
By Edward Shanks. London Mercury. Jul., '29. (20:319.)
By Ralph Straus. Sunday Times. Jun. 9, '29. (9.)
By Rachel Annand Taylor. Spectator. Jun. 8, '29. (907.)

Moncrif, Augustin-Paradis de.

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 17, '29. (28:817.)

Montague, C. E.

Anonymous. New Statesman. Oct. 5, '29. (33:786.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London.) Oct. 5, '29. (148:386.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Sept. 28, '29. (413.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 26, '29. (28:733.)
By I. B. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 26, '29. (11.)
By J. L. Hammond. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 19, '29. (46:110.)
By Robert Lynd. Daily News. Sept. 26, '29. (4.)
By T. P. O'Connor. T. P.'s Weekly. Oct. 19, '29. (12:729.)
By J. B. Priestley. Everyman. Oct. 17, '29. (2:283.)

Morand, Paul.
By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Manchester Guardian. Dec. 20, '29. (7.)
By Lyn Ll. Irvine. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 12, '29. (46:52.)
By V. S. Pritchett. Fortnightly Review. Nov., '29. (126:722.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Nov. 1, '29. (10:1314.)
Morrough, E. R.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 3, '30. (29:301.)
By Norman R. Collins. Daily News. Mar. 27, '30. (4.)
By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 2, '30. (9.)
New Zealand Short Story.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 27, '30. (29:168.)
By G. I.-C. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 14, '30. (7.)
Norwegian Short Story.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jun. 15, '29. (45:374.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Sept. 7, '29. (312.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 14, '29. (28:918.)
By A. R. R. Manchester Guardian. Jun. 17, '29. (7.)
O'Flaherty, Liam.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 21, '29. (28:938.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Nov. 17, '29. (8.) Daily News. Nov. 18, '29. (4.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Dec. 7, '29. (148:684.)
By Andrew E. Malone. Dublin Magazine. Jul.-Sept., '29. (77.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 29, '29. (7.)
By Liam O'Flaherty. Everyman. Jan. 2, '30. (2:635.) Jan. 9, '30. (2:669.) Jan. 16, '30. (2:703.) Jan. 23, '30. (2:735.) Jan. 30, '30. (3:7.) Feb. 6, '30. (3:39.) Feb. 13, '30. (3:71.) Feb. 20, '30. (3:103.) Feb. 27, '30. (3:135.) Mar. 6, '30. (3:167.) Mar. 13, '30. (3:199.) Mar. 20, '30. (3:231.) Mar. 27, '30. (3:263.)
By Alan Porter. Spectator. Dec. 7, '29. (881.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Nov. 29, '29. (10:1446.)
By C. Henry Warren. Bookman (London.) Sept., '29. (76:313.)
O'Kelly, Seumas.
By David Morton. Irish Statesman. Aug. 31, '29. (12:511.)

Onions, Oliver.
By F. G. Bettany. Bookman (London.) Jul., '29. (76:203.)
Owens, Philip.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 16, '30. (29:46.)
By Norman R. Collins. Daily News. Jan. 21, '30. (4.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
Pain, Barry.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:544.)
By Philip Harrison. Queen. Feb. 12, '30. (10.)
Palmer, Gretta.
See Johnson, E., *and* Palmer, Gretta.
Pemberton, Max.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 24, '29. (28: 849.)
Percivall, Alfred.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 27, '30. (29: 170.)
Phillpotts, Eden.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jun. 20, '29. (28: 496.)
By G. F. Bookman (London.) Sept., '29. (76:310.)
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Jul. 1, '29. (4.)
By the Hon. Mrs. Robert Hamilton. Sunday Times. Jun. 16, '29. (9.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Jun. 22, '29. (147:838.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 12, '29. (9.)
Poe, Edgar Allan.
By R. S. Garnett. Blackwood's Magazine. Feb., '30. (227:235.)
By J. A. T. Lloyd. John o'London's Weekly. Jun. 29, '29. (21: 385.)
By Thomas Ollive Mabbott. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 2, '30. (29:12.)
By V. Rendall. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 28, '29. (28: 1001.)
By W. Roberts. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 21, '29. (28: 978.)
Post, Melville Davisson.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 24, '29. (28: 849.)
Powys, T. F.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:536.)
Anonymous. Saturday Review (London.) Feb. 1, '30. (149: 143.)

Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 27, '30. (29: 268.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 7, '30. (9.)
By T. P. O'Connor. T. P.'s Weekly. Nov. 2, '29. (13:57.)

Pugh, Edwin.
By J. D. Gleeson. G. K's Weekly. Feb. 22, '30. (10:377.)

Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur T.
By Thomas Moult. T. P.'s Weekly. Jul. 13, '29. (12:328.)
By Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. Bookman (London.) Jul., '29. (76:196.)

Rickword, Edgell.
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
By Lyn Ll. Irvine. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 14, '29. (46: 403.)

Ridge, W. Pett.
By H. C. Harwood. Everyman. Sept. 19, '29. (2:174.)

Rinehart, Mary Roberts.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 27, '30. (29: 168.)

Rodker, John.
By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 11, '29. (7.)

Rosenhayn, Paul.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 3, '29. (28:770.)

Rossmann, Hermann.
By "Proteus." New Statesman. Apr. 26, '30. (35:84.)
By B. S. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 17, '30. (7.)

Russell, John.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 19, '29. (28: 1083.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Dec. 21, '29. (148:760.)

Russian Short Story.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Jun. 28, '29. (7.)
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jan. 11, '30. (46:517.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Nov. 30, '29. (34:270.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 21, '29. (28: 958.) Jan. 23, '30. (29:58.)
By John Hallett. Fortnightly Review. Mar., '30. (127:362.)
By Lyn Ll. Irvine. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 26, '29. (46: 142.)
By A. M. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 15, '29. (7.) Jan. 24, '30. (7.)

By Katherine C. Macdonald. G. K.'s Weekly. Dec. 14, '29. (10:218.)
By J. C. Squire. Observer. Feb. 9, '30. (6.)
Schisgall, Oscar.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 10, '29. (28:797.)
Schnitzler, Arthur.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 15, '29. (28:635.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Sept. 8, '29. (6.) Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Time and Tide. Aug. 16, '29. (10:991.)
By Thomas Moult. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 20, '29. (7.)
By E. S. New Statesman. Sept. 21, '29. (33:712.)
"Shalimar." (F. C. Hendry.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 3, '29. (28:758.)
Short Story.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jul. 11, '29. (28:555.) Dec. 5, '29. (28:1025.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Sept. 20. '29. (7.)
Sinclair, May.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:536.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Dec. 21, '29. (955.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 2, '30. (29:10.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 22, '29. (7.)
Stephensen, P. R.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 5, '29. (28:686.)
By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 26, '29. (7.)
Stern, G. B.
By Louis J. McQuilland. Queen. Mar. 5, '30. (21.)
Stevens, James.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jul. 18, '29. (28:578.)
Stevenson, Robert Louis.
By W. G. Lockett. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 29, '29. (28:668.) Jan. 30, '30. (29:78.)
By G. S. Pringle. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 26, '29. (28:1097.)
By "Stet." Saturday Review (London.) Oct. 5, '29. (148:382.)
By Herbert Vivian. T. P.'s Weekly. Jul. 13, '29. (12:323.)
Stribling, T. S.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Feb. 27, '30. (29:162.)

By A. E. Coppard. Manchester Guardian. Apr. 4, '30. (7.)
By I. H. Irish Statesman. Mar. 15, '30. (14:37.)
By V. S. Pritchett. Spectator. Mar. 8, '30. (399.)

Strindberg, August.
By C. B. Purdom. Everyman. Sept. 5, '29. (2:130.)

Strong, L. A. G.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Nov. 16, '29. (34:198.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 24, '29. (28:842.)
By Mary Crosbie. Observer. Oct. 20, '29. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Nov. 2, '29. (148:518.)
By G. I.-C. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 1, '29. (7.)
By Alan Porter. Spectator. Oct. 26, '29. (603.)
By V. S. Pritchett. Fortnightly Review. Dec., '29. (126:868.)

Svevo, Italo.
Anonymous. Manchester Guardian. Oct. 25, '29. (7.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 19, '29. (28: 1078.)
By Ivor Brown. Observer. Nov. 3, '29. (8.)
By Lyn Ll. Irvine. Nation and Athenæum. Oct. 26, '29. (46: 142.)

Swedish Short Story.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jun. 15, '29. (45:374.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Sept. 7, '29. (312.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 14, '29. (28: 918.)
By A. R. R. Manchester Guardian. Jun. 7, '29. (7.)

Tagore, Rabindranath.
By R. J. Minney. John o'London's Weekly. Feb. 1, '30. (22: 680.)

Thiess, Frank.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 13, '30. (29: 210.)
By Caryl Brahms. Time and Tide. Mar. 7, '30. (11:314.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 28, '30. (7.)

Thurston, E. Temple.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jun. 6, '29. (28: 456.) Apr. 10, '30. (29:321.)
By Norman R. Collins. Daily News. Mar. 27, '30. (4.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Apr. 6, '30. (8.)
By L. P. Hartley. Week-end Review. Apr. 5, '30. (1:138.)

Tolstoy, Count Lyof N.
Two Letters. Slavonic Review. Dec., '29. (8:242.)

Tolstoy, Count Lyof N.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Jun. 8, '29. (33:272.)

Anonymous. Observer. Jul. 7, '29. (11.)
Anonymous. Spectator. Oct. 12, '29. (500.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 17, '29. (28: 815.)
By Barbara Blackburn. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 14, '29. (46:398.)
By E. H. Carr. Fortnightly Review. Dec., '29. (126:823.)
By Norman R. Collins. Daily News. Oct. 7, '29. (4.)
By E. G. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 7, '29. (7.)
By Desmond MacCarthy. Life and Letters. Dec., '29. (3:539.)
By Katherine C. Macdonald. G. K.'s Weekly. Oct. 19, '29. (10: 90.)
By Prince D. S. Mirsky. London Mercury. Jun., '29. (20:167.) Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (4.)
By Y. O. Irish Statesman. Oct. 12, '29. (13:116.)
By H. M. Swanwick. Nation and Athenæum. Dec. 7, '29. (46: 345.)
By Countess Tolstoy. Nation and Athenæum. Sept. 7, '29. (45: 732.) Sept. 14, '29. (45:761.) Sept. 21, '29. (45:795.) Sept. 28, '29. (45:826.)
By Leonard Woolf. Nation and Athenæum. Nov. 30, '29. (46: 318.)

Tomlinson, H. M.
By Vera Brittain. Time and Tide. Dec. 6, '29. (10:1480.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8, '29. (5.)
By Robert Lynd. John o'London's Weekly. Apr. 5, '30. (22: 1044.)

Tully, Jim.
By Gerald Gould. Daily News. Mar. 3, '30. (4.) Observer. Mar. 9, '30. (8.)
By "Proteus." New Statesman. Mar. 8, '30. (34:706.)
By F. R. Manchester Guardian. Feb. 28, '30. (7.)
By Gilbert Thomas. Spectator. Mar. 1, '30. (342.)

Turgenev, Ivan.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Jan. 25, '30. (34:504.)
By E. H. Carr. Slavonic Review. Jun., '29. (8:156.) Fortnightly Review. Dec., '29. (126:823.)

Vachell, Horace Annesley.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jun. 13, '29. (28: 476.)

Vandercook, John W.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 10, '30. (29: 321.)
By "Proteus." New Statesman. Mar. 22, '30. (34:776.)

Vaux, Patrick.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Oct. 31, '29. (28: 876.)
Voltaire, François-Marie Arouet de.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 12, '29. (28: 698.)
Von Hutten, Baroness.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Apr. 24, '30. (29: 354.)
Wallace, Edgar.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Sept. 5, '29. (28: 686.)
By Louis McQuilland. Queen. Apr. 9, '30. (12.)
Warner, Sylvia Townsend.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jan. 18, '30. (46:545.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:536.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 2, '30. (29:10.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 3, '30. (5.)
Wassermann, Jakob.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Aug. 1, '29. (28: 607.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jul. 7, '29. (8.)
By H. C. H. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 26, '29. (7.)
By I. H. Irish Statesman. Jul. 20, '29. (12:396.)
By L. P. Hartley. Saturday Review (London.) Aug. 10, '29. (148:164.)
By Lyn Ll. Irvine. Nation and Athenæum. Jun. 29, '29. (45: 435.)
By Alan Porter. Spectator. Aug. 17, '29. (227.)
By E. S. New Statesman. Jul. 27, '29. (33:500.)
Webster, F. A. M.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 13, '30. (29: 217.)
Wells, H. G.
By Ella Hepworth Dixon. Queen. Sept. 4, '29. (11.)
By Robert Lynd. John o'London's Weekly. Jul. 27, '29. (21: 540.)
By Geoffrey West. Everyman. Jun. 20, '29. (10.)
Werfel, Franz.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 30, '30. (29: 72.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Jan. 26, '30. (8.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Jan. 24, '30. (11:116.)

Wescott, Glenway.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jul. 11, '29. (28: 560.)
By I. H. Irish Statesman. Jun. 15, '29. (12:297.)
By G. I.-C. Manchester Guardian. Jul. 19, '29. (9.)
By Raymond Mortimer. Nation and Athenæum. Aug. 17, '29. (45:655.)
By R. Ellis Roberts. Daily News. Jun. 20, '29. (4.)
By Clara Smith. Time and Tide. Jun. 31, '29. (10:756.)
Westron, Charles W.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jun. 27, '29. (28: 516.)
Wheen, A. W.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jul. 25, '29. (28: 594.)
By Alan Bland. G. K.'s Weekly. Jul. 27, '29. (9:315.)
Whitaker, Malachi.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:536.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Nov. 28, '29. (28: 1004.)
By I. H. Irish Statesman. Dec. 14, '29. (13:302.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Nov. 29, '29. (7.)
By Gilbert Thomas. Spectator. Nov. 30, '29. (824.)
By Humbert Wolfe. Observer. Oct. 27, '29. (6.)
Wilde, Oscar.
By A. H. Cooper-Prichard. Cornhill Magazine. Feb., '30. (68: 144.)
Wilder, Thornton.
Anonymous. New Statesman. Apr. 26, '30. (35:92.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 20, '30. (29: 238.)
By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. Manchester Guardian. Mar. 20, '30. (7.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Mar. 23, '30. (8.)
By I. H. Irish Statesman. Apr. 5, '30. (14:97.)
By L. P. Hartley. Week-end Review. Mar. 22, '30. (1:70.)
By Sylvia Lynd. Daily News. Mar. 20, '30. (4.)
By Gregory Macdonald. G. K.'s Weekly. Mar. 29, '30. (11: 42.)
By Naomi Mitchison. Time and Tide. Mar. 21, '30. (11:377.)
By Gilbert Thomas. Spectator. Mar. 22, '30. (503.)
By Kathleen C. Tomlinson. Nation and Athenæum. Apr. 5, '30. (47:19.)

Williamson, Henry.
Anonymous. Nation and Athenæum. Jan. 18, '30. (46:545.)
Anonymous. New Statesman. Feb. 1, '30. (34:536.)
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Jan. 2, '30. (29:10.)
By Allan N. Monkhouse. Manchester Guardian. Jan. 3, '30. (5.)
Wilson, Romer.
Anonymous. Spectator. Dec. 21, '29. (955.)
By Gerald Gould. Observer. Dec. 8. '29. (5.)
Wodehouse, P. G.
By Walter Jerrold. Bookman (London.) Jun., '29. (76:157.)
By Michael Joseph. Bookman (London.) Jun., '29. (76:150.)
By Claude F. Luke. John o'London's Weekly. Jun. 29, '29. (21: 380.)
By Robert Lynd. John o'London's Weekly. Aug. 24, '29. (21: 672.)
Woolf, Virginia.
By Philip Henderson. Everyman. Nov. 21, '29. (2:453.)
By Robert Lynd. John o'London's Weekly. Mar. 8, '30. (22: 876.)
Wylie, I. A. R.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 6, '30. (29: 192.)
By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Time and Tide. Feb. 21, '30. (11: 248.)
Wyllarde, Dolf.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Mar. 6, '30. (29: 193.)
Zoschenko, Mikhail.
By John Hallett. Fortnightly Review. Mar., '30. (127:362.)
Zozulya, Efim.
Anonymous. Times Literary Supplement. Dec. 5, '29. (28: 1020.)

VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

JUNE 1, 1929, TO APRIL 30, 1930

NOTE. *An asterisk before a title indicates distinction.*

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ARLEN, MICHAEL. Babes in the Wood. Hutchinson.
ARMSTEAD, ABBIE S. Jessie Sandys: Optimist. Old Royalty Pub. Co.
ARMSTRONG, MARTIN. * Fiery Dive. Gollancz.
ASQUITH, LADY CYNTHIA, *editor*. Shudders. Hutchinson.
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nam.
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